WHY NOT?

....OR....

Lawyer Truman's Story.

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PREFACE.

THE necessity for social and religious changes—and in certain instances some radical changes—in the interests of humanity, was never more realized than it is in our own times, when the air is burdened with the murmurings and the sad cries of the wronged and of the cruelly oppressed. This story is sent forth an evangel of reason and of life. The hope is cherished that its message may afford timely help in the clearing of conceptions, and in the process of establishing new forms in our social economy and religious institutions, corresponding with the enlightened spirit of the age.

CHAPTER I.

The "great fire," of which we who have so long been residents of Chicago, are so ready to make mention, when speaking of our city's most unusual experiences, or when boasting of its most extraordinary growth, had about wrought its most destructive work. Everywhere, so far as the eye could penetrate through the overhanging clouds of smoke, were to be seen only the ghastly ruins that had resisted, and yet bore silent and overawing testimony to the Fire-Fiend's fearful power. It had seemed as if there could never be a limit to the territory subject to the Destroyer until the very least and last vestige of combustible material—and all things, even the very stones themselves, seemed to be combustible—had been destroyed. The thought lying in not a few minds, and occasionally expressed in conversation, and often reflected in outcries wrung from the lips of wretched and despairing men and women, was, that the end of the world had come, and, hence, that we were having only that final conflagration touching which mankind had long been forewarned.

To aid those who are not acquainted with the topography of the city, that they may better comprehend some of the present details of my narrative, I will here state that the Chicago river, a narrow, sluggish stream, has its source, thanks to skillful engineering,—for Nature had here placed its mouth, at the lake which washes the eastern boundary of the city. From this point the main stream flows directly west for a little over half a mile, where it is divided into two branches, the one flowing from the northwest mingling with the main stream, and the other flowing to the southwest to join the Illinois. Herein is the explanation for the three main divisions of Chicago, known as the North, the South, and the West Side.

The north division embraces all that territory situated between the lake on the east, the north branch on the

west, and the main river on the south. The south division embraces the area bounded by the lake on the east, the south branch on the west, and the main river on the north. The west division covers all that portion of the city west of the two branches.

The fire started in the southeastern part of the west side, and soon made its way north and east, all the while increasing in fierceness and velocity, as if it were a living monster, with the nature of some wild beast, which having obtained a taste of blood becomes frantic to satisfy itself with gore. It required but a little time for the flames to reach and to cross the south branch, and there on the south side, the business center of the city, effect its most serious, and its longest felt ruin.

Having my office in one of the centrally located "blocks," and having learned that the fire was moving in its direction, and seriously threatening it with destruction, I hastened to go to it from my north side home, hoping that I might be able to make certain the preservation of sundry briefs, and documents of great importance and value. However, owing to the thronged condition of the streets through which I was obliged to pass, my progress was greatly impeded, and ultimately, when I had almost reached my destination, I encountered a fellow-attorney who had an office in the same building with myself, and from him ascertained that I had been outstripped in my race with the flames. Never shall I forget the peculiar experience of that instant, when I was told that my treasures had thus been snatched from me. I had been able to realize that the property of others could go, but somehow I had felt as if mine must be spared to me. It seemed as if I could not have it be a fact that my library,—almost every book of which had appeared to me in its place as the face of a familiar and cherished friend; and my papers, representing much earnest and painstaking investigation and thought; and the many notes, bonds, and other documents of value, my own and those of clients, had all, in a few minutes, been wholly obliterated. I determined that I would go and see for myself, as my friend, who was greatly agitated, might have been misinformed, or might have mis-

understood. The wish that his report might prove false excited and strengthened my purpose that kept me bent on going forward. I tried to press on through the living stream of humanity which now filled the street, and which, driven by the fire, was coming from the south, whither I was intent on going. But progress had by this time become utterly impossible. As I now recall the experience, I can liken it only to that of one who might attempt to swim through Niagara's whirlpool, headed toward the cataract. But in the midst of this hopeless struggle, other considerations than these which grew out of my utter helplessness, were thrust upon me, and, in an instant, so influenced my mind that I at once became as anxious to retrace my steps as I had been before to go forward. The cry: "The North Side is burning!" came to my ears, and immediately home interests were paramount. Was it to be that I and mine should become homeless? This was again the unexpected.

In great trepidation I turned and yielded myself to the tide of mankind, which now moved in my chosen direction. It was a mad, surging tide, in which an individual was carried hither and thither, as a block of wood is tossed about by an angry sea.

It was moving north—I wanted to go northward. But in my desperation I longed to have it move faster. By this time there was not a bridge over the main branch of the river that had escaped the flames, and so the only passageway for reaching the North Side was the LaSalle street tunnel. Into this dark cavern, dark, because the gas had been cut off by the destruction of the works—the vast multitude poured. Within it was indeed, as so many have described it as being, perfect pandemonium. Persons of all classes, conditions and years were huddled together. The coarse, debauched and brutal jostled the pure, refined and delicate. Little children wailed for their parents, from whom they had been ruthlessly separated, and parents cried for their lost children. The air was laden with a strange mixture of sounds—fervent prayers and horrid oaths; the bitter wailings of the distressed and the shouts, laughter and jests of the reckless and drunken, and the ravings of the frantic. In the

midst of such an incongruous, writhing, seething mass of humanity, it seemed to me at times as if the other side would never be reached; and there were moments when it appeared as if death would afford welcome relief. It was not to my mind a strange thing that there were those who emerged from the tunnel with reason dethroned.

On the north side I found similar throngs of people, and like scenes, to those which I had left on the south side. Having escaped somewhat from the maddened crowd, in the midst of which I had fought my way through the tunnel, I went as rapidly as it was possible for me to do so towards my home. To my joy I was privileged to see when yet some distance off, that the house was still as in the morning when I had come away. But soon I saw that there was a line of flame which seemed to be bearing down upon it. Reaching the door, I was disappointed at finding that my family had withdrawn from the place, and then, to my joy learned that kind friends who had realized the impending danger had come, and had taken them, and our silverware, jewelry, and several valuable pictures, and by boat were conveying them to the home of relatives far down on the south side. Night had by this time come on, but the prevailing fires made it seem as if the day were being prolonged. It was almost as if but an instant had occurred, after my arrival at the house, when I saw that my safety was contingent upon immediate flight. To my amazement at this moment, when I was contemplating what course I should pursue to avert danger, I saw men and women coming from amid the smoke, and flying brands of fire, and enter the houses of my neighbors and my own dwelling, and deliberately remove furniture and carpets, and carry them away, as if the property were their own, and as though there were not the slightest danger of losing their plunder, much less their lives, in their greediness. Going into the house, and taking a farewell look at the rooms, with which were associated tender and precious memories, my eyes chanced to rest upon an old flint-lock musket, which an ancestor had carried in the war for independence, and which had long been sus-

pended in our hallway as a prized heirloom. On the impulse of the moment, I stopped and took down the relic, and decided that it should not be permitted to remain to be consumed in the fire, or to fall into the hands of some vandal. With the old weapon at shoulder-arms, I sallied forth from the doomed home. It was utterly useless for me to hope to be able at that time to reach my family on the south side. I had to turn my face to the north, and doing this I presently overtook, and dropped into conversation with a gentleman who like myself was alone, he also having become separated from his household by his absence, and what was a mutual surprise was the discovery that the grime with which we were both covered was a complete disguise to hide from each other the well known features of a neighbor and friend. My companion proved to be a highly esteemed clergyman, who has since achieved world wide fame, by his profound and eloquent thoughts along the most advanced, and liberal lines of theology, and always expressed in the highest classical forms. As I was armed, I took him under my protecting care, and together we shared a bed that night, though neither of us slept much, or at any time soundly, on the earth, in a huge cabbage field. The next day I succeeded in reaching a boat, and so circumvented the vast burnt district, and reached the safe refuge of my family. Place of business was gone; the home was gone; but our precious lives were spared.

It was for us once more to start in life, as it were, anew. The matter which confronted us as the most important was the decision as to the locality where we should have our home. We had for some time been dissatisfied with life in a city, hemmed in on all sides by brick and stone, and had longed for a dwelling place in a clear atmosphere, with sufficient space surrounding to permit one to fill the lungs with pure air, without the feeling that some neighbor was being deprived of his due portion, and then we were wanting grass and foliage and flowers with that same bright color and rich freshness to which we were accustomed in other days, before we came to the city and saw the shades laid in by dust

and smoke. And, so, when others were thinking and planning to have their houses rise phœnix-like from the yet hot ashes, it appeared to us as if the great conflagration had brought the desired opportunity for us to realize our long cherished wishes. Never could we have a better chance for making the change; never could there be less difficulty in moving, especially in deciding what to take and what not to take of accumulated treasures, and many things not treasures. The conclusion reached was that we would cast our lot out from the city. After due consideration, it was determined that we would go to a village several miles distant, where it would be possible for us to have a combination of the advantages of both town and city.

CHAPTER II.

Having succeeded in finding just such a house as we wanted, and having finally once more gotten settled in the midst of things which we could look upon and handle as our own,—a luxury appreciated after an experience of stopping with a family of children in the homes of friends for three or four months; our next essay was to learn to adapt ourselves to our environment. So far as our immediate surroundings were concerned—the house with its appointments, and the grounds, we all, from the oldest to the youngest in the household, found ourselves fitted into them, as metal in the mould, from the very first. But it was to the people and the customs of the locality that we felt that we must adjust ourselves. We had come to the place to stay. Here our children were to attain manhood and womanhood. Here we were all to find our society. Here we were to influence and be influenced. Having come to Rome, we felt that it would be only the proper thing for us, so far as it was possible, to do as the Romans did.

Very soon after our arrival we became aware of the fact that our family was by no means the sole accession

to the population of the village, as the result of the fire. Many households had come hither for refuge, and more would have done so had there been vacant houses for them. The fire was actually a God-send for those who had been booming the locality, and who had built houses for which there was no demand until bankruptcy seemed inevitable. And when house after house was sold or rented, how they did taunt those of their towsmen who had expressed their incredulity as to a need for the houses, when they were being constructed. It was their time to say: "We told you so," and they improved it. However, the addition of such a number of families at one time was not helpful for the strangers in the community. The most of us who had come from the city were unknown alike to each other and to the old inhabitants. True, the men in a short time became accustomed to each other's faces, and occasionally essayed a "Good morning," or "This is a fine day," down at the "Station," or on the "Suburban." But for a long period for the families there was the feeling of "strangeness." The new-comers, not knowing each other in many instances, looking upon one another as elder residents, they did not act with that freedom which would have characterized their conduct had they known their oneness in loneliness and desire. Later, when acquaintanceship had ripened into friendship, often have I over-heard one lady say to another, "I used to look at you and wish that I knew you. I was attracted to you, and wanted to speak, but I felt that you might be one who had long lived here, and that it might seem to you improper if I made advances." The old residents, it seems, at first were appalled at such an influx of strangers. They had been having such a nice quiet hamlet, in which things generally had moved according to their liking. And now to have such a flood-tide come to them from the reservoir of population of the city, was to awaken grave apprehension as to the consequences thereof in the future. There were those who did not hesitate to declare that Chicago, like Sodom, had been visited with fire because of its great wickedness; and to such it was a thing to be deplored that so many who had been per-

mitted to escape with their lives had fled to their village for shelter. It does seem as if they might have run out their parallel, in the incidents of the destruction of Sodom and Chicago, and so found consolation in thinking that possibly, as in the case of Lot and his friends the spared people, who had hastened to them, were the righteous. But, as occurs so often, they were ready to use only so much of what they found in their good book as would serve to sustain their opinion. There were some who, while they had been accustomed to study and to try to reproduce city customs in their village life, were ready to say, "Well, it will be just like these cityites who have been forced to come here to try to introduce among us their peculiar ideas as to etiquette, but we must see to it that they do not succeed in breaking up our simple and enjoyable order of doing. We do not want to be city people."

For quite a season the new-comers were on probation. They were subjects for investigation with fellow-newcomers, but, more especially, with their neighbors in the "old-families." The "old-family," in the sense here employed, corresponding to old-cheese, which is said to be rich and strong. My, oh my, how our records were hunted up and scanned. The pedigree, the social connections, the avocation, the possessions, with not a few the last particularly were carefully ascertained as being of vital importance. It occurred to me during this process on several occasions, when certain things were reported to me, that the matter really had two sides. At different times old friends greeted me with some jocular inquiry, saying, "Truman, what have you been doing? Some of your neighbors have been asking about your antecedents," or, "Have you been trying to borrow money? Your neighbor Johnson was asking me how much you were good for," or "Say, look here, do you think that you or your wife have countenances that indicate the presence of blue blood in your veins? If so, let me take the conceit out of you by telling that I have had two or three of the long time residents of your village ask me whether you or your spouse were more than ordinary plebs. How's that?" or, "Oh, say, I have a

good one on you. A few days ago I met old Johnson, a client of mine, whom I defended for malfeasance in office, who was acquitted, but who was actually guilty; and guess what he asked me as to you. You could not do it if you tried. Well, he mentioned your coming to the village where he has his home, and then added, "We all think that he has come among us to get into good society, and to appear to people more as a high-toned and reputable man than he has seemed to be in the city." Now, as I have suggested, it dawned upon me that those who were doing so much investigating ought to recognize the circumstance that, as in a contract, in the relation of acquaintanceship, and especially of friendship, there must be two consenting parties; and, hence, that they should have in mind the query, "Is my friendship desired?" or "Having ferreted out all possible in the history of this new-comer, and in the history of his ancestors, do I not owe it to him before I make overtures proffering him my friendship, to carry to him for his inspection and judgment my "family-tree," my "abstracts of property," and "documents showing my social standing and general reputation?"

Finally, as the minister says, the trial ended, the suspense was broken. We learned both that the investigation was completed, and that a favorable report had been made, so far as we were concerned. The tidings hereof reached us through the incident of a call. One afternoon my wife was surprised by having the hall girl bring her a card bearing the name of a lady familiar to us as that of the help-meet of one of the leading men of the village. My wife at once went to the parlor, where the woman awaited her coming and welcomed her to the home. Then, in the most perfunctory manner, she said: "You are probably wondering what has sent me here. The facts are, that I do not enjoy calling, and I hesitate particularly about calling on strangers. You know we all have our special circle of friends, and one has all to do that can be done in meeting the demands of those friends. But I felt it to be my duty to call on you. Indeed our pastor, and some of our church officers made it seem as my duty to call on you and some other

people, who have come to us from the city, and who, we have been creditably informed, are really such people as will be an ornament to our village society, which, I assure you is the very best of society, and who, if so disposed, can be of great assistance to us in our church. We have, let me say, the cream of the society, and the wealth of the community, in our church; then we have such delightful services, such sweet singing, and last, but not least, we have the ablest and most lovely preacher in the place." After this event, calls were the order; calls in the day, and calls at evening. Ladies and ladies and their husbands came. Men whom I had repeatedly met on the cars, and on the street, and to whom I had bowed smilingly, or had spoken a cheery greeting, to receive back from them only a short, cold ejaculation, or a look of surprise, as if they asked, "who are you that you make free with me?" now came and were the embodiment of affability.

In short, the transformation was such that it was as if we had suddenly been carried from the frigid zone to the torrid zone. Only a few persons ever spoke so as to indicate that they had come on an errand, as in the case of the forerunnner of the callers. But it was noticeable tnat almost without exception those who did call during this period, in some way made mention of their respective churches, and of their attractions. Then, too, it became apparent, whenever we indicated a disposition to go to a particular church, and not to that of the caller, or callers, that the demeanor of the person or persons changed, and that the interest in conversation began to wane. And, ultimately, when we did become identified with a church, by renting a pew, great indeed was our astonishment to find that our intercourse with those who were not in that church, but who had called on us, and who were so cordial in welcoming us into their midst, we were once more where we were before they called. They knew us only to cooly bow to us, we were not in their "set." They could not use us, and so preferred not to have anything to do with us. It was manifest that the population of the village was actually divided and classified by the churches; each one consti-

tuting a social center; and with many individuals in each church, to be identified with another church seemed to be cause sufficient for ostracism.

CHAPTER III.

It was both a surprise and a disappointment to us to find our new community, so little removed from a live progressive city, characterized by such narrow and provincial ideas and customs. The village, in fact, was simply an inland, old fogy New England hamlet duplicated, except that the second edition was enlarged. To us, after an experience of years in Chicago, it was ridiculous and even ludicrous, to find ourselves having our home where the entrance to society was arbitrarily made to depend upon a church "shibboleth" or "sibboleth." It seemed the height of stupidity that the people in so small a community where all who would naturally be drawn to each other by kindred tastes and habits, would constitute only an enjoyable "set," should be in such little groups socially, and be in their respective clusters solely because of their predilictions as to theological tenets, or as to church polity; or what was more frequently the case, because of their chance denominational affiliations, without reference to what they might believe or not believe. Touching this last suggestion, the truth is, that there are many, and various circumstances other than and far removed from matters in theology or church, by which church relations are determined. Indeed with many who are identified with churches, there is a singular ignorance, or an utter indifference, touching theological points or denominational differences, so much magnified and wrangled over by theologians and ecclesiastics. Then, to me, a mere "brother-in-law" to churchmen, with my practical, so called "worldly" notions, as to all things religious, it was so utterly inconsistent that those hold-

ing membership in the different churches designated as "Evangelical," and so nearly in accord, virtually agreeing on the things termed "fundamentals" or "essentials," should consent to have their social relations established by their respective "folds."

In my strolls among the churches, in quest of ideas, whatever the distinctive theological hue, I repeatedly listened to forcible and eloquent discourses setting forth church unity; and heard those, whose hearts had been warmed, and whose minds were set aglow by the pulpit presentations, lift up their voices with the song,—

"Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

But in all such instances, I was always impressed with the hollowness of the whole performance, knowing so well what differences and separations existed, and were being maintained among the saints, by these very same worshippers. They were all Israelites, but Ephraim vexed Judah and Judah Ephraim.

To those of us who had come from an atmosphere wherein broader, more wholesome, and certainly more charitable, and I do not hesitate to add, truly Christ-like ideas, were present and bearing their rich and joy-giving fruitage, the existing state of things in the village brought dissatisfaction and discontent. To us it seemed the reasonable thing that in our social relations, we should come together irrespective of church relations, or even the absence of such relations, we should meet on the broad plane of character, and congeniality. To our suggestions of this kind, zealous church people offered only a determined opposition, sustaining it with the most unreasonable arguments. It was obvious that their zeal and anxiety were only for their particular churches; and, consequently, that they would not surrender a

feature in the local church life that had helped to swell the statistics of membership, and had brought revenue to the treasury. However, such a course did not change our opinions, and only made us have so much less respect for the local church organizations.

In our discussions with those who championed the churches, and who began to accuse us of being opposed to churches, and even with being infidels, we were constantly made to see how the human elements prevailed in church organizations and methods. The mystery with which the church idea has been surrounded to inspire awe, as if it were of divine origin, the prevalent opinion being that what has been divinely inspired must be mysterious, was for us completely dispelled. We saw the imprint of man, and especially of his narrow and selfish peculiarities in almost everything.

Despite all that has been held and taught to the contrary, what is a church but a humanly devised institution, designed to associate those who entertain kindred views and sympathies, in order that they may be helpful to each other, and that they may, according to the principle "in union there is strength," by their combined efforts accomplish a more efficient work than could be the result were they to act only as individuals. If people generally could be made to recognize this fact they would experience less perplexity over those things which they are taught to accept as sent down from heaven, but which fail to have for them God-like marks, they would be prepared to place a proper estimate upon teachings and deliverances from schools, pulpits and councils, and would be ready and eager to have methods flexible, so as to be adjustable to the circumstances of locality and time.

With the views to which our environment gave rise, to a number of us the conviction came, that in a community like ours, in the endeavor to maintain several churches instead of but one church, a very grave mistake was being made. To say the least, to look at the matter from a business view-point, the thing was a very unwise investment. There was a great expense without a proper equivalent in return. The smaller churches, even though each was only comparatively well supported,

required far more for their separate maintenance than would be necessary to support one large organization; and, very naturally, it was out of all question for it to be expected that in either of the small churches there could be furnished the advantages that would be found in a strong, prosperous church. But the opposition from those who were in charge of the churches, to our reasonable proposition, that a concerted effort be put forth to break down and uproot the existing division-fences in the community,—in sectarian pride, and jealousy, and zeal, enabled us to see how utterly futile it would be should we inaugurate a movement to secure for our locality one church that should absorb the different existing organizations, and, so, unify society and benefit the community.

CHAPTER IV.

A few months after I had chosen my church-home for my family, an astonishing revelation came to me. The time was nearing for the annual town election, and more than ordinary interest was excited over the choice of men that was to be made for the different offices. Going to church one Sunday at this period, I was surprised to find the audience-room filled with people as I had never before known it to be. Looking over the faces, so far as I could do so from where I was seated, at the side and in front of the congregation, I saw a number of men whom I recognized as some whom I had heard named as candidates for political positions. There were those among them whose countenances I had never seen in any church, and some whose faces bore marks of other public places than those set apart for religious assemblings. Having given expression to my curiosity with reference to the size of the audience, and more especially touching the presence of the men alluded to, I was informed by an occupant of an adjoining pew that the explanation was

to be found in the close proximity of the election. "I see," said he, with a peculiar smile," that you are a stranger among us as yet, and that you do not know what an overwhelming influence we"—with a special emphasis on the *we*—"in this Old Frame Church exert in this town. Why, the fact is, that it is a proverb among us, that 'As goes the Old Frame Church, so goes the town,' whatever the issue. Well, we do just have the wealth and brains of all this region right here in this particular church. Now, as you must see would be the case, under the circumstances, any man who stands as a candidate for suffrage, is anxious to be in favor with us. There, my friend, you have it all in a nutshell; why, you have seen what you have witnessed to-day." In another instant he proceeded to remark, "By the way, you will be a voter with us this spring. You surely will discharge your duty, for the duty of suffrage" (this word "suffrage," it was evident, was a favorite term with him; possibly he had a fondness for the sound of it, as he rolled it forth with manifest delight) "is one which all should appreciate." Then, taking me by the arm and leading, almost dragging me along the aisle, he said: "I want you to meet some of the gentlemen who have condescended to express a willingness to be servants of the public, and who, very naturally, having signified that willingness, have a pride about the matter, and desire to be successful competitors at the polls." To one after another, in rapid succession, he introduced me with a great flourish, and, in each instance, coupled with the name of the would-be public servant some flattering allusion to his prospects, as for illustration, when he presented me to "Judge" Johnson—the same Johnson of whom I had reason to know, owing to his inquiries as to me on my coming to the village, of which I learned at the time; Johnson, who, but for a technicality in the indictment, would have gone to the penitentiary—he declared: "I take great pleasure in having you meet 'Judge' Johnson, who, because of his faithfulness, is to be rewarded with a re-election to the school-trusteeship." At this the "Judge" smiled very blandly, and hemmed and hawed, and said "We'll see; we'll see." I think

that it was expected that I would give evidence of my appreciation of such presentations by an assurance to the candidates that they had my best wishes and that they should receive my vote. But I did not express anything of the kind. I was simply amazed and disgusted with the whole thing. I felt in my bones that as for the Old Frame Church, it might go as it pleased in its support, but that its course would, in all probability, be the one that I would shun. I knew that if all of its favorites were represented in the "Judge" that not one of them would receive my "suffrage." For, only a few days previous to this, it had been related to me by one who was perfectly trustworthy, that this bucolic and pompous candidate had served term after term as a school official in order that he might be able to keep certain near relatives, who otherwise might be dependent upon him for support, in place as teachers, some of them aged and incompetent; that his administration of affairs was subject to very serious criticism; and, worst of all, that it was known to quite a goodly nnmber that at recent elections. since he knew of the wide-spread dissatisfaction with his service, he had given to his sons, and to certain saloon-men, money with which to treat, and so to influence drinking men to vote for him. But the mixing of the church in such matters was particularly repellant to me. The Old Frame Church that Sunday sank very much in my estimation. I was not surprised when, during the succeeding days, I conversed with different persons, and learned that the church had for some time been in disfavor with many good people because of the prominence it had had in local politics.

There is a branch of the Christian church—many who are outside of it are unwilling to concede that it is Christian, but call it by all manner of ugly names, while many who are within it claim that it is *the* Christian church; but, regarding it in the light of history, I prefer to speak of it as a branch of the Christian church. I have reference to the Roman Catholic church. This organization has disclosed its influence in politics, and in governments, and great has been the indignation that has been awakened on that account in other sects. Pul-

pits, church papers and magazines, and church congresses have, like so many batteries, poured forth bombs, and grape and canister, against the hated and presumptuous rival. But, after a little observation, it is apparent that what is condemned is only what those who condemn are ready and eager to do when there is opportunity offered them for doing it. Probably it might not be by having recourse to the same means; they might, possibly, not ask for public funds—at least not for the same purposes. They, however, all would like to be such a factor to direct and control in communities, states, and in the nation, as the Old Frame Church was supposed to be in our town.

Unfortunate, indeed, is it when any church, or set of churches, can influence electors and public officials, and mould administrations. It is unfortunate both for the government and for the church or churches. As many pages of history, in sad story, unfold, such an alliance has always meant retrogression for the two. The perpetuation and success of political institutions, the life and prosperity of churches, and the unity, peace and happiness of our people are assured only as we succeed in keeping out of our elections, and out of our halls of legislation, and out of our executive offices, from the most obscure to the most conspicuous, the touch represented by the Old Frame Church.

CHAPTER V.

The Old Frame Church of which such frequent mention has been made in this narrative, and with which the story that is being unfolded is so closely associated, had nothing very prepossessing in the appearance of its material possessions. The architecture of the meeting house was undoubtedly borrowed from that of a church edifice in some eastern village, from which some of the building committee may have migrated. The only

ornamental feature peculiar to it was its lofty spire, which was in its proportions wholly out of harmony with the building proper. The explanation for this monstrosity was in the fact that the committee was determined on having "the tallest steeple in all the region," and even if it was at the expense of loss to other parts of the edifice. However, except for this idol of vanity, the building would never have been suspected of being a church; it would more likely have been taken for a barn. I have said that the structure was void of ornamentation aside from the spire. No, there was another mark of vanity; on the base of the afore mentioned appendage, high up, where it could attract the eyes of all who passed by, there was a large tablet, and on this in great bold letters appeared the names of the three members of the building committee. It was their grand opportunity to secure an enduring monument by which to perpetuate their names as leaders in the Old Frame Church. Often could strangers be seen to pause and read those names, while it was almost a daily occurrence for the little children to stand, and with a look of awe, aloud spell the "big words" C-O-N-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-N-G C-O-M-M-I-T-T-E-E and then pronounce the names, John Paul, James Wallingford, and Henry N. Johnson. It was said by those who were in a position to know whereof they told, that among the three men there had been not a little rivalry, and even some ill-feeling as to the order in which the names should appear, each one wanting his own to come first in the list; and that the last named was never reconciled to the omission from the tablet of his title "Judge." This prefix, it may be remarked, was all the more prized by him owing to the circumstance that he never was a real judge. The facts are these, he having been in a position as arbitrator, where a number of lawyers came in contact with him, they, by force of habit, addressed him as "Judge;" gradually others adopted the title, in speaking to or of him, and he, with his disposition to appropriate whatever came to him in the way of emolument or honor, was not slow to claim it as his own rightful possession, so

that in a short time it was no uncommon thing for him to be overheard announcing himself to people as "Judge" Johnson.

As any one might naturally suspect, the men who were ambitious for public place, or for public monies, and who were not scrupulous as to the ways and means employed by which to gain their end, counted it a high honor, or rather advantage, to be in the foremost seats of the Old Frame Church, or semi-religious and semi-political, and general managing organization. I had never been over religious in my tendencies, and had always had broad views as to the field to be occupied by churches for their work, but I was disgusted with the state of things found existing where I was obliged to have my church relations.

Obliged, I say, for with my family I had become identified with the church. To have made a change, would have been to have furnished fresh themes for the gossips of the village; and to have added to the interest of the strife among the adherents of the different local churches that had been long waged with a determination and a persistency, which if associated with legitimate church work would have made all of the organizations so strong and successful that not one would have had occasion to be envious of another. Then, too, for me to have absented myself from the services, would have been to encounter the charge—so often, and often unjustly brought by church people against those who do not attend religious meetings—of being an unbeliever, and an opposer of churches.

With a faint hope that with a few other persons who sympathized with me, I might help to effect a change for a better order of things ultimately, I went from time to time to the services, and occasionally to a social gathering at the church.

The "socials" were quite an institution, intended to promote sociability; and were particularly favored on those occasions when refreshments were announced to be served without price, It was here that the new-comers were to be met and welcomed. These gatherings afforded special opportunities for the office-bearers, and

others influential in the church. They then arrayed themselves in their best store clothes, and put on their most winsome smiles, and had ready for use the most cordial and flattering words of greeting.

I now look back, through a score of years, and review some of the scenes associated with these gatherings. The chief actors therein again appear to my view as real as if they were now in my immediate presence. It may prove interesting if I make special mention of some of them.

We are in a large "lecture room," the chairs are removed from the center, and are arranged in groups near the four walls. The little platform and desk are tastily decorated with potted plants, and cut flowers. The sounds of laughter and of cheerful conversation, come to us from a corner, where a bevy of beautiful young ladies are coquetting innocently with a number of young men, who are trying to parry the sallies of wit, and bright remarks, that come from their fair and admired tormentors. Here and there are groups of men and women, or of men, or of women, alone, some seated and some standing, and all apparently absorbed in pleasing conversation. Moving about, and stopping now and then to say a few words, expressing welcome or interests is the pastor.

I counted it a privilege to be able to number this pastor among my friends, the Rev. Albert Barnes Miller, D. D. He was a man of fine intellectual attainments, high culture, broad views, good common sense, large sympathies, and genuine modesty. In the pulpit he was not one of those preachers who attempt to grapple with questions which they do not understand, often eking out their imperfect and superficial arguments with mere devotional expression. As a rule, he very wisely took up practical questions, along the line of ethics. Matters in eschatology, so often the stock in trade in the pulpit, he seemed to be willing to forego, as if, with his good sense, he recognized, that it was wiser to deal with present, every day issues; futures, as a matter of fact, being very uncertain. Socially, he was a man among men. People of all classes felt at ease in

his presence, and soon learned to recognize that in him they could have a genuine, and constant, and helpful friend. That fine tribute which Lowell paid to his friend Agassiz, was applicable to him:

"He was so human! whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sat an equal guest at every board;
No beggar ever felt him condescend
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend."

It was exceedingly refreshing to find a man like him in the midst of so many selfish, grasping, and unscrupulous place seekers. In his life, he seemed to say: "I am not concerned that I am not known; I seek only to be worthy to be known."

At the "social" we were always sure to find two individuals who had been so intimately associated with all pertaining to the church in its legitimate being, that they seemed almost as a very part of it, the senior deacon and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hodson. They were among the original members of the organization; and from the very first, they themselves, their time, and their possessions, were at the disposal of the church for all of its undertakings. They loved the church with a genuine affection. The pastors had found in them loyal and helpful adherents. Mrs. Hodson was a tall, slender, wiry, and energetic woman, with astonishing enduring qualities, which came into notice as she moved to and fro, at all seasons, and in all kinds of weather, to do church work, or to minister to the sick, and to the destitute. She was a typical "down-easter," having all the characteristics of such an one, alertness, quick and excellent judgment, versatility for adapting herself, or means, to varying situations, readiness of speech, and a fund of wholesome wit. Mr. Hodson was a man of medium size, with a very winsome face, very quiet in his movements, but full of energy. He had had a wide and varied experience in business, and therein had secured the reputation for being a person who always did better

than he promised. He was above all littleness, narrowness, and meanness. He, at no time, had anything in common with those who were ready to use the church for the promotion of their political or social schemes. His presence everywhere was a benediction, coming to people as he usually did, with a smile upon his countenance, and only the most kindly greetings and inquiries.

At such gatherings there could usually be seen following the pastor just near enough to hear what he might say, or what might be said to him, a grizzly Scotchman from Scotland via Ireland, named Robert Michael. On Sundays he was always "a taking notes," though whether he could ever decipher what he had written, no one ever learned. Mr. Michael's strong point was to eaves-drop, and then to stealthily move about among people and tell what he had overheard. Little went on in the church or in the commnnity that escaped his notice or comment. Withal. he was forward and free, and often even impudent with his advice. He had a special hobby as to appointments, and the order of service in the church, and was a chronic fault-finder as to such things. To keep his tongue from wagging, the officials occasionally gave him license to execute his plans, even to the discomfort of the pastor and the people. For a long period, to the jeopardy of the head of the preacher and the consequent grave concern of the members of the congregation, he was allowed to suspend by a slender wire a large oil-lamp, with a green paper shade, immediately over where the speaker would properly stand. "You know," was his explanation, "people want to see the face of a preacher when he discourses, the lights and shades. Often canh is meaning be gotten in his expression of face when it cannot be derived from words." To the pastor he was especially impertinent and boorish; but that patient servant of the people seemed to think that he must quietly bear what thus came to him for the sake of his Master. He might, possibly, have thought that the experience brought to him by the man was even disciplinary for his own spiritual development, which view would be in keeping with sug-

gestions often made by him when he was preaching. There was one incident connected with Mr. Michael that I must relate to his credit; but which proceeded from his disposition to interfere with others. It was on a morning in mid-winter, when the atmostphere was more than usually frosty and the wind was blowing a gale, that a number of us were on a "suburban" bound for the city, and in our company was the man Michael. The car was cold and the passengers were shivering, and, as it is apt to occur under such circumstances, many were grumbling. Now, in spite of this condition of things, a man who got off from the train at an intermediate station, carelessly omitted to close the door. He had walked some distance and the train had commenced to move off when Mr. Michael raised a window and shouted to the delinquent saying, "Hold on, sir; hold on; you left something." Quick as a flash the man turned, ran and jumped on the train. Entering the car he hurriedly asked, "What did I leave?" Mr. Michael quietly answered, "You left the door open." There was no time for a war of words, as the train by this time was getting under good headway. The man could only look his anger and utter a few curses as he hastened to disembark amid peals of laughter from the passengers who had enjoyed his discomforture as a merited penalty for his disregard of their feelings.

Of course "Judge" Johnson was always "on deck" for a "sociable." Frequently he appeared arrayed in his full dress-suit, although some sizes too small for him. Picture him, tall, robust, rotund; the profane youth venturing to call him "bean-belly," owing to his outlines. His coat could not be brought together to be buttoned, as he had grown since his purchase of it. His pants, well he always appeared as if he were slipping through them, the bottoms being above the shoe-tops. Shoes? No, brogans. How he did "visit!" He was, or rather tried to seem, as an encyclopedia. He was acquainted everywhere. He could speak of people, my, how he could roll off ancestral lines! He could discourse on theology, philosophy, science, law, history, music, markets, in brief, anything and everything that

might be broached. The fact is that it was his special calling to impart information and counsel ; and strange to say, in view of his pretensions, it was with apparent relish that he now and then indulged in gossip, particularly when a little off-color. But, while he was free with talk, he was liberal with nothing else. He evidently had no fear on account of the implications in the passage in the Bible as to the loaded camel and the rich man ; and was willing to take his chances on getting into heaven with all the riches that he could gather. He held fast to his shekels. He was chronically in arrears for his pledged financial support to the church. He would periodically become so in arrears that he was appalled by the treasurer's statement when presented to him, and then either denied being so much in debt—pleading an error in the account—or secured a release from the claim on condition that he would open a new account and be prompt in his payments. In a time of great stringency in the church, he transferred some unimproved property to the trustees in payment for pew rent long due, requiring an amount of money over and above the claim as a price therefor to be paid to him. Afterwards it was discovered that the over and above amount, which had been given to him, was the actual value of the real estate. On another occasion, after making the church-treasurer wait for over two years for the money which he had subscribed for the church, when he was called upon to make good his promise, he plead for more time, and then, when he saw that there was a reluctance to grant him his request, he made the proposition that certain checks which he had in his pocket would be received, and the difference between the amount of their face value and the amount of his subscription, would at once be given to him, he would pay the claim. The checks called for three thousand dollars. The committee decided that the condition could be met, and thus the money be obtained for the church which was coming so grudgingly. It was then found that the checks in question were six months old, a very suspicious circumstance, one suggesting questionable transactions for the reason that during this period

named the "Judge" had been the cashier of a bank.

On Sundays, when the "Judge" walked down the aisle of the church, with slow and measured step, and pious mein; or when he sat in his pew, or, more especially, when he occupied the chair of a deacon, on a communion occasion, and had his hands piously clasped, and assumed in his countenance a saintly look, it did seem as if he could not be other than a most sincere worshipper. But to those near at hand there was always discernible a twinkle in the eye, and an expression in the face, which said: "I am acting a part. I am proud to be where I am. I go through the motions which you see, but I am having my eye on the main chance in other matters when I serve here." He worked the church for business, and for political influence; and brought into it all of the methods of the unscrupulous and wily politician. He would not stop at anything when he had it in his mind to have someone else thrust out of position, or prevented from obtaining place. He would work quietly, and without disclosing his purpose. He would even profess friendship for men when engaged in poisoning the minds of other people against them. And on occasions for elections, he would rally his household, and all whom he could bring in with his drag-net, that he might have their votes. But, as he wonld have us record, he was orthodox. He believed, as he practiced, that between doctrine and life, doctrine was always of first importance. He was so stiff in his theology that he bent backwards. He often reminded me of an old darkey woman, of whom a friend once told me, who in an "experience meeting" was detailing her Christtan exercises, with much enthusiasm, when a man who knew of her stealing propensities suddenly interrupted her with the inquiry, "Sister, how is it about those turkeys that you stole from Mr. Jones the other night?" Quickly turning, and fixing her eyes upon the questioner, she exclaimed: "Hush dat, honey, dose yere tink I lets a pair of turkeys stan' atween me and my Lor'? No, indeed."

A long time friend, and a boon companion, who was regularly near the "Judge" at the church, on every occasion, was Jonas N. Sniveller, Esq. He was among

the early settlers at the village, and was one of the first persons chosen to serve the Old Frame Church in an official capacity. He was a lawyer by profession, but his appearance was that of a fourth-rate travelling preacher, or evangelist. He made loud and strong pretensions to piety. He was always in his place in the church, whenever there was a service. He would never fail to open his mouth in relating "Christian" experience, or in leading in prayer, at the prayer-meeting. Very unfortunately, he had an impediment in his speech, which caused haltings in his utterances, and, at times, these interruptions occurred where they made his thoughts seem very different from what he evidently wanted them to mean. There were persons, who knew him well, who ventured to suggest that these "breaks" were occasioned not so much by a defect in his vocal organs, as by the efforts of conscience to check him when telling for truth what was falsehood. A very common transgression in such meetings, it seems.

No one was more alert than Mr. Sniveller to see and to welcome the stranger; no one was more regular than he in making inquiries of attendants at church concerning absent members of a family; or in visiting, or in asking as to the aged or the sick. And in this manner, as he designed that it should be, he made for himself friends. People, as a rule, failed to discern the perfunctory character of his conduct. They did not stop to investigate and so discover that he instead of being so much interested in them or theirs, was really caring only for Mr. Sniveller. He wanted to be considered a genuine friend, a helpful friend. But, when it came to having him act the part of a friend, when to do so would cost him something, not necessarily money, but time, thought, care, or courage; or when it came to anything requiring genuine, robust and reliable character, he was found to be sadly wanting. His word, where it would serve him to deceive or to falsify, was not to be depended upon. As for credit, among those who had transacted business with him, he had none. His ideas as to the payment of debts were in keeping with those of Beau Brummel, of whom it is told, that on seeing a bill paid on its presen-

tation, he declared: "Good Heavens, what a useless waste of money!" Had friends not interceded in his behalf he would have been disbarred on two or three occasions, for his shyster doings; in one instance a suit having been actually instituted against him. As is usually the case with persons possessing his peculiar characteristics, he was conceited, sensitive, jealous, envious, and vindictive. He expected attention from the people in the church and in the community; he believed that it was due to him that he should be taken into confidence, and consulted, by those who knew him. He had the idea that everybody ought to yield to his opinions and leadership; and whenever there was the slightest suspicion awakened in his mind that he was not being properly appreciated, he was incensed, and even became bitter and malicious in his hatred. Like the "Judge," he, also, was sound in doctrine, first, last, and all the time.

Joseph C. Bituminous was another official whose influence and vote were, as a general thing, with those of the two individuals last noticed. They constituted a trio, or, as was said at times, "the big three." This man was appropriately named, for like bituminous coal, he was soft and grimy. He was in character and in life simply the counterpart of his close associates. He, too, was a standing candidate for favor, and sought it by all processes, not pausing to consider any question of morals that might be involved therein. Figuratively speaking, such was his habitual attitude in serving the public in places of trust, that it was suggested that the exhumed "Cardiff giant" would have been a very suitable monument to be erected to perpetuate his memory, both because of the largeness of the giant's stature, and especially for the reason that he always had one hand behind him. Mr. Bituminous was very prominent among his brethren for his versatility in the Scriptures, and for his familiarity with, and his adherence to, the strong doctrines of the church. He frequently presided at religious gatherings, and then was in his element, being where he was seen, and where by common consent he was leader.

Conspicuous at church socials were Mr. and Mrs.

William Watts. They were an illiterate, narrow-minded couple, who had come from "down in Egypt." They possessed all the crudeness, rudeness, curiosity, and forwardness so common with those who hail from "the brush." They were prominent figures at the particular gatherings mentioned, because there they could find opportunity to exercise their gifts. The old lady, a short, fat, homely body, with a voice that had a sound that reminded one of talking through a comb enclosed in paper, once remarked: "We aint much for larn'd or flowery sermons; we can't talk nice in meeting; we are very plain folks; but I can bake, and wait on people, and my man can be sociable." They could both serve, and others were willing to let them do it.

The old lady might have thought that she could not speak in meeting, but she did not think so of anywhere else. She was notorious for moving about from house to house, carrying lots of gossip under her bonnet, of which she was willing and eager to relieve herself. Again, it was necessary for her only to learn of someone's illness, and she would go and volunteer advice as to the physician to be summoned, or as to his duties in the case; or give directions to the nurse; or, more likely, offer her own services to "pow-wow," for, according to her claims, by her mysterious mutterings, strokes, and breathings, she could drive away about all the ills to which the flesh is heir. If a death occurred, she could be found in the home of sorrow, apparently to convey sympathy, and to be useful to the bereaved people; but she always came away knowing everything about the possessions of the household, and especially about what was not possessed. In the utterances that fell from her lips pearls were not commonly found, but there were often therein sayings worthy of the sponsorship of Mrs. Partington. For illustration, at one time, when trying to tell of a lady who had a handsome phaeton, and a much admired afghan, she, in loud tones, and with great emphasis, declared: "Hum! She thinks that she is considerable, riding about in her phantom with an african on her lap" The poor, illiterate soul, little understood why a burst of laughter greeted her words, but evidently thought that she had

made a very telling and pleasing hit. Well, she had.

Mr. Watts is a man with what has been described as a "hang-dog look." He moved about in such a way that a careful observer could not but think that the fellow was expecting to be pounced upon, or that he was feeling as if he deserved a drubbing. To those who, about this time; were beginning to know him, his general demeanor required no explanation. With him falsifying was such a habit that he did it often unnecessarily. But, as is frequently the case as to such a person, many people who had discovered this propensity, had been ready to overlook it as a "weakness," or to pass it by, "as only his way to exaggerate," and as being without wrong intent. Some would say: "He is so good and kind at heart, and means nothing harmful;" or "it is only Mr. Watts. We know him, and we must not care for what he says; he is careless and thoughtless in his speech;" or "you must not be annoyed with what he says, for he talks about everybody just in that same way, and nobody will be influenced one way or the other by what he may say." And yet, who does not know that such a person in a community can do harm by his gossip? Even if his words have no weight as they come from him, they are apt to be repeated by others, who do not mention him as their source, and so they work mischief. But not only was the man free with his tongue, he was also dishonest. He had come to the city to serve in the capacity of an oil inspector, and it had become quite generally known among dealers in that article, that he was the only one among the inspectors who was susceptible to a bribe. He was notorious for contracting debts and failing to pay them.

Mr. Watts could assume a very ingratiating manner with people, and he did often make it seem as if he were really kind, and as if he were disposed to do only what was right and proper, and in this way he caused his apparent faults to stand out as harmless eccentricities. Now, it so occurred that, after this fashion, he did at one time so place himself in favor with the congregation of the Old Frame Church, that, when others were reluctant

to serve in the treasureship, because the income was light and hard to collect, while the expenses were heavy and the creditors importunate, he was chosen for the position. As was surmised might be true, he had no dread of those things incident to the office, which to most men would be annoyances. He had no sensitiveness about dunning those in arrears for pew rent, nor in meeting and turning off those who held claims against the society. The fact was that he recognized, and wanted that prominence in the eyes of the people which the trust would afford him. He was fond of official position, and especially where, as in this instance, it would mean close contact with people, and the handling of funds.

Mr. Watts, as treasurer, magnified both the office and himself. He in a very short time assumed to direct and control matters in general, the minister, the choir, the janitor and people. As one of his duties, he had in charge the renting of pews and sittings. In the discharge of this trust his unbounded interest in others, and always those of the fair sex, would at times become very rampant. He would grasp, and hold on to the hand of an applicant for a pew; and, again, he would place his hand on the shoulder, and even about the waist of some pew hunter whom he chanced to know. These liberties were usually resented, but, here again, his verdancy and his "good and kind heart," and his "does not mean any wrong," were allowed to shield his doings.

The thought of the man's officiousness recalls an amusing occurrence. There having been a new organ purchased for the church, he had much to say concerning it in the line of fault, but without specifying anything as defective. He had thus been condeming the whole instrument, when some person asked, "Mr. Watts, what is amiss in the organ?" "Oh," said he, "it is all amiss, I am ashamed to see it in the Old Frame Church, which is worthy of the best of everything." "But," said the other, "this is a first-class organ in every respect. It was built by one of the most successful firms. Other people enjoy listening to

it, and good judges are delighted with it." At this Mr. Watts astonished his hearers by saying, "What, is that so? Well, I am surprised. The fact is, that I am not a judge of music, but I am a judge of wood, and I do positively know that the wood in that organ is not what it should be to be in the Old Frame Church."

Before a long period elapsed the trustees of the church had reason to suspect that the new treasurer about whose peculiar conduct in pew renting they were constantly hearing, was not straight in his methods; and when they called for a statement from him, they were very much amazed on finding that his accounts were being kept principally "in his head," and that because of such "head-keeping," their examination and auditing were impossible In consequence his re-election was rendered out of the question, though for the good of the church the state of affairs was made a secret to be kept closely guarded by the trustees and a few others, who had to be told to prepare them for the necessary change.

With Mrs. Watts one of the things that came in for fierce denunciations, was the "play-house." To her this was an opening, and a fearfully wide opening to the "awful everlasting pit." When at home, or anywhere, in her presence, if she gave vent to her views on the subject, Mr. Watts was always ready to accord with her, and usually added his denunciations of the abomination. But, so far was he from shrinking from that awful opening, that to those who frequented the theaters of the city, he was familiar as a quite regular attendant, especially at first plays, and always in company with some "sister," from the pews, or from the choir loft, who was willing to accompany him, or rather to meet him there.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Watts had much to say concerning "sound doctrine" and "spirituality." They often expressed longings for "good old-fashioned teachings." They suggested to the pastor, Dr. Miller, that he ought to be more "spiritual" in his preaching; and that the church was not as spiritual as it should be. The "doctrines" to which they alluded they could not have

defined; but they knew of them as matters of faith, that had been commended; they knew them to be contained "in the book" the confession, and that book was a fetich to them, as it has been to so many others. They were confident that the "learned lessons" that were being so much preached, from which were gone the old familiar terms, which were to them the marks of "good sermons," were doing no benefit, but were productive of harm; in short, that, instead of "saving," they were to all intents and purposes "daily sending souls to perdition." They advocated that "sinners should be held over the mouth of hell, just as was done by Jonathan Edwards, in his famous sermon on sinners in the hands of an angry God;" an opinion which was duly credited to "Deacon Bituminous," who seemed to be their favorite oracle. Such preaching they were accustomed to say, would "break down the sinner," and cause him to repent, and be "converted," as they had seen souls saved in the camp-meeting "down in the country." The old lady would say: "When folks get converted that way, they have religion sure, and they know all about it," and to this judgment her life-companion would nod his approval with his head fringed with curly-locks.

But it must not be inferred that the Old Frame Church was composed mainly of persons of the character just described, but very unfortunately, at the time of which we are making note, such persons were largely in the majority, and hence the extensive mention of them. However, there were others, whose virtues are all the more striking by being brought to view where they appear in comparision with the hidious features of character in those with whom it was their misfortune to have their lot cast, as we shall see.

A well known, and a highly esteemed man in the church, and one who was a constant attendant at most of the services, was Mr. H. B. Bowden. He was one of the younger persons who became identified with the church at the time of its organization. At the period which now concerns us, he was the youngest office-bearer in the society. He was a man of noble parts in mind and heart. A man of high principle, one above suspicion.

He always saw the good in other people, and was charitable to their faults. He said but little, and usually said what an after-thought would not condemn. His benevolences were many, but all were unostentatious. He never called out a brass-band by which to assemble people, that he might inform them as to what he had done, or what he was about to do. He had no eye for what was merely tinsel, or simply veneer; he wanted solid gold and solid oak. He was made according to a very large pattern, and consequently was not, and could not be narrow, and small. He had broad views as to God, and humanity, and life. He was keen to discern progress wherever it occured, and accorded it a most hearty welcome. He was always looking into the future with great hopes, and consequently his face was ever aglow with its light. He was far above comparison with many by whom he was surrounded in the church. Viewed in connection with them he afforded an impressive contrast. How he must have pitied the little, selfish, grovelling souls, which he knew so well. They could not under. stand him. They often misjudged him. They could not comprehend his broad views as to theology and religion, any more than a bug that cannot see across a rose-leaf can comprehend the vision of man which gathers up a vast landscape. To them his ideas were "loose" or "skeptical," or "rank heresy." He never encouraged the use of the church in politics. And in the church he was not an aspirant for place, but he reached position by momentum of character; the law of gravitation carried him into and kept him in office. He was a true and abiding friend of his pastor, and was always loyal and faithful to all the interests of the church that he loved so dearly.

A man whom after a time I came to know in the church was Mr. John Scott, who was almost as recent a comer to the locality as myself. He was of a quiet, modest, retiring disposition. He was not a man who carried his heart on his sleeve. He spoke but little, and that was only when he had something to say. His appearance was calculated to arrest the attention, and to impress one favorably; but to become acquainted with

him, it was necessary to come into contact with him. In banking and railroad circles, he had won favor by his ability, and prudence and reliability. He was one to whom men with great interests at stake, felt that they could safely tie. From early childhood he had been a member of a church. He was religious without being fanatical. He had his theological convictions, but was willing that other people should be permitted to live in peaceful possession and enjoyment of such as they saw fit to entertain, not thinking that all must believe just as he believed. Because of his position in life, and for his real personal worth, his coming to the village, and to the Old Frame Church, was appreciated by all the "old-residenters," but it soon become apparent that he would not adapt himself to the old regime, and help to further it in the church, and so by those who did favor it, especially those who profitted by it, he was looked upon as one whom they could not use, and who, therefore, was not to be taken into their counsels. However, to others, it was evident that in his accession the community and the church had really had a valuable addition, the value of which would be disclosed more and more as years accumulated.

In some outer-group, where there was earnest, thoughtful conversation, at the social, there could often be seen a young man with a strong robust physique, and a marked intellectual countenance, who spoke with deliberation, and gave utterance to thoughts so couched in short crisp sentences, that they came to people like so many nuggets of gold. This was Mr. Henry Kent, a member of the bar, who had already gained an enviable reputation in his profession. In college he had proved himself a man with scholarly tendencies; in the civil war he had won position as a brave and capable soldier, and now he was winning the victories of peace. But there was nothing in his bearing to give notice, to those surrounding, of these things. Had "Judge" Johnson, or Mr. Sniveller, or any of their kind, possessed a tithe of his genuine worth, or had anything like the record which he had then made, they would have seen to it that the facts were made manifest wherever they might

be. If they could not have done it in any other manner, they would have so guided the conversation as to be able to tell about the things themselves. But as it was, those of the "old set," as they could not but know considerably of Mr. Kent, were not altogether disposed to regard it as to their advantage to have such an one come and settle among them. He had ideas of his own, and as they were not the ideas that they entertained they much preferred that he had remained away. Indeed, only a short time after his coming to the village, he had given evidence of this undesired independence. It seems that at a meeting of the church society, Mr. Kent had been appointed a member of a committee that had instructions to prepare a report setting forth the financial condition of the organization, to be considered at a meeting on the following week. It had been customary to make such an appointment annually, but the report had usually been simply the "cut-and-dried" statement of the few active trustees. But, Mr. Kent believing that he had been charged with a duty in good faith, and seeing that there were things to be investigated, and to be reported, undertook to do thorough work. The result was a report, the reading of which shook up the dry-bones, and caused a general sensation. The "Judge" and some others like him, did not know what to say in their indignation because of the stirring up which had been given them. They could not bring forward anything to dull the edge of the statement, and, so, they vented their rage only in sarcastic remarks about the presumption of a "new-comer and a " young and inexperienced man," and suggested that he wonld know more, and would be less rash when he had lived longer. To a few, the best friends of the church, it was manifest that the coming of such men as Mr. Kent could not mean other than great good to the community and to the church. He was a man who could always be relied upon as willing to contribute his counsel, his influence, the use of his pen in literary productions, addresses, or liberally from his financial means for any worthy cause. In his theological views he was abreast of the times, welcoming advancement in such matters precisely as he welcomed it in other things. He believed strongly in the

humanities. He had an intense interest in all movements planned for the uplifting of the race. With those who could call him friend, his friendship was most highly prized, for they were conscious that it was of the noblest kind, that which is rare, that which proceeds not from anything selfish, but which has its source in the deepest depths of a pure heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Things in the Old Frame Church had gone along for some two or three years without any very perceptible change for the better. The "old party" had not been displaced, though it was no longer so much in the majority as formerly.

About this period I had a conversation with "Judge" Johnson and Mr. Sniveller, in which I made certain discoveries that were both surprising and exasperating to me. We were at the church in attendance at a social, and the three of us had just been having a brief but very interesting chat with the pastor, Dr. Miller. While he sat as one of our little set there was nothing to indicate that matters were out of joint between either of the individuals and the parson, but every one seemed to be having the most cordial relations with him. Indeed, when certain new suggestions were made by the pastor, touching features of church-work, or parts that he thought would be an improvement if incorporated in the order of worship, Mr. Sniveller expressed himself as being favorable to what he had proposed, even saying, "Doctor, that's right. Go ahead, we are with you. Your ideas are always excellent and commend themselves favorably to our people. We all recognize in you a capable leader, and hence we are ready to follow where you lead." "Yes," said the "Judge," "no pastor that we ever had so filled the bill for us as you do. The fact is, that in one year among us you became more popular in our

church and community than any other pastor ever did in five years. I am not trying to flatter you, but I am only telling you what is true, and what you should know. Doctor, we are all your staunch and reliable friends." The pastor listened to these words of praise in silence, and then in a few brief sentences, and more in his expression of countenance, he indicated his pleasure at hearing such reports from those who stood between him and the people, and in such intimate relation to both; however, as he indicated, not solely because of their meaning for him personally, but chiefly for the reason that they encouraged him to believe that his labors were proving acceptable and helpful to those whose good he sought.

To my astonishment, as the noble man moved away from us, to converse with other members of his flock, Mr. Sniveller, resuming the conversation, said: "The Doctor is a very able man, but," placing great stress on this "but," "some of us are not being fed by his preaching. He is heretical in his doctrinal views, and he deals too much with merely ethical duties. Sinners are never reached and converted by such essays on morals, as his sermons might be styled. Then he is forever trying new things, and I do not believe in that. My idea is that an order of worship should be varied as little as possible; really one reason why I enjoy going back to my early home in Kentucky is that on Sunday I go to the church and find things precisely as they were when I was a boy. As for church machinery, I have not a particle of use for it. But I suppose that is due to my conservatism. Then, too, I have been thinking of late that the Doctor does not care for me, at any rate as much as he should. I do feel as if he ought to consult me more than he does concerning matters in the church. He makes a mistake in that, for what is a Deacon for if he is not to be to the pastor what a cabinet officer is to the President of the United States? I have felt hurt several times when I have been obliged to learn from others things that he had told them with reference to his work and plans. Sometimes I have been tempted to tender my resignation and to suggest that he might choose some one for the

place who would be more acceptable to him. But I have always refrained from doing it for the good of the church, since I know that such a step on my part would cause general commotion, and end in the ejectment of the pastor." I wished that he would resign, but I knew that he was only talking for effect, because from various circumstances it was evident that he valued his deaconship as he valued his life, and hence would not jeopardize the one any more than he would the other. He resign? No, never.

No sooner had Mr. Sniveller relieved his mind than the "Judge," who had been listening with his eyes and mouth open, and who had, according to his fashion, several times tried to interrupt the speaker by offering suggestions, "hitched up his chair" closer to us, and after glancing about to see whether anyone was near by whom he might be overheard, in a most confidential way, proceeded to say: "I acknowledge that I have also had the feeling that the Doctor does not confide enough in the Deacons—his cabinet officers, as you suggested, Brother Sniveller. I like that idea, and it is certainly the correct thing, that we are cabinet officers. On several occasions recently I have seen Dr. Miller having earnest conversations with Bowden, Kent, Scott and others, and have thought that I could see plainly that it was intended that I should not hear what was being said. Indeed, on one evening, as I entered the vestibule of the church, I saw the Doctor take a letter from Kent, which, without doubt, they had been talking over, and as I approached he folded the missive and put it into his pocket. Such things give one uncomfortable feelings. And it is treatment to which I shall not quietly submit, if I am to remain a deacon in the Old Frame church. I fear that the pastor's consultations with that clique will prove very unfortunate for him, as those who constitute it are not just such persons as have given character to our church and community. They are destructionists, that is all there is about it. They are antagonizing all the traditions and customs of our locality, and especially of the Old Frame church. I have never yet gotten it out of my mind how Mr. Kent ventured to criticise our

methods in that report which he brought in to an annual meeting when he was still as a stranger among us. Then, too, it is not a secret that they are all apart from us in matters of faith; they themselves acknowledge that fact. They talk about short creeds, and are constantly harping on "life," and "morals." I am sorry to say"—here the speaker looked at me, as he knew me to be a friend of the pastor, and, evidently, his expression of sorrow was to be as a sop for me, for he gave no other sign of being sorry—"that I have been finding evidences of dissatisfaction with the pastor also outside of our Board of Deacons. I know that Mr. and Mrs. Watts are both very much dissatisfied with him, because they feel that he neglects them in his pastoral calls. They complain, also, of his sermons, which, they say, are not understood by them, and lack warmth. And, then, only the other day, I heard Mr. Foghorn telling, down at the livery stable, that he had seen Doctor Miller in the city, and that he saw his shirt bosom adorned with a great breast-pin, and that he had no use for a preacher who was capable of being a fop. Now, that is a very unfortunate affair. True, that livery stable of the "Pauper Brothers" is a resort for gossips, and Foghorn is noted as a retailer of gossip; but what he told, when I was a listener, he represented to be a fact. And he must have told the truth when he declared that it was true, for, as you know, he is a man who is worth one hundred thousand dollars. And in keeping with this is what Mr. Michael has related to me, as I told you, Brother Sniveller, that in drug stores, barber shops, and Hangken's dental rooms, he has heard very unfavorable references to the Old Frame church, which, of course, must be owing to dissatisfaction with the pastor. Actually, when I think of these things, and I try hard not ot think of them"—something which I did not credit for an instant—"I wonder where this matter will end. It surely means trouble ahead."

In my sincere interest for Doctor Miller, I felt grieved on hearing such a tirade from these men, who were solemnly pledged to sustain him, and to guard his reputation. I was indignant, and I could not restrain myself

from giving evidence of it. I said: "Well, men, if yours is Christian conduct, then I shall ever remain content with that alone of gentlemen. I have been silent while you have spoken; however, my silence has not been that of approval, but of contempt. I am ashamed for you, for you do not seem capable of shame for yourselves, that you should act such a double part toward him who stands in such close relations to you. To think that you should tell Doctor Miller what you did here in my presence, and then, the moment that his back was turned, should bear testimony, and I consider it false testimony, against him. What do I, or what would any sensible person care for the gossip brought by that sneak Michael. And what he does tell had to do with the church, not the pastor. Or why should any weight be attached to the judgment of the Watts contingent? If you provide the preaching that they can understand, then you will have what others will not care for; you should try to cater to the people in general. You know the apostle Paul once gave a sermon which required some hours for its delivery, but to the most of his hearers it was so exceedingly interesting that they did not realize the flight of time; but there was one man, seated in a window, who could not understand what was being said, and who, falling asleep, presently tumbled out of the window. It is not told that the Deacons found fault with Paul because he did not preach to keep that one individual awake. In all likelihood, had Paul preached for his comprehension, his other hearers would either have given their thoughts to matters foreign to his subject, or would have gone away. As for Foghorn, he is unworthy of credence; certainly the accident of wealth, even if he be possessed of as much as has been represented, does not establish his veracity. 'Judge,' as you should know, rich men can both gossip and lie. Foghorn is constructed (the same as any other foghorn) to make a noise; but, unfortunately, our local institution is not calculated to serve so useful a purpose as those that are built by Uncle Sam. I have listened to your bill of grievances, if you please, and I must say, that in all that you have adduced you have only given evidence of your own littleness, selfish-

ness, sensitiveness, suspicion, and jealousy. I am no prophet, nor am I the son of a prophet, but I will venture to predict the outcome of your talk—the resignation and the removal of Doctor Miller, which will signify a sure loss to your church, and to the entire community."

I do not imagine that it is necessary for me to relate that this speech did not bring us into more sympathetic relations. The "Judge" spoke up with a husky voice, as if he had suddenly contracted a cold, while Mr. Sniveller stammered, both trying to assure me that I had misunderstood them; that they were indeed the firm friends of Doctor Miller. Sniveller, with his hand on his breast, declared, "I assert most solemnly that I am as a brother to our pastor." I was tempted, in my scorn for the base hyprocrite, to say, "yes, a brother, even as Cain was to Abel." They hoped that I would not tell anything of the matter, if possible, would not to give it further thought; and begged me to regard what had been told as having been spoken in confidence.

After this experience, I had no desire to remain longer where I would be obliged to see these men, for whom I now had not a particle of respect, but a large supply of contempt. Somehow I felt as if the atmosphere ot the room was stifling, and I longed for the fresh and cool air of God's own great temple, with its star gemmed dome. Going to the pastor, to bid him "Good Night," I could not but feel strange and saddening feelings in the vicinity of the heart, as I looked into his frank and happy countenance, and thought of his utter unconsciousness of the volcano below his feet, into which I had been compelled to look, under the guidance of the men to whom ho was looking as his loyal co-laborers.

CHAPTER VII.

I was engaged with the trial of a very important case, and late in the afternoon, as I was coming from the court chamber, I had casually ascertained that I might be able to learn something that would prove to be for my advantage in the suit, if I should see Mr. Kent. It being Thursday, and Thursday evening being the occasion for the mid-week meeting in the Old Frame Church, I at once concluded that I would be most likely to find my brother-attorney if I wended my way to the prayer-meeting. For with all that he had to claim his presence, as a very busy and popular man, he was always in his place at the "regular stated services" in the church. He was a model church member.

But, as I thought of my going to such a meeting, I had misgivings as to the effect that my presence might have I who had never disclosed interest in any gatherings of the kind, and for the sole reason that I had none. I who had been regarded as being indifferent to religious things, and more especially, as being "off" in my theological opinions. Well, I did not know but that my appearance upon the scene would be productive of discord in the thoughts and feelings of the people, and that I would in this way prove to be a disturbing element in the meeting.

However, I decided that I would go, for the end that I had in view, seemed, to my mind, to require it. As I anticipated, my coming did excite surprise, evidence of which was given in the "looks" and in the greetings which were accorded me. On the whole, the experience was not one that was calculated to awaken the desire to "come again" as several at the close of the service invited me to do. In all probability, if I had been treated, as good common sense ought to have dictated that I should be, if I had not been made to realize that I was an outsider, and amid such surroundings a curiosity, or a wonder, I might have been disposed to return again at

some future time; for I did find features in the program of the meeting that greatly interested me. The proceedings were very unlike those which I had learned to associate with the oft heard pulpit announcement, "Prayer meeting on Thursday evening as usual." The fact is, that as I sat and listened to the different participants in the exercises, the query was awakened in my mind: "Why is this called a prayer meeting?" There was only one prayer, and that was offered by the pastor at the opening of the meeting. It seemed to me more like the session of a "Debating Society" than like a religious gathering. Repeatedly was I reminded of scenes in meetings of our "Literary Club" at college, when the debate was marked by not merely the interest, but also the warmth of feeling and the spirit of rivalry, and even of contention, of the speakers.

Doctor Miller read that portion of the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel which gives the parable of the "Prodigal Son." He then gave a very beautiful and tender exposition of what he termed "the pearl of parables'.' He interpreted it as setting forth and emphasizing the love of the Heavenly Father. It was very gratifying to me too, as I listened to his portrayal of the Fatherhood of God, of which human fatherhood, at its very best, was only a mere hint, or a dim reflection. And then, it was refreshing to hear him speak of this relationship of God as race-wide in its application and not as something that was monopolized by one insignificant nation, or by some specially favored fragment of the great body of mankind. After he had given us his views, he remarked, "The time is now yours to be improved as you may be moved to lead in prayer or to speak." Then some eight or nine men and two or three women availed themselves of the opportunity to express their opinions; occasionally a brief silence intervened between speakers, and in a few instances, some numbers of the "Gospel Hymns" were interjected, and gave a pleasing and restful variety. A few of those who spoke merely referred to what the pastor had said, and expressed themselves as being pleased with his interpretations, but there were others who differed more or less from him. The latter were

fearful that the figure of God as a Father was likely to work injury to souls. They deplored particularly, the universal application thereof made by the pastor, and such as agreed with him. They had considerable to say about "election," and "the elect," and "sheep" and "goats," and "the disowned." Mr. Sniveller, with even more than usual of his jerky manner, quoted the passage, "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated," to give force to his suggestions as to the difference in the attitude of God towards different individuals. A very doubtful fragment of scripture to be used for that object, considering it in its relations, whatever else might be said in reference to it.

Just before the discussion was brought to its close by Doctor Miller, a large, burly, uncouth, unkempt and generally untidy fellow arose in one of the rear pews, and with a voice rasping to the ear, conceitedly declared: "You are all wrong. It may seem like presumption in me, as I am almost as a stranger to you, when I here say that I differ with you and with Doctors Clark, Henry, Trench, Lange, Farrar, Meyers and others, whose ideas have been quoted by different speakers this evening; but, nevertheless, that is what I presume to do. I repeat, that you are all wrong. I fear that there is not one of you that has apprehended so much as the a b c of the meaning of the parable read to us this evening. How I wish that I had the time necessary in which to dispel your illusions. I cannot hope to do that. But I will give you food for thought. May God have mercy on you and help you to think and to understand. Now I want to say to you that the Prodigal Son of whom Christ was speaking, is not the sinner, as you all think. He is a figure representing those who have been God's favored children and who have strayed from him, which is not the case with sinners. Now would you know who they are whom he represents? If so, listen to me while I tell you. They are the ten lost tribes. Yes, Israel, the ten lost tribes. I doubt whether you ever heard that before. Now, further, it is to receive back these wanderers, that God waits with a father's solicitous love. Brethren, I suggest for your consideration as a live question, who are

the lost tribes as they have place in the world to-day? If you desire to know fully about this subject, you can find much concerning it in certain books, but to get the fullest and most reliable information, I invite you to come and listen to me as I talk of the matter."

As I looked into the countenances of the people and saw the evidences of annoyance, and in some instances, of exasperation, as the man spoke his conceited and tantalizing words, I began to suspect that some such result would follow as was produced in some of the church gatherings described in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, where new or strange doctrines occasioned a tumult; but instead of an uproar, a peculiar calm prevailed after the man had quieted down, and in a few seconds the pastor arose and announced the closing hymn, that beautiful and expressive production by Faber, in which occur the stanzas:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.
"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

And this was followed by the "Lord's Prayer," in which all were invited to join, saying, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

Mr. Kent, who was in attendance, was apparently pleased to see me, and together we withdrew from the church to discuss the matter that had led me to go in search of him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I am greatly troubled over the talk about Doctor Miller. I cannot drive the thing from my mind during the day, and it keeps me awake or intrudes itself into my dreams at night."

This was the utterance of Mrs. Sniveller, who had called upon Mrs. Johnson, to talk over matters in the Old Frame Church. Surely as the wives of deacons in that institution, it was appropriate that they should confer, and if possible, even devise ways and means, and execute for their beloved church.

Mrs. Sniveller was a little "roly-poly" sort of a woman, whose countenance had a fixed expression which gave her the appearance of one who was smelling something very disagreeable. She was sensitive to the highest degree, and, as is so often the case with persons so constituted. was full of spirit, or "dynamite." She ruled in her home, and wherever she could manage to do so. This, it was apparent Mr. Sniveller understood and aquiesced in.

Mrs. Johnson was a large woman, with a stoop incident to age. She was a lady who doted on her ancestral line, and on her literary attainments, and who gave evidence of what she possessed herein by maintaining a very calm and dignified demeanor. The chief point in her pedigree was that the first of the families to come to America came very early, but, unfortunately, missed shipping in the Mayflower. As to what anyone in the succession ever accomplished, outside of simply living and dying, nothing was told, except that some were merely more than ordinarily lazy in dying, as was the case with Methuseleh. As to her literary accomplishments, these consisted of membership in sundry societies with literary pretension, and in attendance at lectures by men of letters. She was a person of few words, and these she spoke with great

deliberation, thus frequently producing the impression that there was a reserve fund of wisdom.

To Mrs. Sniveller's plaint, Mrs. Johnson made reply, "Dear! oh, dear, I, too, am distressed over the matter. It is to me as a horrid nightmare."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Sniveller proceeded to say, "I have been casting about to decide upon some course that should be pursued by us. You have, undoubtedly, learned of the dissatisfaction of the Watts family, and of Mr. Michael's reports, and that which is the worst of all, the discovery made and told of by Mr. Foghorn, and which damaging circumstance is upon the lips of so many people in our congregation and outside. I must say, that I, from the very first, suspected the doctor as to vanity. And I was only confirmed in my opinion of him when Mr. Sniveller mentioned to me how he was ignoring him and the "Judge," and was conferring with those new and fashionable people, who have come to us from the city. Pride will be that man's ruin, and we must see to it that his pride does not bring serious injury to our beloved Zion."

"But," asked Mrs. Johnson, "what is there for us to do, Mrs. Sniveller? I can, and am ready to execute. As Mr. Sniveller has often told, when referring to you in our conversations, you are always master of the situation. Now suggest what can be done, and I will cooperate with you to carry out your plan."

Mrs. Sniveller exclaimed: "Thank you, thank you, you and my dear husband are very flattering in what you say. I hope that I may prove myself worthy of such a tribute. Now, I have thought that some one or more, better more, of our ladies might go and speak to Mrs. Miller, and so reach the ear of the Doctor. They cannot be knowing of the "talk," as they do not act as if they did. It will be a hard duty to discharge; but duty is duty, and they to whom it comes should not shrink from discharging it. Mr. Sniveller has remarked, that such is my fidelity to duty, that if I were to have it made known to me that it was my duty to remove his head, and he knew of it, that he would expect nothing else than that his head would drop. However, to come

to the subject before us, Mrs. Johnson, it has been impressed upon me, while we have been speaking, that you and I ought to go, a self-appointed committee, and do the errand mentioned by me. Will you accompany me?

"This is a short notice," Mrs. Johnson answered, "but, then, it is a matter over which one need not deliberate. I will go with you. But Mrs. Sniveller you will be obliged to do the talking. You know that I am not a woman of many words; but I would be an exception in my family if I were other than I am. This last remark reminds me of something, and that is, that at some future time when we have not so much to engage us, I desire to show you a book received yesterday, giving our family history down to date. Do yon know that I think it a most remarkable circumstance, that I can now read the names of my ancestors for two centuries back. My children will be able to tell the names of their great grand parents on all sides, a most unusual thing."

"Speaking of family matters," said Mrs. Sniveller, "Mrs. Johnson, I too, am reminded of something, a secret with which I shall entrust you, and which I think will excite your pleasure. Our older daughter has become engaged to Mr. Wentworthson. You, no doubt, have known of his attentions to her."

"Why, that is news," was Mrs, Johnson's response, "and, as you conjectured would be the case, I am greatly pleased with the match and I do sincerely congratulate you. I think that Mr. Wentworthson is a young man of promise, and that he will prove himself a worthy companion for your daughter. I do not know why it is but my girls seem very slow in contracting alliances. I fear at times that they are wedded to their music and books, to that extent that they may never attract and hold gentlemen admirers. I do not want to lose them from my side, but I would think it better for them, if I could see them settled in beautiful homes of their own. The "Judge" also has aspirations in this direction; he would be happy in having some noble young men for his sons-in-law. But we must take things of that kind as they come to us. I must now go and get ready, that we may discharge our duty."

While Mrs. Johnson is preparing for her errand, I will improve the opportunity to say, that the engagement of Mr. Wentworthson and Miss. Sniveller, was not such an item of news to her ladyship, as a person might be led to infer from her remarks. Mr. Sniveller had already imparted the information of that event to his friend the "Judge," who in turn had brought the item to his wife. But it suited her purpose to play a part, so as to afford Mrs. Sniveller that satisfaction which is found where one is first in telling of an occurrence that interests. No, she had more than learned of that incident of significance to the Snivellers; she had canvassed the merits and the demerits of Mr. Wentworthson, with the "Judge" and her daughters, who were also made custodians of the secret. The judgment reached by the united household was, that it was not so much of "a catch" after all. That slang term may seem incongruous, but the Johnson girls had picked up and introduced in the home not a few of the slang words and phrases of college boys, whom they even tried to imitate in other things. The facts of the engagement, as they saw them, were, that the young man was a scion of an excellent family, originally from Massachusetts, but more recently from Ohio; that the family had some money, and a little influence. But as for the young man himself, in appearance he was everything, except handsome; intellectually, he was at zero; socially he was a wall-flower; while in business, and this was the worst feature of all, he was a dealer in pigs.

As for the Misses Johnson, no one would assume much risk in venturing a wager that neither of them would ever have any other name than that of their sire. Unfortunately, to homely, coarse-featured faces, and ungainly forms, they added the brusqueness, conceit, and overbearing characteristics, so familiar in connection with the "Judge," and, naturally, as a consequence admirers among the young, of either sex, were at no time found by them.

Mrs. Johnson having returned' attired for the visitation, she and Mrs. Sniveller were soon hastening, for they walked as if their business required haste, in the direction of the parsonage.

Fortunately, Mrs. Miller was at home and received her callers with much cordiality, little dreaming of the object of their mission. The state of the weather having had due consideration, there was silence for a minute or two, and then encouraged by a peculiar nod of the head of Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Sniveller, figuratively speaking, threw out her skirmish lines, and went forward to do battle against pride, and, especially, against the man who had, in her estimation, been neglecting Deacon Sniveller.

"Mrs. Miller," said she, "you doubtless have no idea of the nature of our visit today. It would certainly be pleasanter for Mrs. Johnson and myself were we here merely for a social call. But we have come as the sincere friends of your dear husband and your beloved self, and for the furtherance of our mutual interests. As the wives of office-bearers in the church, we, naturally, are drawn to you and the Doctor, and sympathize with you, and are eager to help you, though we know that you must find us very inefficient in comparision with such people as the Kents, and others, who have come from the city. At present our hearts are pained by the scandalous reports in circulation—which probably have not reached you, as to our beloved pastor's conduct. Now, mark you, we do not credit the story; it is too ridiculous to be true; but with those who do not love our church, it has found credence, and we want to try to counteract its influence."

"But, what is it, Mrs. Sniveller? Do not keep me in suspense. Please be outspoken." Such were the utterances with which Mrs. Miller interrupted her visitor's prelude, while her countenance bore evidences of the anguish of soul produced by the words which failed to conceal from her the deceit of her visitors.

"My dear," was the reply, "the report to which I refer, is, that Doctor Miller is an inordinately vain man; that his pride is such that the common people, such as listened to our Lord gladly, are not attracted to him, and furthermore, that when he is out of his parish, he even goes so far as to adorn himself in a way that is unbecoming to a minister of the gospel. You know that

preachers connot be too careful in going in and out before their people."

"Why, I am amazed, as I sit here and listen to such remarks as you are making," Mrs. Miller declared, "for of all men Mr. Miller is one of the last to be open to such charges as you are making. As to the common people, he has never known of such; people to him are people, whatever their condition or circumstances in life. True, he may, like his Master, Jesus Christ, find those individuals who are particularly congenial to him, but in the discharge of his duties he knows all men alike. And, more than this, wherever he has labored, unless, as you suggest this place constitutes an exception, he has been a favorite with old and young, rich and poor, learned and illiterate and with people of all creeds, and those of no creed."

"But," said Mrs. Johnson, "we know whereof we speak, Mrs. Miller, and we can cite our authority for what we have to tell, it is no less an authority than that of Mr. Foghorn, a man who is worth one hundred thousand dollars. True, he is not in the church; nor, indeed in society—at least not in that in which we move; he is the associate of common livery men, but as I have said, he is the possessor of wealth, and that gives weight to his testimony."

"Well, what does he say?" asked the minister's wife.

"Why," said Mrs. Sniveller, "he has been telling that two or three weeks ago last Monday,—you see he specifies an exact date; he met Doctor Miller on the street, in the city, and then saw on his shirt-front an elaborate breast-pin, and that then and there he determined never to go and listen to him preach."

"What kind of a pin was it?" inquired the mistress of the manse; did it have a costly diamond, or some other costly and flashy stone in it?"

"No," said Mrs. Johnson, "Mr. Foghorn described it to the "Judge" and some other gentlemen, as consisting of some dark material—possibly some costly lava."

"But what has the material to do with it?" asked Mrs. Sniveller, with a coolness in her tone of voice and a snap

to her eye-lids, as if she were beginning to fear that the errand was going to be fruitless, "a breast-pin is a breast-pin, whatever the material in it; and many people and I do not hesitate to declare to you that the Snivellers and the Johnsons belong among them, believe that it ill becomes a pastor who is to be an example to his flock, to indulge in anything of the kind, and we are here to bear our testimony to you and through you to Doctor Miller. Ours has been a very unpleasant duty to perform, but the consciousness that it was a sacred duty has sustained us in our discharge of it."

"Ladies," said Mrs. Miller, while to the astonishment of the committee a smile played around her perfectly shaped mouth, and a rogueish–it would be that with other people, but possibly it must not be so characterized in its association with a minister's wife—twinkle came into her eyes. "I may be able to show you the breast-pin, which has caused so much gossip, and so much disturbance, and so much pain, as you have represented. I am now glad that you came to see me personally as to the matter–it was the oniy proper thing to do and it is what genuine friends will always do, before they will credit, and certainly before they will peddle, for that is the name it deserves, reports that effect reputation and infiuence and I am very glad that you came on this par-'ticular day, for to-morrow would have been to late, then the thing will be gotten rid of by us. Excuse me, please, for a few minutes."

When Mrs. Miller had withdrawn from the room, Mrs. Sniveller whispered to Mrs. Johnson, "I feared that our coming was going to end in nothing for us. The little woman was disposed to treat the thing lightly and to score us and others. But I think that my few plain words made her realize the gravity of the matter; and yet did you not discover what seemed as levity, and also sarcasm in her looks and her remarks when she last spoke? Oh, she needs to learn a few things yet. If she only will learn. Oh, to think of having such thoughtless people in the parsonage of the Old Frame Church."

"Yes, ladies," was Mrs Millers greeting as she reappeared, "I can have your own eyes rest on that which

Mr. Foghorn beheld, so much to his unrest of mind and since then apparently his unrest of tongue." These words, as they later confessed to each other, gave offense to the wives of the deacons. But the speaker did not know, or did not seem to know what effect she was producing, and so went on to say; "If only the man could now be here and once more look upon the object." Then holding out a roll of cotton cloth she gave the explanation. "It has so happened, that owing to illness in the family of our domestic, our house-work has not been done quite as fully as is usual with us, and among other things the washing of articles with which we could dispense for a little time, has gone over for a few weeks. You may call this providential if you like." Then slowly unrolling the bundle, which proved to be a shirt, she remarked. "Now here is the breast-pin, it is a mud-spot on the bosom of this piece of wearing apparel. Mr. Miller was crossing a street and a passing carriage threw mud, a large piece of which found a resting place on his immaculate shirt- front, much to the discomfiture, rather than to the pleasure of your pastor."

As the committee looked, Mrs. Sniveller said: "How strange!" and Mrs. Johnson added "How very singular!" Then they expressed the wish that all people might know as they now did, the facts in the case. Mrs. Johnson with some earnestness said, "I wonder that folks do not do more commonly as we have done, first investigate and ascertain the truth before talking."

But, notwithstanding the seeming change in their demeanor before leaving Mrs. Miller, after they had reached the street they disclosed their annoyance with the turn that the investigation had taken. Mrs. Sniveller, being especially disappointed. She declared, "Of course our motives will be impugned. The Millerites will say that we were eager to appear with our charges, as the enemies of the pastor. Well, let them talk as they please, we have but done our duty.

CHAPTER IX.

"How many of us are going to church this morning?" Such was the question that was asked as our family was seated at the breakfast table on a Sunday morning, shortly after the discovery of the opposition to Dr. Miller. From the time that I had learned of the attitude of Johnson, Sniveller, and others, I had made it a point to be in my pew every Sunday; I intended that it should be known with certainty where I could be classed in the division that existed in the congregation and which was daily becoming more pronounced. To me the issue was not simply the pastor's remaining or going, much as I cared for him personally, and longed for his retention; but it was the vindication of great fundamental principles. I could not quietly consent to have men go forward with hypocritical pretense to promote their selfish ends, and especially where they were acting ostensibly in the interests of truth and religion. To me during these days the questions came, and repeatedly recurred to my mind, "Wherein is heresy?" and "Who are the real heretics?"

The Sunday to which reference has been made was a beautiful day in May. Very early in the morning there had been a heavy fall of rain, but when the question of church attendance was broached, the sky was free from cloud; the sun shone in all its glory; the air was clean and sweet; the new leaves wore the richest possible emerald hue; the birds sang their most musical lays. All nature seemed to be rejoicing. It was a perfect day, a day on which everything out of doors gave a pressing invitation to people to come forth from their homes.

There was not a single member of our circle that had any disposition to remain shut in; the chronic Sunday headache victims were not heard from; "the sermon is so long" complainant was silent; the music critic offered no protest; we were all of one mind, and that was to go to church.

The attendance at the service was excellent. The pews were filled. The congregation was one that was well calculated to inspire all who had parts in the exercises. The singing was grand, led by the new soprano, and sustained and guided by the organist; even the improvisings of the latter, in the interludes, seemed to throb with the life and cheer that were characterizing the day.

Dr. Miller was more than usually bright, suggestive and eloquent in his sermon. His subject was "The Gain of Godliness." The text was "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." In his remarks, among other things, he said,, "Profit, that is what men want, what they are on the alert for, what they eagerly seek. How much per cent is there in it? is, of all questions the question of the day. It is exceedingly doubtful whether there is any other thing in which men exercise so little common-sense as in the matter of religion. whether it be the practical side of religious life, or the doctrinal part of religious opinion. With not a few, religion is something associated with Sundays, churches, ministers, and sacraments, and, if not more rudely used, is politely bowed out if it venture to intrude in counting room or workshop. The trouble is, that in too many instances the friends of religion have been either unreasonable, or unguarded in their representations of the attitude of religion towards the world, presuming a fatal contrast, or even antagonism. It is too rarely made clear that the only contrast recognized by religion is between good and evil. "Christ came not to condemn the world," but to save it; and "the world" which is condemned, is not the world as secular and natural, but the world as wicked and selfish.

"Now the fact is, whatever may be said as to matters of faith, that genuine piety consists of a right discharge of the common, every-day duties, and an enjoyment of the various privileges of this world. As Paul, in his crisp and forceful manner expresses it: "Godliness is profitable unto all things." Instead of requiring us to renounce secular interests, or to avoid earthly comforts

and joys, it, practically, serves to help us to secure and to make the best use of the one, and to recognize and to obtain the most possible satisfaction from the other. It is not profitable merely, as the too prevalent notion has it, as a sort of soul insurance policy, which renders face-value after death, but it is profitable now, in our daily matter-of-fact life.

"A religion dealing only, or chiefly, in "futures" would be a poor thing for this world. If we ever need such help as religion is supposed to afford, it is here and now.

"As to the profit of Godliness along the lines of secular life, I do not believe that religion insures prosperity to all who embrace it. But I do hold that where a man will recognize and conform to its principles—other things being equal—the more assured he will be of his success in business. The real truth is, that such principles are only those which sagacious business-men are constantly recognizing as being at the basis of genuine success in business. They are only those elements that are gathered up in the formulations by "Bradstreet" aud "Dunn" when representing the liability, or the unreliability of men.

"It is rank heresy where anyone divorces religion and secular interests. Indeed, I do not believe in the use of the term "secular" in the sense of implying such a separation. I hold to the sacredness of all relations and responsibilities. My office, as a religious teacher, is called "sacred;" but the same is equally true of your profession or vocation. The fact is, that men were ordained to business before there ever was an order of religious teachers.

"Religion requires diligence, truthfulness, honesty, fairness, consideration, stability and reliability in men when dealing with their fellows. The mere mention of these thing should be sufficient to enable us to understand why our text reads as it does, for, whatever our creed-differences, we must all be agreed that herein we have the ingredients that are known to harmonize, ennoble, and sweeten life now, and, if so now, they must in life prolonged beyond the present."

Having waited, at the close of the service, to listen

to the organist's postlude, an original composition, and one evincing genuine musical ability, I arose to go. As I neared the vestibule I saw there "Judge" Johnson. I concluded that he had tarried, like myself, to hear the music, for I knew of his musical pretentions, I describe them as pretentions, both because there always was so much mere pretense in the man's conduct, and for the reason that I never heard any thing from him that indicated either musical knowledge or taste. I am disposed to think that the nearest he ever came to, "making music," was when, as a young man, he aided in the carrying of the large drum in the village band when he was yet in the East. As I approached him, I discovered by his gesticultions, that he was, awaiting my coming. I queried as to what he could be wanting of me, but began to think that he might wish to talk over the music; or possibly, to make an application to me of the lessons of the sermon.

When I joined him, and we passed out into the street, I could see that he was thinking deeply over something, perhaps, I thought, my ungodliness. For he, and Sniveller, and some more of their kind, had, on different occasions, spoken as if they regarded me as being ungodly because of the variance of my views from those entertained by them. Their idea of godliness being a belief in what they entitled a "sound creed."

As we walked along, I alluded to the glorious weather of the day, but he soon disposed of that topic. I averted to the postlude, but music did not seem to possess any charm for him. I touched upon politics, that awakened his interest to some degree. By this time we had reached the corner which marked the parting in our paths. He asked me whether I was in a hurry to reach home, and having no special reason for haste I so informed him. "I am glad of it," he then said, "for I want to talk to you of an important matter; something of which I have been intending to speak to you at different times when we have met recently." I now made up my mind that I was booked for an exhortation from this man for whom I had so little respect; but I decided that I would receive with patience whatever he might have for me.

At his invitation, I accompanied the "Judge" in the direction of his house. As we started down the avenue, he remarked, "The Doctor gave us a very interesting and suggestive sermon this morning. It was something that could not but arrest and hold the attention of his audience, The fact is that it was a practical discourse, just the kind that people delight in hearing."

To this favorable reference to Doctor Miller's effort, I could, and did heartily respond with approbation. But I did so thinking that the next instant I would have the practical part of the lessons reviewed and emphasized for my special benefit.

The "Judge" proceeded to remark: "That introductory thought as to profit, how it woke us up! "Profit," yes, that is indeed what interests everybody. How much per cent.? How much of a margin? Those are the questions of the day. There was nothing heretical, I think, in that sermon, friend Truman. It was full of doctrine to which you and I could both subscribe, though I did miss and wished that we could have some references to the doctrines of grace and faith."

By this time I was impatient for him to unburden himself of the message of which he had given me notice. His very reticence was commencing to prove annoying to me. Like the boy who has been waiting through an entire day for a threatened punishment, but without any idea as to what it will be, I was anxious to get through with my impending ordeal and so end the agony. At length I felt sure that the crisis would come, as the old gent turned and looked at me with as kindly an expression as he was capable of, and with tremulous tones in his voice, asked: "Wouldn't you like to make some profit?"

Very naturally I answered: "Yes, I am always ready for profit, when it can be acquired legitimately. Of course the profit of Godliness, I must concede, is always of the proper kind."

"Yes, Yes," said the "Judge," in his blandest manner, "you are right as to that. But, what may be a surprise to you, it is about a financial deal in which I am interested, that I desire to speak to you. I know that

you have idle money, and I have thought of you as one of my friends who might be willing to take some stock in a new Investment Company, which I am prepared to commend to you. Indeed the stock cannot be obtained by everybody, for we are particular in disposing of it. It is on the score of friendship that I have brought you the offer of some of it."

I was astonished that this church official, this stickler for matters of doctrine, should take me, a man whom he accounted a skeptic, as he was doing, and that too on a Sunday, and just after church service, and propose a business deal. But I restrained myself from disclosing what was in my mind, wondering whether he was thinking: "The better the day, the better the deed," and inquired, "What is your investment company?"

"The New Calumet Trust," was his response.

This announcement filled me with amazement, nor did I care to remain silent any longer as to my views touching his proposition, and so I declared: "What, the Calumet? Are you a stockholder in that institution, and would you induce others, and even friends, to participate in it? Why, sir, I can scarcely credit my ears. I am interested in profit and I make investments for profit; but, wicked as I am, so far as I am an unbeliever in your doxy, I have yet to make my first venture in a lottery, which is all that the "Calumet Trust" is. I would be ashamed to have it known if I were interested in that concern."

The "Judge" interrupting me, said, "Let me here say, that I am, and that I want you to consider me as speaking to you in confidence. I would not have people know that I am a stockholder in a lottery, though I keep thinking that I can see a difference between our institution and what is generally known as a lottery. But; as I have stated, I want my relations to the thing kept a secret, owing to my church position. I would be misjudged, and would be condemned, were the matter to come out. I must try to be "wise as a serpent." I got into this company by an exchange of stock which I had in a "Merry-go-round" Syndicate, and in a Base Ball Association, together with some paper, which came to me

in my banking business, and which I was finding it difficult to negotiate."

Inasmuch as he was becoming so confidential with me, I presumed to ask him how much of the stock of the "Calumet" he held, when he informed me that he had fifteen hundred dollars invested. But, evidently, my treatment of his "favor" had tended to influence him to withdraw his confidence, and to be chary about giving me facts, for, as I later learned through another source, his investment was more than double the amount that he named to me; and this entire sum, as I was also informed, he was obliged afterwards to enter in his books as lost. It was further told me that it was some, if not all, of his holdings of the stock that he was planning to unload on me.

As I retraced my steps, going to my home, my mind was engrossed with the very strange after-church experience. I could not but think of the different effects produced in different minds by the same line of thought, as in a sermon. The "judge," a deacon, the occupant of a high seat in the sanctuary, by the discourse of the morning, had been prompted to think of his lottery stock, and had been impelled to make an effort to find a purchaser for some of the stuff. I, the doubter had come away from listening to the sermon, with an interest in Godliness as consisting of those gilt-edged principles which to all honorable business men, are securities that never experience fluctuation, and which yield large dividends for their possessors. During the afternoon and evening, I repeatedly found myself canvassing the very singular interview, and then would come to me the query: "Who is the actual heretic, Johnson or I?"

CHAPTER X.

"MR. TRUMAN, Dear Sir:—Would it be convenient for you to meet with a few friends of Doctor Miller, in my office, this afternoon, at five o'clock? Please reply by bearer.

"Yours very truly, H. B. BOWDEN."

This invitation reached me on a Monday morning, and I responded with an assurance that I would be present at the time and place named.

According to agreement, I was on hand, and there met Messrs. Bowden, Kent, Scott, Hobson, Langley, Belmont, and Douay, all adherents of Doctor Miller, and every one, like myself, void of the slightest particle of sympathy with the ways and means to which recourse was being had by those intent on procuriug a change in the pastorate of the Old Frame church; and, as for that matter, all opposed to the principles, or, better, want of principle, and the methods of those in the official places, and, hence, the management of the aforesaid church.

Mr. Langley was a man of small physical frame, of nervous temperament, and of more than the average mental ability found among artisans, of which he was one. He was a person of good judgment and nobleness of heart. He had removed from the city to the village, and brought with him the more liberal ideas of the large center. He had long been a member of a church, but he was too broad-minded to be sectarian, and thus he naturally allied himself with the progressive element in our conflict.

Mr. Belmont was a very modest man, but such was his appearance, that on seeing him one was instinctively drawn to him; and those who learned to know him were never disappointed in their expectations as to him. He was an all-around man. He had acquitted himself as a soldier, and as a civilian. At this particular time he was the very successful executive officer of a popular institution in Chicago. He was an earnest churchman, but one abreast with the times. He was unwil-

ling to believe that all truth had been discovered, and formulated, never to receive additions, or even a restatement, by the theologians of hundreds of years before his day, who were not only without the modern facilities for arriving at the knowledge of facts and truth, but who were narrow, and bigoted, and zealous only for their own peculiar theology.

As for Douay, he like myself, was in the church but was not of it. He was a contributing member. He was a stalwart physically and intellectually, and in all of his movements. He was one of the pastor's staunchest friends, on general principles. He was too high-toned and manly to be found associated with the "Judge," Sniveller and their set.

All being present who were expected, Mr. Bowden stated the object of the conference. Doctor Miller had been at his office, and had shown him some papers that had come into his possession—a copy of a petition asking the authorities of the Old Frame church to take action to secure the dissolution of the existing pastoral relationship; and several anonymous letters, addressed to the pastor, and intended to annoy him so that he should be moved to resign his position. And now a few of the Doctor's friends were to compare their views, and to determine, if possible, how to circumvent and frustrate the schemes of the plotters.

It was reported that not a single deacon had signed the petition, but that the "Judge," Sniveller and Bituminous had assured those who had the paper in hand that they were favorable to the movement, but that they would not sign the petition for the reason that they were members of the board before which it would come for consideration, and that when that incident occurred they could be reckoned upon to stand together in voting for the promotion of the object of the petitioners.

Mr. Bowden gave us some of the names borne by the petition, and among them were those of a number of persons whose connection with any undertaking requiring the confidence and support of the general public always meant its injury, or even its failure, such being their reputation as to fair and honorable dealings. It seemed

an outrage that people of such character should have so much as a standing in a religious organization, but it was exasperating to find them in a position where they could exert an influence to help to mould the policy, and shape the career of a church. There certainly is something very defective in any system where such a state of things is possible. And, yet, this is a very general experience in churches.

When the names on the petition had been read, a profound silence followed; that peculiar silence which occurs where there is deeply-felt feeling, as of sorrow, or of indignation. In this instance both of these elements were present. The first to break the quiet was Mr. Kent, who remarked: "Gentlemen, if the things involved were not of such a serious nature I would be so impressed with the ludicrous features of this petition as to be led to regard it as a well-conceived joke. To those outside of the church, in our community, how amusing it will be to learn of these petitioners praying for such changes as shall secure for the Old Frame Church more sound doctrine and greater spirituality. I can imagine the hope of many—grocers, coal dealers, milliners, physicians, and others, that the paper might prove a sign of genuine reformation in the signers. If they could entertain that hope, they would turn with a lively interest to their account books, and make out statements for amounts of money long due, and which they have been figuring among their losses. For, ought not the desire for sound faith and a higher spiritual enjoyment to evidence itself in the payment of debts, and at the rate of a hundred cents on the dollar?"

"But the millenium has not yet arrived, nor are signs of its dawn to be discerned on the horizon," was Mr. Belmont's utterance, when he proceeded to say: "History is simply repeating itself in this incident. As a rule, those who have caused disturbance in churches, and, usually, under the guise of seekers after truth and purity, and spiritual-mindedness, have been people of this same kind with whom we are now having to do; people with characters which, held up to the light, are, like moth-eaten garments, full of holes, and which fall to

pieces in the handling due to their examination; people with low and mean schemes that proceed from their selfish feelings and ambitions. Very often the motive actuating them is, 'if I cannot be first, you certainly shall not be first; if I cannot direct and control, I will ruin.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Bowden, "I know that Mr. Belmont's words are descriptive of what has been the case in the Old Frame church. Our present experience is only a recurrence of a periodical incident, and with the same influences lying back of it in every instance. New actors appear upon the stage, but the manager and prompter remain still the same. The voice is that of Jacob, whatever the mask worn. When I saw the petition now in question, I read between the lines the names, and the sensitiveness, jealousy, plottings, and hypocrisy of our trio of deacons. The names subscribed are only those of their puppets, persons quite similar to themselvs, but not equal to them in cautiousness and cunning; in other words, not so politic. I have been making inquiry as to some of these signers who are strangers to me, and I have found that they are all well suited to each other, and to the base work to which they have been giving their time and attention. I have wished that we had among us a Thackery or a Dickens, or a Mark Twain, for it seems a pity to have such a batch of characters, so deserving of delineation by such artists for the interest of society, exist and pass away only like the fungi that blossom unseen in the wilderness.

"What a study, for illustration, Ananias Hodson would afford. I regret, Friend Hodson, that he bears your surname, but, then, as we know, and as you have often told us, he is not of your stock. That is evident, whatever the view taken of him—physically, intellectually, or morally. One ought not to make light of those things in another for which he is not responsible; but, if he with whom nature has dealt unkindly himself makes prominent his blemishes, then is no one blameworthy for noticing and finding amusement in such things. Acting on this principle, I frequently find a peculiar satisfaction in looking at Hodson when he comes along with his tall,

slender, and gaunt form clothed in some London purchased suit, usually loud in color, and always of such dimensions that the suggestion is received that he hopes to grow. I am told that he is afflicted with anglomania."

"Why, is he not an Englishman?" asked Mr. Belmont.

"English?" Mr. Bowden answered. "No, he was born somewhere in the East. I understand that he is the son of a convict. This fact I would not have divulged here, were it not true that he is a "chip of the old block," as you will learn before many more days pass. For some months, the firm with which he has been associated has had an expert engaged in looking over his accounts to ascertain something definite as to his doings. They were moved to do this by the circumstance, that, while under his supervision, they were constantly turning out products, and for high prices, they, the principals, were deriving no benefits, but instead were threatened with the Sheriff's service, while he, their agent, who had been known to be dependent upon his salary, was purchasing choice and expensive real property, and was living in a style not consistent with his allotted income. The reports of the Expert are such that explanations have been demanded, and arrest is imminent."

Mr. Langley interrupting said; "He is extravagant in his ideas, but he does not always pay for the things with which he tries to gratify them. He contracts debts, and does not hesitate to resort to falsehood to evade the payment of them. You may not think it so, but I know it to be true that he has thus treated the women in charge of the school where he has been having his children, for whom he does not consider the public schools good enough."

The venerable Mr. Hodson remarked, "I have known that his word was unreliable. I recall, and, possibly some present do also, how he deliberately made a false statement in one of our annual meetings. In that case he and the judge were antagonizing each other. He had read a paper in which a bald statement occured which the "Judge" called in question. The statement was one

which once heard would not be forgotten easily. But the thing being challenged, and he being unable to substantiate it, the man denied its presence in the paper. Then, after his denial, being asked to read the resolution again, he stood up, and with his face as full of color as his flaming red neck-tie, he frowned at those who called for the reading, and hissed out: "What I have read, I have read, and I will not read again.' I am not surprised on finding him in the company in which we have dicovered him, for he courts notoriety. He has been wanting position in the church. He has intimated to me, and to others, who have spoken to me, that he has not had such recognition as his abilities and experience merit."

"Who is this man Sauers, whose name is on the petition? "asked Mr. Scott.

"Do you not know him?" inquired Mr. Douay, "Why he is that man who occupies a pew a little in front of yours, who is noticeable for what my boy describes as an ostrich-egg head. I would not have thought of making the comparision, but it is very apt, for were the man to remove the fringe of hair which now partly encircles it, his cranium would just about have the size and appearance of such an egg. It has always seemed to me like a freak of nature for such a head to crown the large body with which the man is favored. However, there is another way to regard the combination, and, according to that, it is seen to have been a kindness on the part of nature when to such a head there was allotted such a body. The man's physical being has been a large part of his capital, and he has made the most possible of it. Have you at no time noticed how he throws out his chest, and speaks with deep sepulchral tones, even if what he says is very ordinary? He is the principal of an institution for feeble minded children, the position having been secured for him by inherited money, and there he moves about and inspires feelings of awe. He is a man who is great for display, and even if it is only by means of the most flimsy character, like galvanized iron to imitate stone, plaster paris for marble, and veritable daubs in costly frames for paintings."

"He is another individual with a criminal record," said Mr. Kent. "He is also dissatisfied because of his neglect by the church, he being ambitious for some official position."

"To me" said Mr. Scott, "a signer and circulator of the petition, who is particularly distasteful, is that little wiffit Charlevoix. He has to all appearance, no soul, no heart, and very sparingly of mind. He is a real friend to no one. He is an enemy who smiles in your face, disarms you with pleasant and flattering words, and reaching around stabs you in the back. I have watched him in his movements, and this is the conclusion to which I have come. I am weary of his pious "cant" in the prayer-meeting, and in his Sunday conversation. I know that his word cannot be credited without suspicion, especially where he has any interest at stake. He, too, has an itching for preferment in the Old Frame Church, and tries now to conceal his ambition under his professions of zeal for "sound doctrine," "spiritual preaching," and a "holy church."

"I see here the name of George Angus," Mr. Belmont remarked, " he is the individual who is on the hunt for the lost tribes of Isreal. There are saints and there are saints, as he and his co-signers here show. There are saints, who seem to have no-conciousness of their saint-hood, who make no professions; then there are saints, who, as they walk along the street, or still more as they talk in the prayer-meeting, or in the Bible-class, seem to proclaim as with a sound of trumpet: "Do you desire to behold a saint? Here I am, avail yourself of your opportunity, for such occasions are rare." The professional saint is a saint for the sake of being a saint. Usually it keeps him so busy to maintain the appearance, that he finds it impossible to cultivate the graces of saint-hood. Such an one only appears to best advantage in some religious gathering, where his true character is unknown, and where he is surrounded by his fellow-idolizing saints. His glory invariably evaporates when he returns to his home, or when he resorts to business.

Now this man Angus is a striking illustration of the facts which I have just detailed. When he first came

among us, his coming was like that of Elijah the Tishbite. He simply appeared. I was even then unfavorably impressed, owing to his forwardness, and open conceit I chanced to be standing near when he was introduced to our pastor, and I overheard him as he said: "If you will always preach as you did this morning, I will be pleased; but I am a very critical hearer, and I do not hesitate to express my likes and dislikes." He came into our Bible-class at once, after his appearance in our midst, and there disclosed familiarity with the Scriptures, and especially with certain very peculiar interpretations of them. But he disgusted the members of the class, and caused a number to cease their attendance, by his disposition to say all that there was to be said, as if he alone understood the subject. At times he was belligerent, and even impudent. Indeed, he would have broken up the organization had he not been checked by the superintendent, who, by request, addressed a communication to him, requiring him to curb his tendencies to debate, or withdraw from the class. It soon became manifest that he was a veritable religious crank. He posed as a saint of the highest degree, and as a student of the Bible with few, if any, peers. Those of you who are accustomed to attend the prayer-meeting, can, no doubt, recall some of his characteristic efforts there.

The man having come to me with a business proposition, I had some curiosity to investigate and ascertain, if possible, whether he was an exception to the professional saints whom I had encountered, and so I instituted a search for information. By a little reconnoitering I located his whereabouts at different periods, for he has been somewhat of a wanderer; and to each of these localities I sent my queries. Soon the responses began to pour in, and I was impressed with the unanimity of them. He had everywhere played the saint, and in each case had made a record as a disturbing element in the church, or churches, for he in no instance, remained in a single church, but went from church to church in his quarrelsomeness. Each report told of his business schemes, conducted under his saintly guise, and of his misrepresentations, and positive dishonesty. From every

place came stories of his cruelty in his home, and of his vindictiviness and even maliciousness where his whims were not patronized. Some of the writers expressed the idea that he is unbalanced mentally, one of them saying: "There is a slate missing."

To go to the man's home is to obtain a correct idea of his opinion as to himself, for the walls are crowded with portraits of him, portraits made at different periods of life, and portraits representing him in different attitudes, as in prayer, holding up his hands; or as the head of the household, where he appears with his hand raised, as if he were showing authority, while about him are seated the different members of the family with countenances bearing the marks of abject submission. Apropos to this last study is a fact that has reached me as to his method for teaching his children the lesson of self-control. It seems that one of his practices was to hold out to an infant a lump of sugar, and then when the little one reached for it, he would draw it back, and if the child cried in its disappointment, he would slap its fingers. The sharpest criticisms of the man's hypocrisy today come from his own children, who tell that his own example has made piety seem to them as a mere pretense, while his interpretations of the Bible have caused that book to be to them only a bundle of absurdities."

"Angus' grievance with Doctor Miller," said Mr. Scott, "I have learned is owing to his imagined slight by our pastor, who has not visited him quite as often as he thinks should have been the case; and also for the reason that the Doctor has not been disposed to harbor his theological vagaries. His is only another instance of petty selfishness and spite taking advantage of a favorable opportunity to work injury under a "holier than thou" pretense.

"And here is the name of Wentworthson," remarked Mr. Bowden, "Mr. Sniveller's echo, or, 'me too.' He is now in the family, and is under the dominion of the Snivellers. Only a few days ago I overheard him, flinging such remarks at some of their more favored neighbors, as I have heard from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Sniveller, when voicing their envy touching

persons better circumstanced than themselves. He was at one time a very ardent admirer of Doctor Miller; but he has been saying: "You can put down father and mother Sniveller, and my wife; and me too, as wanting a change in the pastorate of our church."

Mr. Langley called attention to the name of John Camonson, when Mr. Bowden drawing several letters from his pocket, remarked: "Yes, and he is the man who has been so cowardly as to have recourse to anonymous letters. See, here are some of his contemptible productions. That they came from him I can easily prove you have but to compare the writing with that of a letter written and signed by him, and with that of some of his Accident Insurance Policies, and you will not be in doubt for an instant. Take these papers and make the comparision. No, as you say, we cannot be mistaken in our conclusion. Mr. Langley, you have one of the recent missives, suppose that you read it aloud."

Mr. Langley accordingly read:

"Dr. Miller: I have been an attendant at your church for several Sundays, and as I go to holy service to derive benefit, I regret that you give so little attention to the things that tend to solemnize, and to make your people realize that they are in the house of God. To begin with, you err grievously in that you neglect to wear a white neck tie; also, in that you omit saying, at the end of the Bible reading: "May God bless to us the reading of his word;" and, further, that when you rise to pray, you do not hold out your hands, and say: "Let us unite in prayer." To many of us it is very apparent that you have not the gift of prayer. While as to your preaching, it is very disappointing. You fail to understand the Bible, how then can you hope to indoctrinate your hearers? My prayer is that you may deepen, broaden and get stronger for your work. To be candid with you, I must say that I believe it would prove to be for your own good, and for the highest welfare of the church, if you should seek a call from some other field, say some church in a village, where you would not be brought into comparisin with the great preachers of a city,

A good friend of yours who will ever pray for you."

Mr. Bowden proceeded to read another of the communications.

"Dear Sir:—I attended your church last Sunday, and was rather nettled to have to sit and listen to so much rot. You are greatly at variance with the theological standards of our beloved zion, but probably you are too stupid to comprehend it. It seems to be impossible for you to apprehend the inner spirit of the Bible, and so to reverently unfold its sacred teachings. Your efforts are very unsatisfactory, and I wonder not at the barrenness of the results for your church. You are not in touch with your congregation. If you were apt at seeing the signs of the times, you would have discovered months ago, that the time for you to make a change of fields had come. My counsel to you is, that you either improve or leave." J. N.

"Sound doctrine, sound preaching, solemn and reverential Bible reading, devotional attitudes, and a white neck-tie, are what John wants," said Mr. Bowden. "But, while he may so represent, I do not believe that these things are what are back of his conduct, No, they are merely a screen for hiding the actual reasons for his sneaking course. He has not the courage to tell the truth even when writing anonymously, I chance to know what angered him against the Doctor—for he is angry at him. He could easily endure such preaching as had to do with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; or with Lot's wife; or with Jonah and the whale; or with the lost tribes; or with the far away heathen; or with doctrinal conundrums, but he could not quietly sit and listen to such sermons as Doctor Miller has been giving, which pass by generations long since gone, and all mere issues in theology, equally dead, and take up matters that pertain to John Camonson, laying bare his inquities, as the anatomist with his scalpel dissects, and bring to view the facts concealed in the human frame No, John has to many of such moral defects to have an interest in such preaching. He is disturbed thereby. I doubt whether we have another man among us who is so vulnerable as our grizzled John, and he is an office-bearer in the Old Frame Church, and one who is not sparing in the exercise of his

authority. Have you not seen how his prominent blood-shot eyes glower, and how he vents his gall, when things do not move according to his mind. The lamentable fact is, that he is now so given to his cups that he is ever scarcely in any other than a maudlin state, But, worse than that, he is acquiring the reputation of a lothario. He is notorious in down-town restaurants and saloons for his escapades. He has even been subjected to arrest in broad day-light on one of the chief thoroughfares of Chicago, for disorderly conduct. I have all these things on good authority. And now I want you to take this card, and compare the writing which it bears with that of the letters which have been examined. You see that it is the same. I know that the writing on the card is that of Camonson, and that he wrote it in answer to a request for his name and address. You see what it says.

"JOHN NICHOLS,
General Postoffice, Chicago."

Now I will explain this pastebord. A few weeks ago, a lady, whom you all know and respect, was seated in a respectable restaurant partaking of coffee, when in came Camonson. He look at the lady, smiled, and bowed very graciously. She knowing him by sight as an official in the church, and being acquainted with some members of his family, naturally concluded that he recognized her, and that he merely intended to be civil in his conduct, and so she responded to his overture with proper acknowledgement. To her surprise, he came and sat down at the same table where she was seated, and said, "I will have some coffee here with you." Then with much earnestness of tone he declared, "Well, now, I am fortunate in meeting you to-day. I hope that we may have a pleasant acquaintanceship, and that I may be able to prove myself useful to you." All this seemed like very strange talk to the lady, but she reasoned that as the man knew her and her circumstances, it could not have been intended to convey an improper proposal. She made no response, and then he began to make inquiries in which it was made clear that he did not know to whom he was speaking. He asked, "Are you married?" Then learning that the lady was a widow, he said, "I am glad that I have met

you, for I am in a position to help you, and I shall find pleasure in aiding you. Indeed, if you will give me your address, I will send you some hams. And is there not something in the way of clothing that I could buy for you?" These proposals all came with a rush that would not allow of an interruption. The lady was indignant, and quickly decided that she would improve the opportunity to administer a merited rebuke. She asked, "Are you married?" Camonson answered, "My wife died eight months ago. I have two children, a son and a daughter; my daughter is in a boarding-school." Then he tried to change the topic of conversation, saying, "I am just in from the Yards" "The Yards, what Yards?" was asked him. "Oh, the Stock Yards, where I have my business." The man replied. The lady knowing that he was not engaged in business there, now asked, "Are you employed there?" To which Camonson, replied with a tone of resentment, while he made a flourish with his hand, "No I am not an employee; I own the place." He later proposed that he be allowed to call a carriage, and that he should be privileged to accompany her home; but to this she gave an emphatic refusal. He then inquired whether he could not again see her. She wanted to know where. He said, "You let me know when, by writing to me, and then I will suggest where." To her inquiry for his address, he answered, "I will not have you write to my home, as my son at times opens my mail; nor will I have you send word to my office, as I am absent from there much of the time, and my confidential clerk examines my letters. I will expect you to communicate with me through the General Delivery." "But," said the lady, "you have not yet given me your name. Suppose you write it for me on a card." Then obtaining a card from the waiter, he said, "My name is Nichols, John Nichols," and writing on the card he handed it to her as we now have it. At this point, the lady, looking him in the countenance, said, "What would people, who know you, think, if they were to learn of your conversation here, Mr. Camonson." "What, what is that," he ejaculated. "My name is not Camonson." "Yes, it is," was the counter declaration." "You are

mistaken," the poor man declared, as the perspiration started out upon him. "No," said the lady, "I know you well by sight, and I thought that you knew me in the same way, and that is why I responded to your salutation. I have been familiar with you as a member of, and an officer in the Old Frame Church. I know your wife, and I saw her only yesterday. I know your sons and daughters. But, to think that you, posing as you do in the church for all that is pure and holy, should be found doing what you so condemn in others! You are a nice man to be conspicuous in a church, but I fear that there are many others there just like you. I will now leave you with your reflections, for this hour must certainly supply you with food for thought." "Such, gentlemen, is the history of this little card."

Mr. Kent here earnestly said, "I repeat what I suggested at the beginning of this conference; and, in view of the representations that we have been having, I know that you cannot but coincide with me in my opinion, that it is ludicrous to have a petition of the character of the one to which our attention has been called, bearing the names of such men as the petitioners. And, yet, while we realize this fact, on the other hand, we are obliged to recognize the exasperating circumstances, that, with all of its absurdity, we must act in reference to the paper just as though it had been formulated with sincerity, and to voice the honest and conscientious convictions of truly noble men. But what is there that we can do?

"We must organize our forces," suggested Mr. Langley, "I believe in organization. In union there is indeed strength. We should have a meeting of all the gentlemen who are in accord with us, and have a presentation of facts made in the hearing of all Our enemies are very diligent, and they are persons who will not stop at anything in order that they may accomplish their end; their idea is, that the object that they have in view will justify the use of any means. They have shown themselves, and knowing that their purpose is understood, they are bent on either winning success or effecting ruin. I have gotten on the track of Charlevoix, Mrs. Watts, Ananias Hodson, Sauers, and others of the clan, where

they have been sowing seed to bring forth fruit of their kind. They make a liberal use of misrepresentations, and even outright lies."

"Church fights are the worst fights there ever are," remarked Mr. Scott. "Somehow, they seem to be calculated to bring out the very worst elements in human character. Men and women seem to become devilish in their thoughts, and schemes, and acts. I can easily realize how, in days gone, church-differences were often attended with cruel torture, and violent death on the rack, in the dungeon, by the sword, and at the stake. Our advanced civilization, today, makes it impossible for such horrid things to be enacted,–but who will deny that we can still find with many men and women that same spirit which actuated men and women when inflicting the cruelties of the past? I believe that right here in our own community we have those who, were the restraints of the nineteenth century removed, would, in defense of, or for the pomulgation of their peculiar orthodoxy, or their set ecclesiastical ideas, re-enact some of the scenes of the years gone, so fraught with what was terrible. Indeed, while bodies are not now bruised, broken, and burned, are not characters savagely assailed, and so far as possible, marred and ruined, while minds are harrassed and tortured? I am ready to stand with you in whatever you may deem wise for defeating the plottings and movements of these people, but I do most earnestly hope, that we, and all who may co-operate with us, will avoid all littleness and meanness. We have a hard lot to deal with, and when we are aggravated it may seem to us as if they deserved whatever we might mete out to them; but let us ever be gentlemen and Christians in all that we say or do. I am confident that this course is the one which Doctor Miller would mark out for us, if he were to be consulted with reference to the matter."

"Mr. Scott," said Mr. Belmont, "we feel as you do. We shall certainly proceed in an orderly, and honorable manner. For my own part, I am frank to say, that life is too short for any portion of it to be wasted in a church-war, where that is at all avoidable. If it becomes necessary to maintain a perpetual conflict to be able to retain

a place in the Old Frame Church, then I shall betake myself to some other organization, where a better state of things prevails. To my mind, the question to be determined in our present contest, is, whether the Old Frame Church is to be under the dominion of such people as are represented in these petitioners, and whether its interests are to be directed and controlled with little or no regard for genuine and elevated principles. I hope that the outcome will ultimately be a re-created church."

After further consideration, it was decided that Doctor Miller, should be assured of our hearty support; that we would make an effort to bring into close touch all persons in the church and congregation who were in accord with us; and that we would resort to every legitimate and becoming means for the carrying out of what we believed to be the wisest and best policy for the highest interests of the church and the community.

CHAPTER II.

A few weeks after the conference of the friends of Doctor Miller, I was startled by the announcement of the death of my venerable and much admired friend, Mr. Amasa Hodson, the Senior Deacon of the Old Frame Church. I had been impressed with his silence in the meeting referred to, which, later, it was explained, was in consequence of his physicial distress. There had been no event in the community for years that so excited general sorrow as the removal of this quiet and unpretentious, but very useful and widely influential citizen. People of all classes and conditions mourned over his departure as that of a personal, and a very confidential friend. The local papers contained comments on his death, from which I have taken the following estimates of him.

The Gazette: Mr. Amasa Hodson, who has just gone from us, was simple-mannered, unaffected, and humble-

minded. Few men have been more deservedly and generally respected in all this locality. His career was both honorable and useful.

The News: Mr. Amasa Hodson was a sincere and genuine philanthropist. To few men in our community has it been given to lead such a noble, broadening life; and we are not surprised that our citizens irrespective of class, creed, or political affiliations, are eager to bear tribute to his genuine worth.

The Herald: Mr. Amasa Hodson was a splendid type of American citizenship. A high ethical code animated him. The best of his good deeds were done in secret, and with no prospect of return other than the gratitude of the beneficiaries, and the approval of the philanthropist's own conscience.

In the church his death came as a sore calamity. It was felt that particularly at the time when there was such a serious division, and so much intense feeling in both parties, his counsel and influence could be illy-spared. While he always stood where he could be counted as a friend to the pastor, and as for progress; nevertheless, by his very force of character, he had a strong hold on those who did not in those matters coincide with him.

In conversing with Mrs. Hodson, I learned that in his illness, Mr. Hodson repeatedly made mention of the church troubles, and bewailed the course that was being pursued by "Judge" Johnson, Mr. Sniveller, and Mr. Bituminous, which he believed to be neutralizing and destructive to the influence of the church for good in the community. He deplored the fact that men of their character had ever been able to gain positions in which to work out their selfish schemes.

To the pastor, during one of his last visits, he said: "Be broad; be liberal. Pay little attention to the non-essentials, which seem to be many, and magnify the essentials, which are few. Do not deal with the past. Be alive to the present. Years ago I thought differently, but as time has passed, and I have mingled with people with different views, and I have learned to know more of men as they are at heart, I have undergone a transforma-

tion in favor of charity and toleration, and hopefulness as to others. As you possibly know, the influx of new-comers to our midst, occasioned by the Chicago fire, caused me to be nervous and troubled for the Old Frame Church; I was apprehensive that the progressive ideas entertained by some of the strangers would prove injurious to church life and activity, but facts have demonstrated that there was no occasion for my alarm. The event was really a blessing for our church and community, for the people came bringing with them practical conceptions, strong life, and robust energy. I am truly glad that you were not of my mind, and that you at once came into sympathy with the new-comers, and that you adapted yourself, in your plans and efforts, to their views. If only the Deacons who cling to the old ways, and especially to their selfish methods, could be led to see how they err. I am fearful for the future of the church with such men as leaders in it. But do you do your best, as you have been doing. Be a man. Be practical. Be progressive."

Many persons have a dread of growing old, thinking that it may imply narrowness, sourness, irritability, and general ugliness. But it is apparent to every observer, that there can be a difference with different individuals in the matter of growing old. As in the case of Mr. Hodson, it is possible for one to grow old beautifully. He seemed to keep his face constantly directed towards the sun, and so ever had a sunny countenance. As he aged, he ripened, and mellowed. He lived in the present and the future, and so kept abreast with the times. Not yesterday, but to-day and to-morrow always contained for him the best. The truth is, that he never seemed old; and probably had he lived as long as some of the men named in the Bible are supposed to have tarried on earth, he would still have been young.

CHAPTER XII.

"Good morning. Sir; my card has given you our names. I am the oldest, or, possibly, more correctly, the senior Deacon of the Old Frame Church."

Such was the introductory statement made by Mr. Sniveller to the Rev. Dr. Robinson, the pastor of a well-known Avenue church in Chicago, on whom he and Mr. Watts had called, for the purpose of consulting him with reference to matters in their church, as Mr. Sniveller, after the introduction noticed, proceeded to say:

"At the suggestion of "Judge" Johnson, and Mr. Bituminous, with both of whom you are acquainted I believe, Mr. Watts and I have come to talk with you about the affairs of the Old Frame Church. You probably know of our trouble, and of the serious division in our congregation."

"No," said the Doctor, "I have not been aware that you were having any differences in your congregation. What is the cause for the disturbance?"

"Well, well," answered Mr. Sniveller, "I am truly astonished, Doctor, at what you tell me, for I had the idea that everybody within an area of hundreds of miles, knew of the rent condition of our church. Why, sir, we have been divided for over two years, owing to the driftings in the doctrinal views of our pastor, Doctor Miller; and because of his neglect of the officers of the church. You would be surprised were I to detail to you how he ignores "Judge" Johnson and Mr. Bituminous, two such prominent and capable office-bearers; not to say anything of his treatment of me, for which I, personally, do not care, and yet as the eldest Deacon, I do feel as if he did owe it to me, because of my peculiar official relations, to make me more his confident."

Mr. Watts, interrupting, declared, "Now it is that last thing that many of us feel and resent. We think that Doctor Miller ought to make more of Mr. Sniveller, who

has been, since Mr. Hodson's death, our senior Deacon, and who is naturally such a modest man, and will let himself be ignored without demanding his rights. No one loves the church, and gives himself for it, more than he does. And, knowing these things, lots of us are hurt when we see Doctor Miller treat him so shabbily. But, Mr. Sniveller might have told you more than he has; however, it is his disposition to hide and not to expose the faults of other folks. That is all right some times, but it can be carried too far. And Mr. Sniveller, in his anxiety to say only good of people, carries it too far. The facts are, Doctor Robinson, that our pastor's sermons are not spiritual, and that he is not in touch with our congregation. I know this, for people talk to me and my wife about their feelings; but we both have tried to stand up for the Doctor. Sometimes we have a hard time when we try to do that, for some very strange things come to our ears. For instance, as much as a year ago, the Doctor's pride caused his friends much trouble; it seems that a Mr. Foghorn—a man much given to talking, and one who talks loud, chanced to see Doctor Miller on a street in Chicago, when he was wearing a very costly and brilliant breastpin, and that he came back and told of the thing in the livery stable, the barber shop, and in other places where he commonly has his head-quarters, and so he started the tongues of the gossips to wagging. Now, do you know, I have been busy ever since then fighting for the Doctor, trying to show that he is not such a proud man as he has been represented to be."

"Yes," said Mr. Sniveller, "that ridiculous story of Foghorn's has done our church much harm, by helping to swell the numbers of those who are opposed to the Doctor."

"Is your pastor aware of the state of things in the church?" asked Doctor Robinson. "Have you consulted with him?"

Mr. Sniveller replied, "I have not had anything to say to him concerning things, because I have not felt free to speak to him, as I do not stand in confidential relations to him. I have thought that some of the people to whom

he has given his confidence would tell him of matters. I think that he has been approached on the subject. Isn't that your understanding, Mr. Watts?"

"Yes," was Mr. Watts' response, "I know he's been spoken to, and letters have been sent to have him give attention to spiritual things, as least so I've heard."

"My wife and Mrs. Johnson," said Mr. Sniveller, "some months ago, when calling at the parsonage, incidentally referred to the gossip that was going about; but Mrs. Miller, as they thought, seemed unconcerned, and, indeed, made light of it."

Mr. Watts remarked, "I have not spoken to the Doctor of late. My wife and I think that he and Mrs. Miller don't like us, and so we have made ourselves scarce where they were, giving them our room, seeing that they did not want our company. That's our style."

"What cause have you and your wife, Mr. Watts, for thinking as you do about Doctor and Mrs. Miller?" asked Doctor Robinson.

"Well," was Mr. Watt's answer, "they have not visited us often. We believe that when a pastor cares for his people, he will often be in their homes."

"To be candid with you, gentlemen," said Doctor Robinson, "I think that you have not pursued the right course. You should have presumed on your pastor's confidence, and consulted with him freely. You, Mr. Sniveller, as an office-bearer in the church, ought surely to have done so. I fear that you both have been over sensitive, and, possibly, over suspicious, then jealous and prejudiced in your thoughts and feelings. As to the Doctor's pastoral visitations, I do not see how he could visit any one home often, without slighting some other home or homes, in a parish as large as yours. Personally, I think that too much has been made of pastoral calls. I do not believe that they are the necessity that some think. They certainly are not of so much consequence where they are made by a pastor who is either intent on keeping chronic grumblers quiet, or on rolling up an astonishing total of figures to represent his activities. Then, what profit can there be derived from "calls" by anyone, where they are only little *tete a tetes* over church millinery or some new parishioner. It is my rule

to restrict my visits to those instances where I believe that I have a mission to discharge; I will see the aged, the sick and the suffering, the troubled and the needy, the dying and the bereaved. As for the orthodoxy and the spirituality of Doctor Miller, I am disposed to think differently from you. His preaching may not be in harmony with your ideas as to what it should be, but, if I am not greatly mistaken, it is in accord with that of Christ himself, which I believe, was neither doctrinal nor spiritual, according to the modern standards, by which some persons estimate sermons. He dealt with the humanities. We talk of saving men, and when they ask, "What must I do to be saved?" how do we direct them? In many cases they are only confronted with "schemes of salvation," and all of them man-made plans. Alas, what theological battles have been waged over such things!"

"It is very clear to my mind," said Mr. Sniveller, interrupting, "that you are not favorable to us. We have called upon other pastors only to learn the same thing as to them. It looks to me as if you preachers had an understanding among yourselves that you would aid each other, whatever the consequences to the churches. You constitute yourselves a sort of a "Union." I am of the opinion that the laymen would do well to organize to look after their interests. And, mark this, if ever there is an array of laity against clergy the hostilities cannot continue long, for we will have control of the base of supplies. You men, who act as if you wanted to precipitate such a conflict, exhibit a lack of wisdom. You should recognize the fact that bread and butter always win, where there is a warfare in which they become an important factor. Hungry men cannot hold out long to fight, and I have no idea that ministers—judging from their reputation as high livers—would prove an exception. Doctor, I am greatly disappointed. I had hoped that you would prove yourself a valuable helper for us."

"I believe," was Doctor Robinson's rejoinder, "that I would prove myself a friend indeed to you, if you were to act upon what I have said. I scorn, and treat as unworthy of any extended notice, what you have advanced as to the "bread and butter" influence. I resent the imputation that ministers have a secret society, or

"Union," for the purpose of upholding each other, without reference to what is good or evil, or truth or error. We are, or we ought to be, naturally, interested each for the other; and we should be watchful over each other's reputation, because of our one calling; and, I confess, that I am rejoiced at what you have told here, that in your visitation to pastors you have found them disposed to be loyal to each other. I am proud of my brother-ministers whom you have seen, who are slow to listen to things against their brethren, or to aid in undermining such. I regret that there are instances where differences in doctrinal views, or jealousy or envy over another's success, influence even ministers in their conduct towards other ministers, but, in these days of broad and charitable opinions, such cases are becoming more and more rare. My advice to you, gentlemen, is, that you stop going about to discuss your differences with pastors, and that you return home determined to study the things that make for peace. Ask yourselves, and candidly answer whether you may not be in the wrong. I do not say that you are; but may you not be over-sensitive, and prejudiced, and, hence, unjust in your judgments as to Doctor Miller? Instead of interviewing people outside, or even of conferring among yourselves, go directly to your pastor, and deal with him at least as men owe it to deal with their fellows. Don't secretly spy and plot; don't undermine and arrange explosives for a sudden upheaval. If you are men, then be men indeed. I know that you will find in your pastor, every time, a true, frank, and courageous gentleman. In all probability, if you had gone to him thus in the beginning, you would have prevented much of what you describe as your trouble in the Old Frame Church. I have discovered that mutual frankness and explanation are calculated to avert differences and clashes among people in and out of churches. Let me tell you a simple little incident that illustrates my thought. A farmer had come from a store with a package of coffee, in which his wife found a quantity of peanuts. Both were indignant over the storekeeper's fraud, as they termed it, in weighing them out peanuts in place of coffee. The man was so angry that he re-harnessed his horses, and

drove back to the village, several miles distant, taking the package just as he had received it, to show how he had been imposed upon. Rushing into the store, he shouted to the salesman, "Say, you are a cheat, and I have come all the way from my home to tell you of it, and to prove it. See here. I bought three pounds of coffee, and you have given me about two pounds of coffee and one of peanuts. When I want to buy peanuts, I will buy them, and pay for them what they are worth—which will never be the price of coffee." Then opening the package, and exhibiting the contents to the salesman and a number of customers who stood near, he exclaimed, "Look here, and you will understand what I mean. If you think that you can impose on folks in this way you will find out your mistake to your sorrow." When he had freed his mind, the young man, who had sold him the groceries, quietly asked, "Have you weighed the coffee?" Then taking the bag and pouring the contents into a scale, he proceeded to pick out the nuts, and, this being done, he pointed to the dial indicating the weight, saying, "See, you have three pounds of coffee." As the farmer looked with astonishment, the salesman volunteered the explanation, "When I was making up the package for you today, I remembered your children, and threw in the peanuts as a surprise for them." The man was rather crestfallen. He had not weighed the coffee. He, no doubt, wished that he had not been in such haste with his charges. But all that he could say was, "That is very funny; I hadn't thought of your doing such a thing. I guess my wife will have a good laugh at my expense."

"Gentlemen," continued Doctor Robinson, "you do not require that I should name for you the point which I intend shall be made by this story. I do hope that things have not gone too far with you for such a consultation with Doctor Miller as will result in a better understanding, and cordial relations, between you and him, which would mean only good for your church."

"I suppose Mr. Watts," said Mr. Sniveller, "that we ought to be going. We are taking the Doctor's valuable time," Then turning to the latter, he remarked, "Doctor, I wish that we could have peace in our zion, but I

fear that it will notc ome to us in the way which you have named. We are obliged to you for your interest and counsel; however, as I have said, I am disappointed in your attitude. You have been frank with us, and, excuse me when I say it, a little severe. You do not comprehend the situation with us. We mean well; we mean only well. We love our church, and we are acting solely for its interests.

As they passed from the house, Watts remarked, "It is what we ought to have expected; ministers are human, and are ready to stand by each other, right or wrong. As for going to Miller, I'll not do anything of the kind. No, indeed, I'm done with him. How is it with you?"

"I feel as you do," was the answer, "we shall just have to manage our own affairs. It will now be a game of freeze-out,-as the men of the world would say. The Doctor will have to go. Let's see, he has been with us about fourteen years. His usefulness ceased before he had been on the field a decade, that is ten years. If he is all that his admirers claim for him, he ought to have many doors open for him. I hope that he will receive a call that will draw him powerfully, but, call or no call, we will give him a strong and persistent push."

CHAPTER XIII.

It being the occasion for an annual meeting of the members and the contributors of the Old Frame Church, I went, as one of the latter, to be on hand to add my vote to the side of Doctor Miller wherever any issue might be made. Things had come to that pass, that every question broached in the church at once became a matter of Miller or anti-Miller, the actual interests of the church being lost to view. To borrow a figure from the military, both factions were now skirmishing and feeling each other's lines, to gain advantage, by day; and sleeping on their arms, to be prepared for an attack, at night.

As I had reached the meeting-house a little in advance of the time for the assembling, I stood in the hall-way to converse with the pastor, and a few gentlemen who, like myself, had come early. While we were thus occupied, "Judge" Johnson entered, and in the most affable manner approached and greeted Doctor Miller, taking special pains to grasp his hand, as if he were one of his most ardent friends. Following him closely was Mr. Sniveller, who went through the same performance of greeting the pastor.

"There," whispered Mr. Bowden, "you have an illustration of the way that those two men act towards the Doctor in his presence. If Bituminous should now appear, he would do as they have done. They are all "snakes-in-the-grass." I am so annoyed with their hypocrisy that I would welcome an opportunity to bruise the heads of the serpents even with my heel. One thing in this conflict that I daily deplore, is the effect that it is having upon my disposition, and upon the dispositions of others. I think of the men who confront us,-their characters, their methods, and I have excited within me not only what I denominate as a righteous indignation, but also such thoughts and feelings as I had not so much as imagined could effect an entrance into my mind. The experience is going to leave marks that can never be effaced. Doctor Miller was telling me, this afternoon, that the "Judge" came in his carriage yesterday, and invited him out for a drive through the park, and that while they were riding, the old man was very friendly and communicative, and went so far as to compliment him on his work. Oh, Judas Iscariot is not without his living representatives in our times."

The time for the meeting having come, we all entered the "lecture room." After brief devotional exercises, business was taken up. An election for officers was the first thing in order. Herein the Miller difference was a factor. It soon became apparent that the old-liners were the stronger party in the meeting; as some one mentioned, they had been more generally brought out to vote. The "Judge" and Sniveller being candidates for re-election, their households and personal friends were present in

full force, a thing that was never the case except on like occasions.

Then came resolutions, little petty resolutions, aimed against features in the order of worship which were supposed to be favorite parts with the pastor, or with his friends, and, hence, received the strict party vote. These items were introduced by such persons as Charlevoix, Michael, Watts and Camonson, the mere tools for those whose courage was not equal to their bitterness and spite.

Occasionally some remarks were made that vaguely referred to the existing difference in the church; while, once or twice, there were hints dropped which, run out to their logical conclusion, were mean reflections upon the pastor, or his work.

To my mind, it was all a very strange proceeding to be occurring in a church-meeting; but, judging from the way that everything was regarded by the people, who had been long in the organization, I concluded that it was simply a repetition of what had been peculiar to the Old Frame Church. To borrow an idea from Mrs. Watts, there was no "spirituality" in the thing. But it did abound with simon pure depravity.

As I sat there more a spectator than a participant, I congratulated myself, a number of times, on the fact, that my relations to the institution were not more than they were. Not once did I wish that I were a communicant. I did much thinking, and, among other things, I recalled how all through my preparatory and academic studies, it had been the hope of my mother, and of a number of friends interested in my welfare, that I might hear a divine voice calling me into the work of the ministry; and, as I looked at Doctor Miller, and then at his "Aarons and Hurs" in his Board of Deacons. and thought of the situation, as I knew it to be, I rejoiced that I had never imagined that I could hear a voice calling or even whispering to me from heaven to attract me to the pulpit as my sphere. I did not come into the world made of such stuff as is said to enter into the composition of martyrs,--at least, I have never thought that I could ever quietly submit to martyrdom, and that among those who while inflicting the most fiendish tortures, would smile as friends,

and profess to have in view nothing save God's glory.

Behind such blasphemy hypocrisy has crouched, and has exerted its direful influence for thousands of years. "For the glory of God,"--shame on the men who have harbored the idea; aye, shame on the God, if there were one who could thus be glorified. "For the glory of God," under this plea, what awful iniquities have been concocted, and perpetrated!

In this instance, what a glaring inconsistency between the profession and the results produced,–for God's glory such a course was being prosecuted as meant strife, alienation, division, and shame, in what was supposed to be a part of God's church.

Well, for those who like such things, those are just the things that they like; but I was not one who could like them, and after that meeting I was more disposed than ever to relegate them to the place where they belong,–to the rubbish-pile of the ages, where philosophy, science, and experience have caused so many absurdities and superstitions to be cast.

To me, as I looked over that assemblage, and witnessed its proceedings, it was a query how, if in what was transpiring the divine hand was directing and controlling, there could be such a lack of wisdom, and a triumph of wrong. The people of genuine worth for character, intelligence, general influence, and piety, were utterly helptess when they were wanting to do what would be for the highest welfare of the church. It was, in reality, a conflict between good and evil, and evil was in the majority by three or four.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few weeks after the annual meeting, I met Mr. Kent who asked, "Have you heard the latest news as to Dr. Miller?"

I answered, "No, what is it?" adding, in a jocular way, the query, "Has he slighted one of the "big three," or "Has he been seen again richly adorned?"

He replied, "Mr. Bowden has informed me that he is the recipient of a call from a very important church in St. Louis. In all probability he will give it a favorable response, which fact I will rejoice over for what it will mean for him, and regret for our sake. I wonder that he has endured the experience of the last year; it would have produced sickness and even death for some men."

"Yes", was my answer, "many of the canonized saints owe their honors to less moral heroism than has been displayed by Doctor Miller in his ordeal; and, for his sake, I too, rejoice that he is soon to have a happy release, and a place which means a promotion."

Later I ascertained that the doctor had received an invitation to the pastorate of one of the largest and most influential churches in the land, and that it had been issued with the understanding that it would be accepted.

The call having come into his hands, Dr. Miller at once proceeded to set in motion the church machinery by which his release from the one field and his transfer to the other were to be effected. To his friends he expressed his great reluctance at parting with them, and declared, that the flattering invitation which had been received would not have had any attraction for him had he not become weary of the constant nagging of his enemies. He repeatedly referred to the helpfulness to him of those adherents who had come to the Old Frame Church as a result of the Chicago fire; their coming had brought to him a stimulus for thought and for general advancement. At his farewell reception, when speaking to a

little group of choice friends, he remarked, "As I compare my ideas of to-day with those that were entertained by me ten years ago, when you came to our community, ten years, it does not seem as if so much time had since elapsed, I am amazed at the change. Then I was so narrow, and, I confess, sectarian and bigoted; but now my mental horizon is as wide as the world, and I abominate sectarianism and bigotry. The Old Frame Church, under its provincial administration, had been to me as if it contained all the good, better and best of the race; but your advent, with your broad, tolerant, progressive views, and your elevated and generous practices, wrought my disenchantment. That good old man, Deacon Hodson, unlike his colleagues in the official board, also became susceptible to, and appreciated the value of your influence for the good of the church, and of the locality. What a grand old man he was! His last counsels are still an inspiration to me in my studies and pastoral plans and labors."

On the last Sunday of his relations with the Old Frame Church, the Doctor preached a sermon on the text, "Be ye also enlarged." It was a very appropriate discourse, and one in harmony with the spirit of the times. Among other things he said:

"The difference between an educated and an uneducated mind is not so much in the amount of knowledge stored, as in the increase or drawing out of mental capacity. The educated man in reality may not know so many things as the uneducated, but practical and observing man; however, what he does know he knows more rationally and comprehensively, sees them in the light of reason, and not simply of sense and memory. His range of thought, of ideas, of feelings, and of associations, is higher and ampler, and these shed a dignity over the humblest object or fact."

"If we liken the mind to the eye, education is the enlarging of the pupil, or the sharpening and extending of the visual ray, so that it sees more and farther than the uneducated eye. One man discerns in a landscape only what his bare senses can cover,—so much land and water; and his only thought concerning it is as to its material

uses and pecuniary value. Another beholds in it what science discloses of its geologic origin and history, tracing it back to its formation in some antediluvian or preadamic era, and picturing the wondrous changes and convulsions that have contributed to its present aspects. Another, whose aesthetic sense has been cultivated, sees beyond all its material forms and uses, the beauty that invests it as a garment, and rounds its manifold diversities into the unity and symmetry of a perfect picture. Still another, whose eye is opened to view God in his works, looks into what is seen and temporal, and discerns the unseen and eternal,—the thoughts and will and awe-inspiring wisdom of the Creator in which the world of nature had its true origin, and which are still present and apparent in its living beauty and grandeur.

"Thus it is made manifest that what a man shall see in a given object or fact, depends not simply on his outward beholding, but quite as much, and even more, on the ideas, thoughts and feelings,—the inward perception, or insight, which he brings to it; in brief, on the degree of the enlargement and enlightenment of his inward eye and soul, or his mental and moral vision.

"These suggestions prepare us to apprehend the lessons intended to be conveyed to us in the text, "Be ye also enlarged". Though referring primarily and chiefly to the moral or spiritual nature, the enlargement which is a Christian duty and a part of Christian culture, is not confined to this, but it comprehends all the thoughts, sentiments, feelings, sympathies and purposes of the soul. It includes the two-fold capacity of receiving,—as for example, the truth and the spirit of Christianity, which so many minds are too narrow to welcome in all their fullness; and also, of giving,—as for instance, to meet the demands of philanthropic causes, and to further the spread of the Christ-influence in that measure which this age requires, but which so many fail to do.

"It is enlargement of thought, as to truth, in distinction from those narrow, sectarian and bigoted views that are fostered and developed by ignorance, and selfishness. Then it is enlargement of charity—an opening of the heart corresponding to that of the intellect, and to

the wants and woes of mankind. And, further, it is enlargement of aim and purpose, or a practical recognition of the truths and duties discerned, and a harmonious conduct with reference to them.

"The world is larger to-day than ever before—that is, our knowledge of it is so enlarged that it is to us, in effect, a much larger world than it was only a century ago. Science is constantly extending the boundaries of man's dwelling place, levelling the walls of time and space, and rearing them farther off, and reconstructing the map not only of countries on the earth's surface, but of nature, and of human knowledge. How small the world was as it lay in the conception of Pythagoras, compared with the Cosmos surveyed and contemplated by Humboldt! And this enlargement of the sphere of human knowledge is the property not of a few select scientific minds, who first discovered the new continents within it, but it becomes sooner or later the possession of all minds, and serves for their nurture and ennoblement."

"Again, the field of human thought in other directions is proportionately enlarged, bringing with it increased activity, and demanding broader conceptions, more liberal plans, and greater faith and enterprise to possess it. Witness the effect of the discovery of America, and of the invention of printing, on the thought and activity of that period. The opening of a new world beyond the Atlantic, stimulated the minds of men to an unprecedented activity and enterprise to make the most of the advantage afforded by the discovery; and the emancipation of thought through the printing press, which imparted to it wings and freedom, prepared the way for what is called the "Reformation," or the deliverance of the mind from the fetters of the papacy, and the free exercise of the rights of reason and conscience.

"It is not amiss to say, that the "Reformation" of the sixteenth century has long since expended its force, and, unless Christianity is to go backward instead of forward, the work is ripe for another reformation impulse that shall bring forward the religious thought and activity of the age to an equality with the world's advance in science and secular enterprise. Indeed, who that is observing.

will not concede that we are now having such a reformation period.

"Unless we hold to the dogma of an infallible church; which can not err in any of its teachings, the church of to-day should be far in advance of the church of two or more centuries ago; it must progress with the ages, or fall to the rear in the onward march of mind. The theological systems which were framed by church fathers, councils, and schools, generations and even centuries ago, and which have moulded, and imparted character to thought and faith, are no longer equal to the demand. They have been outgrown, and require to be enlarged and reconstructed, otherwise they will be disregarded.

"There are those to whom such thoughts as these are rank heresy. Not a few who are engaged as instructors in seminaries hear the demand for this enlargement, and endeavor to stifle it,—strange to say, theological professors are usually slower than the membership of the church to recognize the opportunities and necessity for advancement. They draw a line, and declare as to progress, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou come-" But, with as much reasonableness and hope might they plant their chairs on the beach below high-tide mark, and command the waters of the ocean to remain aloof, as to demand and expect that the advancing waves of thought and discovery shall remain within their prescribed limits.

"The former style of living, and the old standards of thought and action will not answer for to-day. A wider scope of thought, and a broader and a more comprehensive faith, a larger hope and a more abounding charity are essential to correspond with the enlarged science and the human mind. Greater Christian activity is needed to keep pace with the increased activity in the various departments of life in this age, and more liberal and abundant giving is required to meet the wants of mankind.

"My dear friends, with whom my intimate relations are soon to terminate, with such thoughts,—dealing with matters progressive, I will end my labors among you. I look back over the years through which we have come

together, with a peculiar interest; the incidents that have fallen into place in the history made by us, have not in every instance been what are now pleasant in review, but, on the whole, there is much for which I am truly thankful. There have been substantial gains. My earnest hope is that under new leadership you may continue to advance, and with even more celerity. Do not shrink from being progressive. To be advancing means life; stagnancy implies death."

On the following day, Monday, the Council convened to dissolve the pastoral relationship. The members of it seemed loathe to have Doctor Miller go away. But there were a few, for, of course, in such a body there would have to be some exceptions, who did not want to dismiss him, not that they desired his companionship, but for the reason that they scented heresy in his theological garments: and had they been stronger in numbers they would have prevented his departure, and would have arraigned him for trial. This adverse element was not without encouragement from within the Old Frame Church, for, with their stealthy manner, "Judge" Johnson, Mr. Sniveller, Mr. Bituminous, and a few of their adherents, moved about in the meeting and told of heretical utterances, and expressed their regret that the Doctor could not be brought to the bar of the Council and there be disciplined, instead of being permitted to go and "sow tares in another field." However, after a few parliamentary skirmishes, he was regularly dismissed, and with some fulsome resolutions—a good clearing-house certificate, he was commended to those among whom he was to sustain his new relations.

On the same day the local press in making mention of the change spoke as follows:

The News: "The Rev. Dr. Albert Barnes Miller, for so long the pastor of the Old Frame Church, yesterday preached his farewell sermon. It was a masterly production on "Enlargement." It abounded with thoughts fraught with the spirit of the day. It is a matter for regret that one with his excellent and rare qualities for the pastorate, and for influencing for good the community at large should be lost to our locality. There has been

some dissatisfaction in the church. Doctor Miller being a man with broad views, his preaching has displeased some of the older, especially the ultra orthodox members. With the progressive members, and particularly with the younger people; it was different: to such his ideas were very satisfactory. The church was like a river. The conservative elements constituted the banks —they stood still. The live, active, and nineteenth century elements were the current—ever going forward. In moving with the current, which he did, Doctor Miller very naturally rubbed against the banks at times, and they did not receive it at all kindly. He believes in progress in theological thought. He thinks that, as in the case of Lot's wife, there is danger for those who are set on looking back. He cherishes the larger hope for mankind, even the ultimate salvation of the entire race. But a number in the Old Frame Church "look for better things," as they term it,—they find comfort in the doctrine of election, believing themselves to be among the elect; they hope that some people will be damned.

Doctor Miller is a man, and has human instincts, and affections. Like other men, and like Jesus Christ, he finds some people to whom he is drawn more closely than he isto others. He does not slight anyone, but he has his particular friends in whom to confide. He, to an extent, obeys his master's cautionary words, "Beware of men." This matter excited the opposition of a few over sensitive and jealous mortals who are afflicted with the malady of "big-head."

"To a large precentage of the membership, and to a majority of the attendants at the church, Doctor Miller's ministrations and personal habits were acceptable; and to such his going away is a cause for sincere regret. the people to whom he goes to minister are to be congratulated. This they will soon appreciate if they are capable of recognizing a good thing when they have it. We trust that the Doctor's progressive views may not occasion him trouble in conservative St. Louis."

The Herald: "The Rev. A. B. Miller, D. D., yesterday closed his labors as the pastor of the Old Frame Church. He discoursed on "Enlargement," showing

that all truth was not yet apprehended, and that much of what has been considered truth is to be discarded in the light of modern investigation and unfolding. The sermon was marked by much practical wisdom or good common sense. It has been our privilage to watch the course of Doctor Miller ever since he came to the pastorate in our village, it has been interesting to see how he has kept pace with scholarship in his views and utterances during the period of his labors here. He has been an honest thinker and preacher. He has believed what he has preached and he has preached what he has believed. But, unfortunately, he has not had that support from the "pillars" of his church which is needful to enable a man with his qualities to achieve the fullest success. He is a generation or two in advance of the thought of his denomination. His worth will be acknowledged in this locality years from this time. Where he goes to labor he will have a broader and a more conspicuous platform for his influence, one more nearly commensurate with his superior abilities."

The Gazette,—the organ of "Judge" Johnson, Sniveller, and Bituminous, stockholders, "Doctor Miller yesterday rounded out his time as pastor of the Old Frame Church. To-day the council will meet to dissolve the pastoral relationship, and to dismiss him to his new field. During his ministry here the church has had its average success. Doctor Miller is a man of intellectual power, and of more than ordinary magnetism. His preaching has had admirers, while in many hearers it has awakened opposition. He has not always been loyal to the standards of faith of his denomination, and this has displeased those who accept such statements as setting forth the system of doctrine taught in the Bible. It does seem as if it would be but the proper thing when men thus diverge in their opinions from those of the authorized teachings of a church, if they would quietly withdraw, and go and connect themselves with that church with whose views they would be more in harmony. In such a course there would be no parade under false colors. Doctor Miller is to labor hereafter in St. Louis, where he will have a commodious a and very beautiful church edifice, The Old

Frame Church must have a reputation for excellent judgment and success in choosing pastors, since all who have served it in that capacity have been called to very important pulpits. Such a record only adds to the many attractive features of the church for clerical aspirants."

CHAPTER XV.

With a number of others with kindred views and feelings, when Doctor Miller had been driven out from the Old Frame Church, I lost much of my interest in that institution, and concluded that I would not be an attendant there at least until a regular pastor had been secured; and that whether I would attend then would depend upon the kind of a man who was chosen. I had learned to have a dread of interval-supplies, usually theological students, or recent graduates, who, as a general thing, like humble-bees, are biggest when first hatched. But one Sunday my curiosity and my relish for the ludicrous, caused me to suspend my resolution as to attendance at church. The Gazette had announced on the Saturday preceding that on the following day "interesting services" would be conducted in the Old Frame Church by the Deacons. I knew that the "Deacons" in this connection, could mean only the "trio," and I decided that I would go and be a witness to the performance.

The congregation was the smallest that I had ever seen gathered in the church. It was composed chiefly of "old-liners." While the organist was rendering his prelude, just as I had anticipated would be the case, the "three" appeared, to assume the charge of the services. They entered with very grave demeanor and with dignified and stately tread. Had they been robed, one might easily have imagined that he was seeing the Justices of the Supreme Court passing into the Supreme Court Chamber. Probably because he was the oldest Deacon, Mr. Sniveller came first, then Mr. Bituminous, "Judge"

Johnson bringing up at the rear,—last but not the least, at any rate for size. I could not but wish that the corpulent old gent would lengthen out his suspenders, for on looking at his pantaloons, as usual scarcely reaching to the tops of his shoes, I experienced discomfort.

It was later told to me that there had been some little discussion over the disposition of the parts in the preliminary exercises. Mr. Bowden and the other Deacons were present when the arrangements were made, but they all declined to have anything to say regarding them, as they had expressed themselves as being opposed to such a service. It seems that Mr. Sniveller claimed prerogatives as the senior Deacon, and that he assumed to dictate where each participant should have his part. He was determined that he would read the Scripture lesson, and make the first address. He favored "Judge" Johnson to offer prayer, because the 'Judge' had certain ideas as to how that should be done, and also could produce the essential holy tone of voice. Mr. Sniveller read with his usual hemming, and hawing, and whine. While listening to him, I recalled an incident where one man had listened to another who read after this same fashion, and who after a time cried out, "Man, alive, why are you reading the Bible?" Then having received the answer "I read for God's sake," he exclaimed, "For God's sake do not read any more,–unless you can read better."

Mr. Sniveller's Scripture lesson was the story of Jonah and the whale, and on this he based his remarks. He dilated on the call of duty, and on the neglect and disregard of such calls. He tried to show how vain were all attempts to evade obligations imposed by the Almighty, and gave point to his suggestions by citing what occurred to Jonah, saying, "Jonah thought that if he could embark on that vessel, he would get away from God, that he would elude him; but how foolish were his plans and efforts made to appear, when the elements–the winds and the waves, were impressed into service as the detectives of the Almighty to apprehend and to detain the fugitive." Then he dwelt at some length on the punishment that was meted out to him,–the affrighted sailors casting him into the sea, and the whale swallowing him.

"Brethren," he said, "some people question the truthfulness of this Bible narrative, claiming that a whale could not have swallowed a man; but let me tell you, that such is my credence as to all that is contained within the covers of this book, that if the account represented that Jonah swallowed the whale I would believe that he did do it. If it had been necessary for his purpose, God could have made it possible for him to do so. Nothing is impossible with the Almighty." In closing, he magnified the mercy of the Lord in having the whale conveniently near to receive Jonah, and thus to save him from drowning, and in enabling the whale to care for him tenderly and to save his life, and, finally, in guiding the whale to where it could place its sacred charge once more on terra firma.

Mr. Bituminous called attention to the narrative of Daniel and his experience in taming the lions. As he stood before the audience, his countenance fairly beamed, and the words that fell from his lips came as if they had been run through oil. He portrayed Daniel, he was a man in physical build very much like himself, and he had been entrusted with public trust, strange to say, again, like himself. He was evidently one of the idols of the speaker, no doubt, because of their striking similarity, as it was seen by Mr. Bituminous. He touched very lightly on Daniel's fidelity in office—his record being flawless even under the scrutiny of enemies who were determined on discovering irregularities, for herein there was not a sameness with them. But he was vehement when he told of Daniel's courage in standing up four-square for principle in religious doctrine and exercises. He drew the curtain aside, that the hero might be seen on his knees praying to his God, which he had been forbidden to do. He pictured his going to the den, where he was to meet his death, but he went as if he were a victor going to receive his reward. He showed how his entrance into the midst of the hungry and clamorous lions, awed those ferocious beasts. They either slunk from his presence, or cautiously drew near and licked his hands. In making application of the incident, he gave to different lions the names of different destroying temp-

tations, and argued that as Daniel had overcome the beasts that had been chosen to destroy him, so men should now subdue and be victorious over the present body, mind, and soul destroyers.

With a benignant smile the "Judge" looked through his glasses over the audience, then placed both of his hands on the reading desk, and, finally, weaving his body for a minute or so, by rising first on his heels and then on his toes, he proceeded to say, in slow and measured utterances: "I shall ask you to consider first things. I want you to accompany me, in your imagination, back through all human history to its very beginning. We will not pause until we have reached the garden of Eden,—Paradise." He then read, from the book of Genesis, the account of Eden, and of Adam and Eve. His first remarks, after reading, were intended for those who regarded the story of Genesis as something of a mythyical character. He declared that he could have no patience with such people, for they doubted even God. It was sufficient for him that the historical narrative was in the Bible, for like his brother, Deacon Sniveller, he would receive whatever that blessed book contained, and ask no questions. He also essayed to do some pictorial work, speaking of towering-trees, and golden fruits and waving-grains, and emerald-carpet, and tinkling rills and babbling brooks, and dashing water-falls and feathered-songsters. He told of the unalloyed happiness of Adam and Eve during their honey-moon, which, as time went with them, extended through a long series of years, and was not interrupted until Eve was attracted by her curiosity to an interview with that serpent, and then learned what is now an old, but still daily learned lesson, how too much familiarity with snakes, real or figurative, proves a costly venture. But the feature in the story which he endeavored specially to make prominent and impressive, was the lavish provision that had been made for the comfort and enjoyment of the first family; and suggested that herein it was indicated that the original design was that man should be supremely happy. "Naturally," said the "Judge", "Life should be marked by prosperity and bliss". After developing this thought,

and presenting it in different lights, he came to his peroration, and in this he quoted some lines, offering them as an original production, and which are as follows:

THE CUP OF LIFE—PROSPERITY.

The cup of life is before me,
O, wonderful, wonderful bowl!
With the delicate fumes of thy nectar
Delight flows into my soul;
The cup is of richest silver
The lining of mellowest gold,
And the wine like the heart's blood crimson,
And sweet as the god's of old;
Impatient, I wait the draining
For I know with pleasure 'tis rife;
Oh I wish you were deeper and fuller,
My glorious cup of Life!

The "Judge" had no more than completed his part, when down the side-aisle, towards the platform, stalked Mr. Angus. He had all the air of one who feels that he is about to do something important,—an air, however, very usual with him. Mr. Sniveller had announced that as the service had been such a decided success, there would be a repetition of it in the evening; but that the three speakers would discuss different phases of the question, "How can the members of a church help the Board of Deacons?" and was just about to give the number of the closing hymn, when his attention was arrested by the rotund form of Angus, who, with extended and gesticulating hand, was saying, "Deacon Sniveller, I say, a moment's indulgence please," when, with a look that said, "I wish that man would keep in his own place," he meekly remarked, "Mr. Angus has something to say, and as it is not yet twelve o'clock, we will give him a few minutes," placing great stress on the "few"

Angus took his position on the floor near the platform, thrust his right hand under the overlap of his Prince Albert coat, and his left hand under his coat tail. Then, after gazing for a few seconds at the people seated before him, some of whom were evincing impatience, he pro-

ceeded to speak. He first expressed his approval of such a meeting for laymen. He was of the opinion that as they thought and had ideas, they should be afforded an opportunity to communicate them. But, after saying a number of things that were flattering to the projectors of the peculiar service, who seated in full view of the audience, could be seen to take his words as a child welcomes taffy, the speaker suddenly launched out upon the topics that had been receiving consideration, and among other things said "I am fully in accord with Deacon Sniveller in all that he said as to the veracity of the bible. I accept the book as wholly inspired, God spoken,—even to its very punctuation marks. As to what are spoken of as its difficulties, I do not concede that there is anything of the kind. Of course, there are things which it is hard for the generality of mankind to understand, or to comprehend; but, for the true child of God there is a key by which all such matters may be satisfactorily solved. But I disagree with Deacon Sniveller in his inferences from the incident of Jonah and the whale. As I interpret the matter, Jonah is seen to be a type, a representative of the lost tribes of Israel, and his rescue and restoration, by the aid of a whale,—means so unexpected, inscrutable, and beyond our comprehension,—only sets forth the ultimate gathering together and salvation of lost Israel, by influences and appliances not to be thought of by finite minds. And, again, I differ with Deacon Bituminous in his lessons drawn from the scene, so vividly pictured by him, of Daniel and the lions; for here, once more, I see a type. Brethren, the bible deals largely, almost wholly, in typology. It is not intended that the carnel hearted shall be able to learn what it teaches, and so to derive advantage therefrom. However, not to digress and so to detain you, for Deacon Sniveller has limited my time to a few minutes, which I am sure that you regret; I will resume my thought, that Daniel is a type of lost Israel, now scattered; but, as I was about to remark, as Daniel was delivered from the midst of the lions which seemed ready to devour him, so Israel shall be brought with safety from among the different nations which threaten with annihilation. As to the

thoughts of the "Judge," I could not accompany him in his poetic flights, being nothing of a poet myself; but I fear that he makes a too universal application of the provisions and promises of the Lord as to good things, and a rich and joyous life. I believe that Eden restored, means Eden for the chosen of God, and the specially chosen Israelites. Paradise is to regained, but it will be the exclusive possession of the Lord's peculiar people. Now, who are they? This is a very grave question. Brethren, I am happy in the consciousness that I, yes I, am one of them. Yes, I am one of God's peculiar children." I inferred from the expression upon the countenances of a number of persons seated near me, that many of the man's hearers were ready to concede his last point as he made it. It was indeed manifest that he was at least peculiar. He ended his remarks with an array of statistics, and some diagrams, to show, that in the Anglo-Saxon race of the present are to be discovered the wandering tribes on whom all the declarations and promises in the bible for Israel now focus.

As soon as the last words by Mr. Angus were spoken, Mr. Sniveller arose nervously, and hurriedly announced a closing hymn,—as if he feared that some one else might come forth to speak. And thus ended the "interesting services."

CHAPTER XVI.

Months elapsed before there was any report made to the people of the Old Frame Church that afforded them an opportunity to vote for a pastor from among the candidates for the vacant pulpit. One explanation for this delay was, that the Deacons were divided over the names to be presented to the congregation. Very naturally, the old and the new elements here came into collision, each faction being intent on having a man of its respective kind. But they were apart, also, for the reason that some of their

number had personal friends among the candidates, and were scheming, on the score of such friendship, to secure them the place. Mr. Sniveller was very zealous in behalf of a brother of his son-in-law, Wentworthson; and did not scruple to do anything to detract from the merits of other candidates, and to make conspicuous those of his favorite, who, in fact, was probably by far the most inferior of all who were in the race.

One of the nominees was an exceptionally learned and brilliant young man, who was serving his first church in a live Western city. Everything that could be ascertained concerning him was favorable. To all appearances he was the coming man. Those of us who were standing aloof, had concluded, from what we had learned touching him, that if he came to the pastorate, we would be willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and would resume our places in the congregation.

The time for the meeting at which the names were to be presented and the vote was to be taken, had been set; and people generally were sanguine as to the outcome. But, only two days before that appointed time, Mr. Sniveller began to make insinuations that reflected upon the favorite candidate, and declared that before the time for the vote, a gentleman would be in the village, with whom Mr. Bituminous was acquainted, who would make disclosures that would make it impossible for that young man to receive the call. He would make no definite charges; he declined to afford any explanation, but answered all requests for information by saying, "You will not be obliged to wait long; so be patient until our informant is on the ground, and he will tell all that is to be learned."

The day preceding that for which the meeting was called, the heralded witness arrived, and was brought before a company of "representative" members of the congregation, — but all of whom had been chosen for attendance by the "trio." From one of those favored with an invitation, I learned what transpired. The man who was to act so important a part came to the gathering accompanied by Mr. Sniveller. His entire demeanor indicated that he was conscious of his importance on the

special occasion. He was a tall slender blonde, considerably freckled, and had hair, or so much as was left of the original supply, that was disposed to curl. He carried himself erect, and had his coat tightly buttoned to display his Henry Clay form; that statesman, as I was informed, being his highest ideal. Unfortunately, he had come away from home without a change of linen, and so that which he wore was soiled — both travel and tobacco stained. His make-up and appearance clearly indicated what he was, namely, a briefless, shiftless, slovenly, back-country village lawyer. He was introduced as K. K. Kugelman, Esq., a Deacon in the church at some center in Kansas.

Afterwards, when his mission was under discussion in another company, it being mentioned that he hailed from Kansas, some one made the inelegant and startling, but still very suggestive remark, "From Kansas, is he? Well, that settles it for me, I never expect anything but a grunt from a hog." This comment led to a discussion of Kansas in general, which elicited no little interest.

The prevalent opinion of Kansans is, that they are exceptionally upright and honorable; they have usually been associated with matters in the line of advanced reforms. But, as was suggested in that discussion, to which reference has been made, by what people of any other state has there been so much preaching of high moral doctrines, and so much failure to honor those doctrines in practice, as has characterized the people of Kansas? As a rule, they are cranks, who have tried to impose upon and to derive their support from the populations of other states, by their exalted ideals on paper, and by their land-bubbles, and mortgage repudiations, and even by their misfortunes-seeking to make capital out of their reverses and poverty.

Whatever their professions, and their enactments, looking to commendable things, their actual doings do not seem to have won for them the smile of the Almighty, unless it be true for them, and all the time, that

> "Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face."

The cries of want and of distress are in that land. It may not be visited by as many plagues, or by the same kind, as are said to have come upon Egypt; but, nevertheless, it has had a formidable allowance of such afflictions,—severe cold, extreme heat, cyclones, drought, grasshoppers, and other pests have made life a burden within its borders.

But, to resume my narrative, Mr. Kugelman having been called to the floor, proceeded, without any prefatory remarks, to give his testimony designed to show why the gentleman in question would not do for the Old Frame Church. He narrated that he had made the man's acquaintance years previous; that he had often met him since then, and that he had always had full and very frank conversations with him. What he had to tell to his detriment was, that he was heretical in his theological opinions, and that he was disposed to ignore church officials. To broad-minded, and sensible persons, there was absolutely nothing in all that he had to report that was derogatory to the young preacher. But Kugelman had come all the way from Kansas, and was promised his car-fare and his entertainment,—which promise he required, as would any impecunious Kansan, before leaving home,—in order that he might injure this particular candidate's chances, and, hence, he displayed a special zeal in his endeavor to make every utterance do effective work; and, seconded by the "Judge," and Sniveller, and others, who were primed to magnify what he said, his coming had the desired result,—the anti-Millerites were rallied and solidified, and the cause of progress was once more impeded, at least so far as it was intended to mark matters in the Old Frame Church.

But here, again, was another instance of base maliciousness and glaring inconsistency, in keeping with other cases, which we have noticed, occurring where it has always seemed as if all doings should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion, in connection with church, and what many call "holy things." Why should this man take such pains to do what he did? was a question that was awakened in many minds. A little inquiry elicited some explanatory items. In brief, it was found to be a case of jealousy, envy, and revenge. Kugelman and the

young man had been rival suitors for the favor of a young lady, and the theologian had won the hand. As years passed the feelings of the defeated lover had become more embittered by the fact that his ultimate marriage was a source of disappointment to him, because of the peculiar disposition of his wife, who was a victim of epilepsy. In his littleness and meanness, he at times did not hesitate to refer to her as possessed by a devil. Then, while his rival was also winning renown in his work as a preacher, he himself was scarcely making "ends meet" in his practice. It was, therefore, precisely such an opportunity as he craved, when the invitation came asking him to help to defeat the friends of the object of his bitterness, and so prevent him from gaining a much coveted prize, which seemed destined to drop, like a piece of ripened fruit into his hand.

And, yet, to all appearance, he was simply a good, conscientious Deacon, who was intent only on doing what he could for the maintenance of the purity of the church, in guarding her interests as to doctrines and polity. I was prepared to appreciate a remark, referring to him, which was made to me later by one of his townsmen, who said, "If he has religion, it is, like his real property, in his wife's name."

The meeting to call a pastor was held, but it proved to be a meeting to try how not to do it; and in this respect it was a grand success. No one was chosen; and every one whose name had been mentioned was dropped for all future consideration. It was an off-day for talent.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the meeting held to vote for the selection of a successor to Doctor Miller, which proved such a disagreeable fizzle, owing to the conduct of certain of the officers, and of some of the more conspicuous members of the church; several months elapsed before it was concluded that the way was clear for another attempt to test the congregation as to its readiness to issue a call. This time there was unanimous action;—not even a word being uttered during the proceedings that had a discordant sound. But the secret of this remarkable unanimity was in the fact, that those persons who had come away from the preceding meeting, disgusted with the methods of the "Judge," Sniveller, and others, had absented themselves from the second gathering, being unwilling to be participants in anything of the kind again with such men. The pastor for whom the call was made out, was one who had been serving a church located in a city the mere mention of the name of which was a guarantee of the man's ultra conservatism, both as to theology, and as to lines of church work. He was a man after Mr. Sniveller's own heart, at least such was the representation made by the "oldest Deacon" himself, when he placed his name in nomination at the meeting.

After his installation, the new pastor, the Rev. Abijah Green, announced, through the press, for the first three months of his pastorate, two series of sermons, one of them to be given Sunday mornings on the doctrines of the denomination; the other to be given Sunday evenings on the mission of the church, and the duties of the church members towards their own local church. The doctrinal sermons were in form and substance strikingly similar to those of Jonathan Edwards, and others, of his school and times. He presented and emphasized the five points. Man's fall; Atonement rendered to God by the death of his son, Jesus Christ; Heaven for those

who accept that atonement; Hell for those who reject, or who neglect, or who do not know of that sacrificial offering; the Infallible Bible, which has revealed these things, and which alone reveals them. The gist of his preaching was, you must believe in the fall of the race through Adam's transgression, in taking the forbidden fruit; and in the divinity and sacrificial death of Christ for the salvation of mankind; and in a heaven and in a hell; and in the inerrancy of the Bible, otherwise the wrath of Jehovah will abide upon you; and you will, after death, be cast into perdition where you will suffer eternally. The discourses as to the church, and the duties of church members, were intensely narrow, sectarian, and bigoted, in their teachings. In these, Mr. Green assumed and argued for the position that the "visible church," with which he and his hearers were "privileged to be identified," was a divine institution; that it was the church of the New Testament. He taught that the chief purpose of the church had to do with the souls of men in their relations to God and the life that is to come. He deprecated all those modern attempts to turn the influence of the church into channels merely humanitarian in their outcome. He lamented the organization of societies within the church, like those of the "Christian Endeavor," and "King's Daughters," claiming that the church should do its work directly without such aids, or auxiliaries, which must necessarily lessen interest for the church on the part of those who are connected with them. He even deplored the need of the Sunday school, expressing the belief that it often usurped the place of the church, children and others being content with attendance therein alone. He bitterly antagonized outside pseudo-Christian charity, and kindred associations, and institutions, as usurping the work, and as diverting money, and influence, and efforts, which would otherwise be devoted to the service of the church. He declared that the misfortunes of men were usually the evidences of sin, and of the Lord's displeasure therewith, and urged that, therefore, the church should be the ministering messenger, because she would not only dispense food, raiment, and medicine, but would also rebuke, warn, and

instruct as to those things which bring to homes poverty, sickness, and suffering.

It was manifest in the utterances of the pastor, which appeared in print, as announced, corrected by him, that he, like far too many of his calling, had learned very little as to human nature, and that he was either through ignorance, or prejudice, or both, utterly oblivious to the important and grave questions of sociology. He was a theologian, and an ecclesiastic, of a kind; but he was far from being a man among men. He was not at all in sympathy with his fellows. When he tried to deal with matters practical, he was wholly impracticable. His statements were at variance with common-sense, and universal experience. He could not think the thoughts, nor talk the language, nor share the burdens which, for the masses, embrace the real problems of life. The result was, as it always is, under such circumstances, that the people who were outside were not attracted to the church, and that many of the sensible attendants lost their interest for going, and fell away. The Old Frame Church thus illustrated, what multitudes of persons have wanted to know, why the masses are indifferent to the church. The ministers—the chief representatives of the church do not understand, and, hence, cannot affect the great body of humanity.

To address men well, they require to be known, and must be given genuine interest and sympathy. No element of eloquence is more essential than heart. Even the man who comes bringing an unwelcome, and what may be an exasperating message, will, as a rule, secure a respectful and candid hearing, and, at times, will even win adherents, when his words throb with his heart beats. This has been demonstrated in the pulpit, in the legislative hall, and on the platform.

It chanced to fall in my way, about this time, to meet the Rev. Mr. Green, and as he introduced the topic of his sermons, and invited me to express my views on the subjects which had received treatment, I accepted the invitation. To his very apparent astonishment, I, at the very outset, declared, that I did not believe that the Bible was, or that it contained what was inspired, in the

sense in which he employed the word "inspired," as something God-given, God-taught, God-written. I pointed out some of the mistakes in the books, touching history, and chronology, and science, and other matters, only to have him tell me, "I do not know as to those things, having given no special attention to them; but I am sure that our great biblical-scholars have a satisfactory explanation for every one of them. However, such matters are of little importance, and it should be ever borne in mind that the Bible does not profess to teach history, or science, or like secular things; it has to do with what is spiritual, and must be considered accordingly." To my argument, that If the writings were the production of the Lord they should be free from error touching everything with which they had anything whatever to do, even incidentally, he could only say, again, "I am positive that our christian scholars can show that the Bible is inerrant." When I commented upon the unfortunate circumstance that the Bible, which had the important mission which he claimed for it; required such explanations, and that they could be given by so few, and they not the teachers of the people, he was silent. I referred to the five points in theology which had been elaborated by him in his discourses, and drew from him the acknowledgement that all of them were more or less dependent on the one of the fall of man. This is the crucial doctrine of orthodoxy. I then took up the Genesis account of the fall, and in vain sought to have him explain how it was that the Jews themselves were in ignorance as to that story until they learned it from the Persians, while in captivity; when, as he, and those of his faith, believed, God had talked so freely, and so frequently with Abraham, and Moses, and others. Reluctantly, he assented to the suggestion, that it was not a little strange that Jesus Christ in his reported sayings is never quoted as speaking of that event, which it is held was, in effect, the occasion for his advent, and sufferings, and death. He was silent, and exhibited impatience, when I briefly recounted some of the facts by which modern science, has most conclusively shown the antiquity of man and his evolution from lower forms of life.

in other words, the ascent, rather than the fall of man; He shook his head disapprovingly, and warned me of direful consequences to my soul, when I asserted, "The fall of man, of your theology, is a fiction; and, therefore, according to your own concession, that being true, your "scheme of salvation" is needless. Humanity is in need, but not of that which you proffer. The cry is heard for help, but this is answered with a figment of the imagination. What is required, is a response that will be in harmony with the truth as to man's origin, nature, and course of development." I spoke of his ecclesiasticism; and told him that I could not entertain his ideas as to the church, and the duties of church members, for an instant. I am certain that I shocked him when I declared that in my estimation, the church was only one of numerous agencies that were seeking to benefit mankind, and that I was at times disposed to consider it secondary for efficiency to other institutions,—and even some that had sprung up under its very shadow, and such as he had condemned. I urged him to be broader in his conceptions, and to be ready to welcome everything that was calculated to make men better, and happier. I expressed myself as being favorable to practical discourses on everyday questions, and suggested, that preachers should give much attention to the study of men, and their relations, and their problems, by mingling with them, and thus learning to know them at first hand. I deprecated the mere book student, the mere product of the library, the mere theorist. With amazement he looked at me, as in my earnestness, I said, "Go, with eyes, and ears, and heart open, where men live and act, pulling and hauling at each other to obtain bread and raiment; and there find your ideas for sermons."

"But," he replied, "I shrink from such contact with the masses. Indeed, I would not know of what to speak, were I to do as you suggest, that I should do."

"Go," I urged, "and mingle with your fellows, and you will conquer your timidity. Go, but not as a preacher, —the less of that the better, go as a man. As to what you shall talk about, it will be given to you what you shall say, in every instance, if you are observing, and are

disposed to adapt yourself to the situation. Don't, no, don't talk church. And don't ask such questions as, "Are you a Christian?" or "Do you love Jesus?" or "Are you prepared for eternity?" But talk of the things that lie nearest to those with whom you are present. Let the things that interest them, for the time interest you. I know an excellent woman who makes angel-visits to many tenement homes, carrying such light and cheer to hearts there housed that her presence always means a red letter day for those who are visited. By the way, Mr. Green, she goes under the auspices of no church, but of that of a band of women of all creeds, and of no creed; but that fact does not cause her ministrations to be any less effective for good,—physically, mentally, or morally, than they would be were she acting as the representative of the church. Who will say that she is not doing a Christ-like thing? However, I must not digress from my original idea, and even this slight digression I was tempted to make only because of your published criticism of such non-church efforts. But what I was about to tell, is, that the lady referred to, being in a meeting where her visitations were described, had a young woman say to her, "It is lovely to be able to do such work. I wish that I could do it. But I just could not do anything of the kind, for I would not know what to say to the people when I met with them." "Oh, my dear girl," was the quick response, "the thing to speak of should not cause you perplexity; in many cases you could do as I have frequently done, that is talk of the latest and best way for cooking cabbage." "What? cooking cabbage, why speak of that?" asked the listeners. "Because," said the visitor, "many of the people whom I visit make much use of cabbage, and I have discovered that they vie with each other in devising ways of serving it, with view both to economy, and to variety in the forms in which to have it appear." You, doubtless, Sir, see the point in this story, the woman is interested in that which interests those whom she desires to benefit."

"Yes, yes," said he, "I understand you. What you suggest is well enough where one is interested in simply the humanities, as you seem to be. But it is my mission

to reach souls. I am sent to preach, and to preach nothing short of the doctrines taught, as I believe, by inspiration in the Bible, an excellent summary of which occurs in our Confession, and Catechisms. I must warn men that they take less interest in present things, and more in eternal matters. And I feel that I have been sent to my present field especially to reestablish our people in their old faith, from which they have been shifting, under the influences of philosphy, and science, and general worldliness. Some things that I say may seem narrow, and they may impress people as severe sayings, but it was so with the utterances of the ancient prophets, and also those of Jesus. The servant cannot expect it to be different with him from what it was with his master. It is my duty to preach, and if men will not heed, they alone are to blame for the consequences to themselves. It has always been the case, and ever will be, that the carnal heart is averse to our doctrines."

It was useless for me to try to reason with the man, for whatever I urged as an argument to change his views, he attributed to the "carnal heart," which was, in his estimation, a source of evil, and of only evil. Repeatedly did he quote to me the passage, "The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked." And when I cited the conduct of Jesus Christ, as he met men on their own plane, and interested himself in them, and in all that pertained to them, as we can see that he did, not only in his direct lessons, but, also, very strikingly, in the words, and the illustrations which he took from their vocabulary and vocations and surroundings, he was merely sullen and mute.

A few months after this little tilt with the pastor, I learned of a fracas that had occurred in the basement of the Old Frame Church, which brought to notice a suggestive little episode. It seems that a German janitor was accustomed to have some fellow-countrymen, jew-peddlers, make him visits at the church, during the week, where they shared the amber-colored contents of a can, drinking to "Deutschland," and America. On the occasion in question, the group got into a quarrelsome mood; and one of the guests ventured to twit the host of

the fact that he was a fugitive from justice in Germany, which so enraged the accused that he resorted to blows, and drove his visitors forth into the street, thus causing his disgraceful gatherings to become known.

Now there had been a bright and popular Irishman serving as janitor, when I was an attendant at the church, and I had not heard of his dismissal; therefore, when I learned of the basement incident, I was curious to know the explanation for the change, and in asking as to this I encountered the episode mentioned. It appears that one morning while yet in charge of the edifice, the son of the emerald isle was sweeping the front vestibule, when a stranger stopped and asked, "Is Doctor Miller still the pastor of this church?" "No," said James, "he has been gone for months, I am sorry to say. He now has a settlement in St. Louis." "Indeed," responded the man, "Why I am surprised that the people consented to have him go. How was it that they did so?" "Oh," was the reply, "he had to go, for you see the "Judge," that is, "Judge" Johnson, and Mr. Sniveller, and thems that runs the church, said he was not sound, and so he had to get out, though many people hated to see him go." "I suppose, then," the stranger added, "that the minister who now preaches here is sound." With a rogueish look in his face, and with the promptness of an electric current, the janitor gave the answer, "Yes, sir, he is all sound." The description was too good for the hearer to keep it to himself, and, being repeated, it came to the ears of "thems that runs the church," and cost the man his position but it summed up the new preacher —he was "all sound."

CHAPTER XVIII.

My church experience in the village having proved so very unsatisfactory, I decided that, whatever the inferences that church people might make, and whatever the "town talk" that might be excited, I would pursue a course of conduct according to my own inclinations and judgment; and that meant that I would not be closely identified with any church organization. People are supposed to attend church to be benefited by the services; but for me to go and see in the prominent places in the sanctuary such men as I had found the most of the officers of the Old Frame Church to be; and then to listen to discources that abounded with sounding platitudes, and unreasonable teachings, and that never had any reference to practical every day questions, was to be disgusted and tortured. How so many as do attend, under such circumstances, can endure the experience, I cannot comprehend, except, as I know is the case in not a few instances, that they find satisfaction in the social and business advantages that arise for them therefrom; or that they derive enjoyment from the few aesthetic features in the service. But absenting myself from the church, I did not wholly escape association with the dignitaries of the Old Frame Church. It fell to my lot to be chosen one of the trustees of an educational institution in our community, and in the board I encountered Messrs. Sniveller and Bituminous, who had been selected because of their church relations, there being represntatives from each church in the village in the body.

For a period everything went along harmoniously in the administration of the affairs of the school. The curriculum was of a high grade, and the faculty consisted of a number of gifted and capable teachers. The reputation of the institution for its thorough and complete work, was wide extended, and the attendance of pupils was large.

But it was not to be that things should continue so

satisfactory. Although the school was not the child, nor the ward of any church, and even though it had been distinctly understood, from the very beginning of its career, that it should be administered without reference to any religious bias, still the Old Frame Church, with some of its peculiar method, was ushered in at one of the meetings of the Board of Trustees. The mover in the matter was Deacon Bituminous, who, after reading a long preamble, setting forth that Christianity was the patron of education, and that the church had ever been the source of schools; proceeded to offer a series of resolutions according to which certain religious studies were to be incorporated in the curriculum; and the institution itself was to be placed, to an extent, under the direct jurisdiction of the Old Frame Church, the pastor of which was to become a member of the board *ex officio*.

An anarchist's bomb could not have produced greater consternation, had it been thrown into our midst, than that which followed the presentation of this paper. Mr. Sniveller promptly seconded the motion of his colleague in the church, for the adoption of the recommendations, making a short speech to set forth the advantages that would accrue for the school from such an alliance as was contemplated. But not another person seemed to be capable of seeing in the proposition what its movers professed to discern in it; and in less time than is required for the narration of the incident, a few brief and pointed speeches were made in which the whole matter was taken up, and was cast about as a ball handled by expert players, until finally it was tossed out from our presence entirely. This summary treatment was so displeasing to Mr. Bituminous that he fairly hissed the words, "I see that this is no place for me," and grasping his hat, he hurriedly withdrew from the meeting. A few days later he forwarded to the secretary of the board, a formal resignation of his trusteeship, in which he declared that he could not retain such a relationship to a Godless institution.

About this time it was deemed wise to choose a new attorney, and financial adviser for the institution, which duties had been entrusted to Mr. Sniveller; when, by a

strange coincidence, that gentleman concluded that, owing to a rheumatic difficulty, he would be unable to serve the school any longer, in any capacity, and so tendered his resignation severing his relationship with the board.

Shortly after these changes had occurred, several pupils from families in the Old Frame Church, withdrew from the institution. Then we were told of floating rumors of inefficiency on the part of teachers, and of a loss of patronage. Presently the evidences of systematic efforts to injure the school became so marked that an investigation was deemed advisable, and through this it was discovered that the late members of our board, disgruntled and angry over their failure to direct and control affairs, had gone out, and by insinuations,—so conveyed as not to be actionable, but which were none the less effective because of the form into which they were thrown, had endeavored to ruin, if not to entirely destroy the school.

As was to be expected, this conduct did not commend to the rest of us, who understood their grievances, the peculiar religious ideas of these men; but it did so affect us that we began to act and to plan with increased interest and zeal for the furtherance of the institution, and soon all the former success was outdone, to the astonishment of the bigoted and malicious enemies.

CHAPTER XIX.

Years came and went, and brought numerous changes to our village, but in no respect was the transformation more striking than in the features of the growth of the population, and of general material advancement. From the four or five thousand which they numbered after the accession of the Chicago fire refugees, our people had

become some forty thousand strong, and, as a rule, those who had joined themselves to us were intelligent, active, progressive, comfortably circumstanced, and, in every way, of such material from which first class citizens are usually made. Our streets had lost their former village characteristics, and impressed the beholder as the thoroughfares of a city. Blocks of houses, and large single, and palatial buildings, had risen up, shaped in brick and stone, and according to the most advanced architectural ideas. Wealth and good taste were displayed on all sides. Chicago had also been growing in the meanwhile with an amazing rapidity. Its borders had been extended, but the population had more than kept pace with such enlargement, and could not be confined to its limits. As a natural and a very proper result, since the most of our people were in business in the city, and thus profited from its advantages, in view of our proximity to it, after one of its extensions of boundary lines, the conclusion was reached that our village should become a portion of the great metropolis. And, so, we retired one night to sleep as members of a rural community, and awoke on the following morning proud citizens of Chicago.

There were changes, and some of them sad and humiliating, among the old residents of our community: death had been busy and had made vacant places; there had been numerous removals to other localities; and, then, there had been some signal successes, and not a few most miserable failures. Those who had been absent, and who from time to time returned to revisit the locality, spoke of these occurrences, as they were more apparent to them than they were to those of us who had been on the ground, and to whom they had been only those incidents which occur in the natural order of events.

Some of these changes had come to individuals whose names have had mention in this narrative, and, therefore, call for a brief notice.

Mr. Charlevoix had devised a California mine scheme by which to gather in the small accumulations of poor people; on whose credulity he endeavored to impose; but his scheme was discovered and exposed, and, in consequence, he lost what he had possessed, and for a livelihood

he was a fakir on the streets, selling song-books and rubber dolls.

Mr. Ananias Hodson, who had always kept in his employ a detective to watch those subordinate to himself, had been found to be a defaulter by his employers, and was doing time in the penitentiary.

Mr. Angus had been indicted for conspiring to destroy the business-plant of a competitor, by burglary and arson,—a second offense of the kind of which he was guilty, as it was later ascertained, but before his trial came on, he met his death in one of his periodic altercations with his sons.

Mr. Watts disappeared suddenly from the city, and, afterwards, it was learned that he had gone South accompanied by a woman who had been a cook on a lumber schooner.

Mr. Sniveller was yet among us, but he had suffered in reputation by an exposure of some of his questionable doings in connection with an estate for which he had been the executor; and by the discovery of his active part in a bogus land company, which it was represented had an extensive tract of territory in Texas. He, however, still retained his post as the "oldest Deacon" in the Old Frame Church.

"Judge" Johnson was no longer a Deacon. In lottery schemes, and mining ventures he had lost the greater portion of his riches. But he had suffered most from his conviction by a church court, on charges for the misuse and embezzlement of funds while serving as the treasurer of a church educational institution, and of a church missionary society. He had been obliged to make good the money which he had squandered and appropriated, and had escaped indictment, and a term in prison, only through the efforts of influential friends, who were moved to come to his relief both by his advanced age, and because of their desire to protect the reputation of the causes which he had professed to serve. In the days of his sorest trial, he spoke to some friends of his lines on "Prosperity," read by him years previous, and gave them the following production as expressive of his latest feelings.

THE CUP OF LIFE—ADVERSITY.

The cup of life is before me—
  Oh God, must I drink again?
It was filled to the brim with bitterness
  And spiced with myrrh and pain.
The silver is dim and tarnished,
  Bent and mould and stained,
And its golden lining is eaten out
  By the poison it contained.
Oh, cup of life, you lied to me;
  Your beauty all was feigned.
I dread to think of the dregs still left,
  Yet would that they were drained.

Mr. Bituminous, having lost public place and confidence, through boodle dealings, had become the traveling agent for a builder of engines and pumps, and was now and then heard of as a Sunday-school speaker.

Mr. Bowden had retired from business, having accumulated a vast fortune, and was active as a director in several of the benevolent institutions of the city.

Mr. Scott was yet in the Old Frame Church, and was one of its most popular officers. He had become the President of a large banking house, and was held in high esteem as one of the leading men of the West.

Mr. Kent, after building up a large and lucrative law business, was appointed a justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The Old Frame Church had lost presitige; other, and more progressive churches having been planted in the vicinity. But the orthodoxy of the preaching in the pioneer institution was still quite similar to that which was brought in by the Rev. Abijah Green, though there had been a succession of short pastorates. There had evidently been a craving for variety, but the majority of the members of the church, instead of interpreting this desire as having reference to the doctrinal pabulum provided, had evidently regarded it as referring to preachers themselves. This is not by any means a far-fetched opinion; on the contrary, it is only a conclusion that may be

readily reached by a study of causes in a majority of the cases where churches rid themselves of pastors. The people want what they have not; they do not know just what will satisfy, and so they have recourse to a change of teachers. The fact is, that the human mind requires a variety in thought, and it tires especially where it is given only dry and prosy theological expositions, and so often, too, at variance with the heart's best feelings, with reason, and with comon sense.

But an incident that had fallen into the history of our locality, and which I have reserved for final mention, was the establishment of an actual, richly endowed, and grandly equipped University. The prevalent opinion is, that a college, and more particularly a university, must of necessity be a matter of growth, and of slow growth. There must be the planting, the training, and the long and patient waiting. And this idea is supported by the history of such institutions across the seas, and by the experience in the few cases that we have had on our own continent. But, despite such logic of past events, and in the face of the incredulity, and the disparaging remarks spoken and printed,—on the part of many good people, and some who, in certain matters have had very wise heads,—when the scheme for the undertaking was first announced; by the joint agency of intellectual ability, liberal contributions of money, an enterprise that knew not what it was to hesitate, and timely executive guidance and control, when the day announced for the opening arrived, Chicago had a real University that was entitled to recognition as such by the most venerable and most honored of Universities. On that day, which was the beginning of a new and grand epoch for our city, and for the great West, without any parade whatever, but with a simplicity that is peculiar to genuine worth, the institution, with its faculty of over one hundred carefully selected instructors, brought together from almost every part of the world; and with almost one thousand students, a large percentage of them post-graduates, began its hopeful career.

And with the University there came to us not merely advantages for our children, and those helpful influences

which usually proceed from such an institution for the uplift of the community in the midst of which it exists; but there were also provided the privileges of the university extension courses, by which all who were disposed to join groups, or centers, had the direct benefit of university instruction along such lines as might be elected, whether in philosophy, science, art, history, sociology, or literature.

The effect of this provision upon our population was immediate and marked. A new life was imparted. New currents of thought were started. Many persons seemed to be aroused to realize that there were lessons for them to learn even about things with which they had considered themselves perfectly familiar. It was refreshing to listen to conversation, where the gossip and much of the narrowness of former days, were displaced by references to, or discussions of topics under consideration in our groups. There were those of us who welcomed the change, for the special reason that we could see that the transformation was the beginning of the realization of our hope, that in our community ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and all narrowness, might be supplanted by knowledge, reason, charity, and toleration.

CHAPTER XX.

Among the more popular and much sought for University Extension lecturers was Professor Humboldt Taylor. He was a native of the state of New York, a graduate of Harvard, and had spent several years in study abroad, receiving his doctorate at Leipsic. Prior to coming to Chicago he had been, for five years, a Professor in a well known New England college, where he had demonstrated his marked capabilities for his work. While serving in this position he had won enviable fame by numerous articles which he wrote for different leading magazines, and, especially, by a large volume on "Sociol-

logical Problems." His acceptance of the invitation from Chicago was a source of great satisfaction to the friends of the new university; but it was the cause for much lamentation among those who were interested in the institution where he had done his first professorial work. There were those among the latter who, while they did not condemn him for yielding to the flattering call, were very severe in their denunciations of the executive officers of the new school who had extended it to him. They talked of "stealing," and of "injuring the weak to build up the strong." As is usually the case under such circumstances, they looked at matters selfishly. They did not pause to think of the advancement that the change implied for the man whom they admired, or of the wider usefulness that would be afforded him in his new relations. They saw only their own loss. They did not reason how right and proper it was that the authorities of the new university should seek for only the best instructors, wherever they might be located; and, yet, whenever they themselves were out in quest of teachers, they did what they condemned in others,—they tried to secure those who were wanted elsewhere, and were all the more persistent in their efforts in proportion to their popularity where they were engaged. They did not want those whom no one else wanted.

Professor Taylor had many things in his favor for attracting and retaining attention and admiration. Nature had been not merely kind, but very lavish in equipping him. His personal appearance made him the subject for favorable remark everywhere. On the street, on the cars, and, particularly, on university convocation, or reception days, when he appeared arrayed in his gown, the inquiry could be heard coming from the lips of many persons, "Who is that grand-looking man?" His physical being seemed just perfect in size, form, and symmetry. He was six feet and two inches tall, and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds; but he was so constructed that he did not impress the beholder as being massive,—every part being so regular, and the whole constituting a figure complete for gracefulness. His head was large, but only in harmony with the body which it crowned. His fore-

head suggested scholarship. His face was Grecian in its features. His hair, which was quite abundant, was golden in color. He wore a moustache, and short side-whiskers. His eyes were a dark blue, and were like large dome-shaped windows, disclosing wonderful intelligence, and greatness of soul. His conversational gifts were of the highest order. His vocabulary impressed one as being abreast with the latest unabridged dictionary. His words were usually chosen with the nicest discrimination as to their shade of meaning; but they were spoken with such ease and rapidity that they never impressed the listener as being either forced or stilted, but simply as natural. He had a voice of singular strength and sweetness. His manner was quiet and genial. He came to people like sunshine. No one could shrink from him. A very significant index to his character presented itself in the fact, that the little children, wherever he went, were irresistibly drawn to him. He was ever ready to converse—touching anything that was of interest to those with whom he chanced to be; he could talk of profound subjects, or on common-place every day affairs; or narrate stories culled from history, or derived from mythology or fairy tales, or picked up in travel. He was a great favorite in all circles; and being an unmarried, and, as was soon ascertained and quietly circulated by the local gossips, an "unengaged man," he was specially favored among the young and "unengaged" women. He was a diligent student, devoting much time to original investigation in his department work; nevertheless, he responded liberally to the demands of society, which came to him in invitations for all manner of gatherings, public and private. It was soon so that whenever he was absent on any special occasion, his absence excited comment; his presence seemed necessary, with some people, to make a company complete.

Professor Taylor, in his lectures, dealt with the subject matter of two distinct departments. Several courses had to do with questions in his special line of work in the University, that of Sociology; other courses were devoted to Bible studies, in the light of the most recent results from investigation and research in Bible lands,

and in Bible history, and literature, and philology.

The first course which the Professor was invited to deliver to our village "Center," was on "Economics." The committee made this choice both because of the practical character of the subject, and for the reason that it was understood that it was a favorite course with the Professor himself. In view of what we had seen and heard of the lecturer, our expectations were great; but in our experience with the lectures there was not the slightest disappointment. He began with the economic life of uncivilized man, and treated the history of the growth of economics down to our own times. He then took up the subject from a scientific view-point and discussed it under different topics, as production, medium of exchange, distribution, consumption, etc. Considerable attention was devoted to a discussion of what were entitled public economics, or what is sometimes, though vaguely, if not inaccurately, called socialism. Doctor Taylor believed in the inductive philosophy, and, instead of formulating his theory in the study, and giving it forth, thus treating economics as if it were an abstract science, he had devoted much time and painstaking thought to the consideration of the actual phenomena of modern life, and an endeavor to learn their significance. He argued that love was the solvent of many of life's troubles, and that it was to be brought to the study and to the solution of all industrial and social problems As a practical suggestion, he advocated the establishment of homes, or settlements in the localities occupied and frequented by the masses, corresponding to Toynbee Hall, in London, or, what he considered an improvement on that, the Hull House in Chicago, to afford healthful, cheerful, and uplifting influences.

As soon as the first course was finished, the Professor was engaged to proceed with as econd series, and this consisted of lectures on the Bible. I am able here to reproduce, though imperfectly, some of the fresh and helpful thoughts which he brought to us; my interest therein, at the time, having prompted me to try to make a record of them.

"The Bible," he stated, "is a record of the unfolding

of sacred truth. The way by which truth has come to mankind has not been what would have been settled upon by men as appropriate to the purpose, as is manifest when we consider the opinions that have been entertained in reference thereto. When the facts of history in connection with the Bible, have been contemplated, not a few persons have been incredulous. It has been asked, "Are we to think that this book which bears the marks of a hundred human hands; that has gathered up history and tradition before our very eyes; this book, or collection of literature that has been slowly weeded out of the growths of ages; this strange polyglot of letters, and stories, and visions, and prophecies, and hymns, each carrying, unmistakably, the impressions of its own age, and of its author's peculiarities; this is God's revelation?" On the other hand, there are those who spring forward to offer a defense, and an explanation for it; and who resort to fanciful and subtle theories to enshrine it. But it is not for us to presume here on the basis of what we would naturally expect as to the Bible. Our intuitions, under the influence of early education, and the prevailing thought, feel blindly in the air, just as does the sightless worm when it has climbed to the top of a spire of grass, and there stretches its head this way and that. It has been said, "We would naturally suppose that religious truth would come down from heaven attended with supernatural and awe-inspiring evidences." But, when we turn to any of the books of the Bible, and see them in their historic relations, how very different the circumstances of their origin are seen to be from such an anticipation. Everything is so lowly, and so plainly human. As Mr. Emerson so aptly expressed it,

> "Out from the heart of nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

"We may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact, therefore, at the very outset, that the Bible is not what we would have looked for. And hence we must come to it, that is when we contemplate making a critical study of it, in the practical scientific spirit, saying, "What art thou?" We are to do with it precisely as we do when we

PAGES PARTIALLY ILLEGIBILE

turn to Nature. It will not do for us to come bringing some scheme upon which we have previously settled, saying, "According to this it must be," and then try to force the Bible bodily into that scheme, as men crowd clay into a mould. We formerly tried to deal with Nature after this manner; but she received us with such open scorn, and so dispelled our ideas, that we have learned to come humbly, and to see things just as she gives them to us. If, therefore, an honest study of the Bible weakens, or crushes completely our preconceived notions, it is not for us to complain, and to attempt to put together once more the fragments; but to brush them aside, and to welcome the facts, for facts certainly are what should be desired by us. Let us be careful to avoid the mistake, formerly so very common, of substituting reverence for wisdom. Reverence without wisdom is nothing short of superstition.

"As we shall see in our study of it, the Bible did not come to mankind something complete. It did not descend to our earth like an ærolite shot down from the heights of space, unrelated to the substance of things surrounding it. If such had been the case it would have had little value for us. save possibly as a curiosity. No, the Bible came to us in the regular courses of nature. It is throughout identified with man.

But how is it that there is so much jealousy, and so much fear, with multitudes of people, when it is asserted that this book of books is actually inwrought with human thought, and feeling, and conduct? Why should it be insisted that these ancient writings to the very least Hebrew accent, and to the last punctuation mark, were dictated by a voice from heaven, and that, therefore, we cannot, and we will not, hear that so much as a date is wrong, or an event is transposed, or a statement, or a coloring is added? The grand fact here brought to view is, that human ideas and human events are a divine language, conveying God's thoughts and purposes. Hence, what is the proper thing for us to do? Why, to simply scan the record to ascertain whether it is authentic. A mistake in the dates is nothing; the use of a fable, or a tradition, to point a lesson, is nothing. But, if we find

a myth, or some false statement thrust in by some meddlesome hand, to seem as a fact, or as some truth, we will simply pluck them out, and cast them away, as we deal with weeds that appear in a flower bed. The flowers are all the healthier, and the more attractive, for such a weeding-out work.

"In like manner, not a few persons become very nervous, and are made miserable, the instant anyone is heard broaching the opinion, that the writers of the books of the Bible were properly themselves, while they wrote; their temperament, their training, their prejudices, their education, their knowledge, and their lack of knowledge, all telling upon their work in a natural manner. "No, no," it is exclaimed, it is not so; God spoke through them, as a man might speak through a telephone, or a phonograph." The human agent was thus only a passive instrument. The man had neither part, nor lot in the message. Thus many flatter themselves that in the Bible they have only the pure words of God. But, what is an inconsistency, none of those who assume this position, are willing to apply their doctrine to Jesus Christ. No one insinuates that he was not properly a man,—insisting that his human nature was only a passive instrument for the accommodation of a divine voice. If this idea be not entertained as to him, why then should there be any protestation, when it is suggested that as he spoke, so they wrote whose writings have been transmitted to us in the Bible, as, for illustration, David, Isaiah, Paul, and others? After looking into the face of that Jewish peasant, clothed in lowly garb, and the associate of humble men and women, surely, we should not shrink from seeing the human faces of historians, and prophets, or preachers, and poets, in those books of the Bible which come to us duly accredited to them; or dread to discover their respective individual marks in their contributions to religious literature. We should not be surprised if we find in Genesis, and in other books of the Old Testament, the ideas and traditions that are common to the records of the Assyrians, Phœnicians; and other ancient peoples, nor think it strange if we do not discover the most recent writings of the New Testament to be abreast

of the science, or the philosophy, or the ethics of the nineteenth century. We should give them ample margin on chronology, geography, astronomy, geology, botany, zoology, anthropology, and theology, and on all similar externalities. Only let us make sure of this, that those who wrote, or whose words are quoted, had gained a higher glimpse of truth concerning matters of religion, and proclaimed that, and endeavored to lead the people of their time to a higher level.

"It is the rankest heresy, and is cause sufficient to excite the most bitter feelings, to myriads of good people, for anyone to seriously question the infallibility of the Bible; and, yet, to do this is not to oppose any claim which it makes in its own behalf. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is absolutely baseless, except as it is founded on a mere ecclesiastical tradition. It derives no support from the books themselves. The only semblance of anything of the kind—and it is only through thoughtlessness, or blind zeal, or base dishonesty, that it could ever be employed to uphold the doctrine—is a passage in Paul's letter to Timothy (2 Tim., 3:16). This reads, according to the revised version, "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching." But Paul does not say what Scripture is "inspired of God." And, had he done this, he would have expressed but his own individual opinion, unless it could be otherwise shown that he was infallibly inspired. That the passage could not have been written with a view to having it apply to the New Testament as we have it, is very evident, for the very plausible reason, that all the books were then not gathered—if even written, which indeed no one claims; there was really no New Testament.

"A feature that is lacking in the writings of the Bible, and one that is a necessity in order that they may have full credence, is certainty as to their verbal accuracy. Take, for instance, those of the New Testement; it must be remembered that Jesus Christ never wrote a word, except, as we are told, on one occasion, when he stooped down and wrote something on the sand. He never directed anybody to reduce his words to writing. He did

not charge Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, or John, to write a word. And after his death, the apostles did not pause to put into manuscripts the things that he told them, but they proceeded at once to go about and to preach to men. The fact is, that the oldest manuscripts of the New Testement take us back no nearer to the real words of Christ, and his disciples, than sometime in the fourth century. It is true that we learn of the books of the New Testament prior to that period, and of which the later manuscripts are claimed to be copies; but these copies are numerous, extending into hundreds, and they contain thousands of differences, in their texts, some of which are of a very serious character, and give evidence not simply of carelessness, but even of deliberate tampering with the teachings, on the part of the copyists. More than fourteen centuries ago, Faustus, a Manichaean Bishop, a Christian, in a discussion with Augustine, after calling attention to the circumstance that his opponent himself rejected many portions of the Old Testament, said: "If there are parts of the Testament of the Father which we are not bound to observe, (for you attribute the Jewish law to the Father, and it is well known that many things in it shock you, etc.) the testimony of the Son must be equally liable to corruption, and may equally well contain objectionable things; especially as it is allowed not to have been written by the Son himself, nor by his apostles, but long after, by some unknown men, who, lest they should be suspected of writing things they knew nothing of, gave to their books the names of the apostles, declaring the contents to be according to these originals. In this, I think they do grievous wrong te the disciples of Christ, by quoting their authority for the discordant and contradictory statements in these writings, saying that it was according to them that they wrote the gospels, which are so full of errors and discrepancies, both in facts and opinions, that they can be harmonized neither with themselves, nor with one another. This is nothing else than to slander good men, and to bring the charge of dissension on the brotherhood of the disciples. In reading the gospels the clear intention of our heart perceives the errors, and to avoid all injustice,

we accept whatever is useful in the way of building up our faith, and promoting the glory of the Lord Christ, and of the Almighty God-his Father, while we reject the rest, as unbecoming the majesty of God and Christ, and inconsistent with our belief." Again, in replying to the answer of Augustine, he said: "It is not without reason that we bring a critical judgment to the study of the scriptures, where there are such discrepancies and contradictions. By thus examining everything, and comparing one passage with another, we determine which contains Christ's actual words, and what may, or may not be genuine. For your predecessors have made many interpolations in the words of our Lord, which thus appear under his name, while they disagree with his doctrine. Besides, as we have proved, again and again, the writings are not the productions of Christ, or of his apostles, but a compilation of rumors and beliefs, made long after their departure, by some obscure semi-jews, not in harmony even with one another, and published by them under the name of the apostles, or of those considered the followers of the apostles, so as to give the appearance of apostolic authority to all these blunders and falsehoods." The arguments made by Faustus were met by Augustine with only flimsy traditions, and gauzy suppositions, and they remain unanswered even to this present time.

"This fragment of ancient church history brings to view the fact that the "Higher Criticism" of which we are hearing so much in these days, is not something so modern as we might infer from the opposition which it is encountering. Augustine, evidently, was a higher critic as to the Old Testament, while he battled those who were of that way as to the New Testament. I am herein reminded of a quite recent discovery of my own. I had been having a discussion with a well known missionary, the founder of a mission on a group of islands occupied by warring people, and cannibals. He was vehement in his denunciations of the higher critics, who are, as he expressed it, destroying the Bible. After we had agreed to disagree on the matter on which we were divided, I directed the conversation to his life work, ask-

ing him questions as to the people to whom he had given his labors, and as to his methods. To my astonishment, and to his discomfiture, when I had called his attention to the circumstance, in answer to my inquiries, he, unconsciously, disclosed himself a higher critic of a most pronounced type, in his practice. I found occasion to ask him how David and Solomon were regarded by his native parishioners, when he replied, "Oh, they know nothing of them. I have not given them any part of the Old Testament, for the reason that it would afford them encouragement in many of their practices which I have labored to have them abandon as barbarisms."

"In general, it may be said of many of the books of both the Old and the New Testaments, that it cannot be ascertained when, or where, or by whom, they were written. But this, as has often been suggested, does not affect their general religious value, any more than critical disputes over the authorship of Homer or Shakespeare detract from the poetic worth of the "Ilaid" or "Hamlet." We retain all that is of genuine worth; we have merely removed the dross, and hold the pure gold, all that is in harmony with the immutable laws of the universe is still our own. We have the inspiring, helpful, uplifting, and ennobling teachings of Christ, which have never been improved upon by any theological formulas; which meet the daily needs of the plainest souls; which the comon people hear gladly, and which furnish their own interpreter. We also have the exquisite, and comforting Psalms, many of which touch our minds and hearts because of their fidelity to human experience. And, then, too, there remains for us in all the writings, the valuable record of religious growth, or a history of the religious life of man as it was evolved through ages.

"It is to be deplored that so many stand ready to characterize every honest and intelligent investigation of the Bible as something hostile to the Bible. They disclose a lack in intelligence, or in observation, at least, who act as if they believed that the sacred books of the Christian religion, or the institutions of the Christian church, should escape the tests of our scientific age. Criticism is all the more determined in doing its legitimate work,

where faith shrinks from its inquiries; such shrinking exciting suspicion as to the strength and certainty of the matter to be tested. It needs to be declared boldly and emphatically, that the people who are alive with the new thought, and engaged with the new investigation of these days, are not enemies of the Bible. They are not opposing a single thing in the Bible in the way of a claim which it makes on its own behalf. They are not intent on undermining truth, or on escaping obligation. They are simply earnest, sincere, and devout seekers after truth; they long to learn what the Bible is; to find for themselves true beliefs; and to obtain its grandest and holiest influences for their hearts and their daily lives.

For my own part, I am frank to confess, that I find that which is sacred in all bibles. I am not willing to believe that religious truth and faith have been monopolized by a mere fragment of the human race; and that they have found expression only in Judaism and Christianity, or in the Old and New Testaments. The mistaken idea with multitudes has been that the Bible was given to mankind to produce religion. The fact is, that it is religions that create bibles, and not bibles that create religions. Now, as for religions, the world is full of them. It has never been empty. Religion is the heritage of mankind. It is indespensable. It is universal. It began with the beginning of the race. It has been the companion of our tribes in every wandering-their solace in sorrow, their strength in weakness, their refuge in trouble, their hope in defeat, their crown of glory in every victory. It has been the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, in every exodus of our kind from barbarism, savagery, and servitude, to culture, manhood and freedom. By religion, I mean faith in the existence of spiritual beings that more or less govern the world, and interfere with the affairs of men. It is the embodiment by man of his loftiest idea of purity, justice and power. This ideal varies with the lapse of ages. It is different in countries that differ widely in the degree of their civilization. The true standard of civilization is their idea that we have of God, of his character and of his claims. That there is a marked unity of religion under-

lying the diversity of religions, the study of comparative theology has made manifest; and, hence, it is only reasonable and just for us to be prepared to recognize more or less truth in those bibles that are the products of the different religions. "God has not left himself without witness," but has spoken everywhere,—not merely in what we speak of as "Bible lands," bnt by the Nile and the Ganges, in the deserts of Arabia, and by the waves of the Yellow sea. To-day the prayers, and hymns, and sacred lore of the Egyptians, Accadians, Babylonians, Chinese, Hindus and Mohammedans, are read almost everywhere. They abound with passages of supernatural beauty; they reflect the splendor of the eternal mountains; they breathe the fragrance of early dawns; they are musical with voices of ancient songs; and they gleam with truths peculiar to all religions. Blind with bigotry must he be who can read the sacred books of the world, and not be so impressed with their unfoldings as to be moved to repeat, with gratitude and joy, the expressive words of Tennyson,

> "The whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God"

CHAPTER XXI.

It was within the period covered by Professor Taylor's second course of lectures that a reception was tendered to the faculty of the University by the trustees of that institution. The evening was perfect, and very few of the invited guests failed to put in an appearance. It proved to be a gala occasion Everything pertaining to the decorations, the music, and the menu, was all that could be devised and provided by taste and wealth. The cream of the society of the city was well represented in the assemblage. The after dinner speeches sparkled with bright thoughts. Everybody seemed to be perfectly

happy. The instructors were all recipients of flattering attention; but no single individual of them was more in demand than was our young and brilliant lecturer. It looked as if all persons were desirous of meeting him. And never did our young friend appear to greater advantage than he did on this occasion, as he seemed the very embodiment of health, good spirits, apt thought, and bright repartee.

But that evening, he, unconsciously, was having a crisis in his life. He was at a point marking a crossing of ways. He had made some very important decisions, within the period covered by his career, but not one that was fraught with more momentous interests than was that which he, in effect, practically, was making on that evening, and, as has been said, unconsciously.

The incident was only one of those common occurrences that show the vital relations of little things in an individual's history. Indeed, considered in the light of such events, it becomes a perplexing problem whether anything in life can be properly termed "little". Who, on looking backward, cannot see how often what at the time seemed trivial, and valueless circumstances, proved to be events of tremendous consequence in his or her after-life,—possibly the mere reading of a newspaper notice or psragraph; or the examination of a picture; or the missing or the taking of a certain boat, or train of cars, for some point; or the casual meeting of a person. In reality, our lives have fall into them very little of greatness,—at any rate, which is immediately recognized as such; instead they are a succession of small matters, of which some prove to be great by the outcome thereof.

Professor Taylor came in contact with a host of people at the reception,—many of them very attractive and pleasing to him. But this was only a repetiton of an experience that had come to him times almost without number. It conld not have been otherwise with him, for he was made to draw to himself such people, just as the magnet brings to itself the needle. However, on this particular occasion, a new element entered into his experience; there came to him a peculiar, indefinable sensation, as he stood in the presence of one member of

that company with whom he was meeting for the first time. As they gazed at each other, and as the few formal words of greeting were exchanged, a deep color came into the face of our friend, and his eyes seemed to disclose new depths in his great soul, while the most delightful feelings were awakened and took complete possession of his being. This all happened in an instant. It was at a point during the evening when introductions were in order. The friends of the institution were in line, and were being presented in succession to the leading members of the faculty, as rapidly as they could be brought forward by the gowned student ushers. There was no opportunity afforded for conversation. To tarry for anything of the kind, was to receive a gentle hint that "other friends" were in waiting for presentation. Unavoidably, everything was formal, and, to an extent, perfunctory. As the young lady, for such it was, who had come into his life in this incidental manner, and to produce such an unusual effect upon him, moved on,—to give place to the next person in the succession, the professor chafed under the restraints of etiquette. He longed to say, "No, no, do not go yet." His thoughts accompanied the stranger, so that those people who afterwards were brought to him, were, so far as he was concerned, only that many figures, like those which an artist introduces into a picture, in mere dashes, in the background.

During the after part of the evening, while he succeeded in regaining his usual equilibrium in thought and feeling, yet, from time to time, that figure,—with which had come to him such a new, singular, and thoroughly delightful experience, and which for him became lost in the crowd, as a rain drop is immersed in the lake; loomed up before his mental vision, and he repeatedly queried as to the explanation for the effect of the incident upon him. Was the secret in the form, or in the eyes, or in the voice of the person; or in all of these things? Or was the experience in reality something resultant of the circumstances of that instant, when the atmosphere was burdened with the sweet fragrance of flowers, and the bewitching airs picked gently from the

instruments of the University Mandolin Quartette? He thought of different things as possibly containing the solution for the strange and fascinating problem; but he never once touched the real "reason why." It was a clear case of "love at first sight," but he, with all of his knowledge, did not know this.

Professor Taylor was a willing slave to the intellect. He had given little attention to matters of the heart. It had often been a question with those who were near to him, why it was that with his genial and warm temperament, and with his extreme popularity, he never became closely allied to some fair damsel, among his many admirers. "Match-makers," and mamas, and even papas, with eligible daughters, had planned and hoped, to find for him "a suitable companion for life's paths." But he had pursued the even tenor of his way, as the scholar, and asthe affable and the very enjoyable friend of all who became associated with him.

The young lady who came upon the scene, and so "moved" the inner being of the Professor, was, like himself, a favored child of nature. She was above the average height of women, and possessed a form of most beautiful outline. Her face was large, and strong, and classical in its features. Her eyes were full and expressive, neither black nor brown in color,—and yet seemingly the one or the other, to different persons, when describing them. Her hair, which was abundant, was a rich brown. Her mouth was bewitching, because of the fresh full rosy lips, and the regular white teeth. Her voice was clear and musical. Her speech was deliberate. In her movements she was easy and graceful. According to the familiar chart of phrenology, the shape of her head indicated the presence of much brain,—and in this instance, the chart was confirmed by the facts in the case. She was a young lady of superior intelligence, and of broad culture. To those who knew her, she was a favorite because of many excellencies, but for none more than for her nobility of character, and her sweet and amiabled isposition.

Miss Henrietta Foster,—for that was her name, was the only daughter in a household, which was composed

of a widowed mother,—one of God's most noble women, three manly brothers, and herself. Her father had died when she was only at the threshold of her "teens," but she had been favored in her home surroundings, and in her school advantages; and had developed into young womanhood thoroughly well equipped for meeting life's responsibilities.

From childhood she had been identified with the Old Frame Church. Her gifts very early secured recognition, and brought her into spheres of activity. She became a teacher in the Sunday School, and was a popular leader among the young people in the congregation. Without seeming to direct and control, yet, in her quiet way, she did move and guide those who were associated with her for church, and philanthropic activities. Her indoctrination had been according to the views of the old school; theoretically, she was conservative, but, practically, she was disposed to be progressive and liberal. She took delight in thinking for herself, and was not averse to raising questions, even as to matters usually regarded by conservatives as settled for all time.

To Miss Foster, the brief formal meeting with the Professor was the occasion for merely an incidental bit of pleasure; as when one for an instant catches some sweet strain of music wafted from a distance and has pleasing emotions awakened. She had been an attendant where Professor Taylor was lecturing, and had learned to admire him for his personality, and, especially, for his great learning, and for his wonderful genius in making use thereof for the benefit of others less favored---as in his books and lectures. But this admiration was only that which one with scholarly instincts is apt to entertain for a genuine scholar; or that which an earnest and diligent pupil has for a thoroughly equipped and favorite instructor. She had never been introduced to him, but she had frequently entertained the wish that she might be permitted to number him among her acquaintances; but this was merely that she might feel at liberty to carry to him some of the questions over which she had been perplexed, and which she was confident that he could satisfactorily---solve for her. In his public talks he had afforded her

much help by his explanations; but he had also suggested new questions, and these, with some which had long been in her mind, she desired to have him answer. It was, therefore, gratifying to her, when the opportunity was afforded—formal as it was, for her to have a presentation to him, thinking that it might prove the open door for a future realization of her cherished desires. However, not for an instant did it enter into her mind, that she had made more than a transient impression upon the Professor,---that she had been to him any more than one of a long line of individuals to whom he had to act the right and conventional part, as an installment of the price required from him in payment for his post of honor, and for his popularity. It is true that she had noticed a deep tinge of crimson in his cheeks, and a bright gleam in his eyes, when she confronted him; but she attributed those things to the excitement incident to his experience in greeting, and in being greeted by, so many people. Had any one ventured to intimate to her that her coming had been the cause for those marks of excitement, she would have characterized the idea as ridiculous. She was not one of those silly women who are ever ready to flatter themselves with the opinion that men cannot look at them without being moved to admire them. She was too sensible to be always on the alert to discover evidences of interest for her in those of the masculine gender. She was accustomed to meet, and to converse with gentlemen, without herself becoming, and without expecting them to become sentimental. She possessed a heart, but she did not carry it on her sleeve; and she had respect for such men and women as were herein like her. But how amazed she would have been had some one been able to show to her, beyond all reasonable doubt, the actual facts in the case,—as to the effect of her presence upon the Professor. Such a revelation might have afforded her genuine pleasure; and, yet, it might have also brought to her new and perplexing problems, and consequent unrest, and, possibly, discontent and unhappiness. To be conscious of being admired and loved,---and even where there is the disposition to reciprocate in kind, does not always mean

an experience of peace, and quietness and bliss; often it signifies just the opposite from these things. For multitudes, the beginning of love has been the commencement of real trouble. Love once awakened, comes forward with its wants, which it will not permit to be ignored, or to be only partly recognized, without protest. Its chief want is to be wanted; and its other wants are for the evidences that it is appreciated, and wanted; and as to these it is selfish, sensitive, and jealous. Nothing short of mutual love and confidence can bring unalloyed happiness.

The reception held to a very late hour; but, strange to say, although both had circulated considerably in the parlors and hallways of the hotel, where the gathering occurred, Professor Taylor, and Miss Foster did not meet again, neither did the one so much as see the other,—though had the Doctor been disposed to do so, he could have told of his search for her,—until the young lady was leaving for her home. And, then, she did not seem to see him, but the Professor watched her, as she passed him clothed with her snow-white cloak and hood, which caused her physical beauties to stand forth most bewitchingly; while her voice, as she spoke to her companions, was full of animation and cheer. As she disappeared from his view, a sigh escaped from his lips. He hoped that he might at some future time meet her again, but for a longer and a more satisfactory interview. However, where, or when, that could be, he was at a loss to determine. He longed to meet her, that he might learn whether the experience in her presence would be a repetition of that attending the first meeting.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Good morning, Bessie. You seem, as usual, to be in a great hurry. But can you not come up on the verandah, for a few minutes, for a little *tete-a-tete?* That's right. Come. It has seemed as if weeks had gone by since our last visit, and I have been hungering for a talk with you."

The speaker was Miss Foster, who had been sitting for some time on the front vine-covered porch, that adorned her home. In her hand, she held the last number of the "Century" magazine, whose leaves she had been cutting with a daintily carved ivory knife; while, now and then, she had carefully scanned some of its illustrations. "Bessie" was her most intimate friend, her "chum," as she would say. Bessie Starratt, a young lady of Scotch ancestry, and possessing all the sturdy characteristics in body, mind and heart, of the good Scotch. For, let it be understood, there are Scotch people, and there are Scotch people. There are those who are truly grand; who, however tried, are never found wanting. But there are others, and with the latter in view, a noble Scot declared, "When the devil has a bit of very dirty work that he wants done. he employs a mean and malicious Scotchman to do it, for he knows well that such an one will not hesitate to stoop to anything however low." Bessie Starratt was the daughter of parents whose praise was upon the lips of all who knew them; but of whom she had been deprived, by their death. some years prior to this time which we are now reviewing. She had been well educated, and had read considerably, but largely along the lines of church literature. She had a good supply of Scotch philosophy, and of Scotch theology. She was a member of the Old Frame Church, and was exceedingly devout, but without having recourse to cant. She had co-operated with Mrs. Foster in all of her undertakings in the church. When

greeted, and invited to tarry, by her friend, she had been hurrying along on an errand of mercy, to a home in which there was sickness and want. She might have been called with great propriety, a "Protestant Sister of Charity." A few persons like her and Miss Foster, and some others, whom we have learned to know in our observations, really constituted the salt that preserved the Old Frame Church.

Miss Foster, having asked and learned as to the condition and needs of certain afflicted households, in which they had both been taking an active interest, proceeded to say:

"I have been very much agitated ever since I learned of the mismanagement of Miss Fannie Hodson's matters by Deacon Sniveller. The fact is, that on learning, after Aunty Hodson's death, that he was to look after Fannie's interest in the estate, I regretted the choice. He is so very slow, and so very incompetent, that whenever he does meet with success, it is because it is absolutely impossible for it to be otherwise;—things have simply gone right from their own momentum. I did hope that Captain Brown's association with him in the case, would be to the advantage of Fannie, but it seems that he was not consulted with, as he should have been, and, hence, the unfortunate ending. It is shameful that with so much within her reach, and very properly so, the poor girl should now be penniless.

"I do not want to get started on Mr. Sniveller," said Miss Starratt, "for I have my own personal experience to excite me. Because of our church associations, we retained him as our counseller, after father's death, and you know with what result. We did not realize anything like the value of the property which he sold for us, and we have good reason to believe that he deprived us of interest on money that came into his hands, and which he loaned; and that he so manipulated our affairs as to keep from us some of our principal. I would not, for the sake of the church, mention it outside, but I do not hesitate to say to you, that I believe him to be positively untruthful and dishonest. It is a misfortune for our church that he is an office-bearer in it.

And, then, think of the way in which he parades the fact of his official position. It seems really too ludicrous to be true, but I saw a letter myself, which he wrote, and which he signed, adding to his name the words, "the oldest deacon in the church." And this peculiar vanity is a family trait, for only last week I overheard Mr. Wentworthson telling someone, on a suburban train, that his wife was the daughter of Mr. Sniveller, "the oldest deacon of the Old Frame Church."

"If it were not that it would be to reflect upon our sex," Miss Foster remarked, "I would call him "an old woman," meaning one of those who are meddlesome, and annoying, to all who surround them. He called here a few days ago to caution mother about Professor Taylor, suggesting that his influence with me would prove to be hurtful. Judging from what she reported to me of the interview, he must have acted as if he could not say anything too severe as to the Doctor personally, or as to his views touching the Bible, and theology. Fortunately, mother was not led to think as he desired her to do, even though she does not accept the professor's conclusions."

"But do you find his explanations satisfactory? Miss Starratt inquired. "Do you, at no time, while listening to him in his lectures, feel as if the ground of thought and belief, were sliding from under you, and as if you would have to reach out and take hold on something to keep from falling? I confess that it is so with me."

"Oh, no," was the answer, "I never had such feelings. I am not afraid of thought and investigation, nor of the fruit thereof. I receive the fruit, examine it, and sometimes taste it; if it proves green and unripe, I merely reject it. It is a grave mistake where anyone acts as if there could be nothing new under the sun, in the way of truth. The cause of religion has suffered from the attitude of those who antagonize independent thinking, and who even enforce their prohibition by ecclesiastical penalties. In every other department men are incited to be explorers, to think their own thoughts; originality is considered a virtue: but in theology,—according to a prevalent notion, there must be no new thought, no new

suggestions; we must simply with docility receive what has come to us from an ancient mould. I have many questions that I intend to ask Professor Taylor when I can find the opportunity to do so. I do not, as yet, see my way clear to accept all of the opinions that he has advanced,—but I will not say that he is wrong, and that I am right. It is hard to surrender old beliefs, but if they are clearly seen to be heresies, we should lop them off, just as one consents to part with a long useful and prized limb, when it has become diseased, or has been rendered useless, and dangerous to the whole physical being, by accident. Of course, Bess, you, with your Scotch antecedents, would naturally be reluctant and slow to give up old cherished doctrines; to do so must seem to you as "something simply awful." Indeed, I, at times, have feelings akin to what you must have, when I think of the destruction with which some of the old theological superstructures are threatened. But whenever I experience them, I bear in mind that the feelings proceed from my associations with the dogmas; and, possibly, also, from lingering superstition. My, how strong a hold superstition has upon us,—much more than we are willing to concede. I often think of a story which is suggestive in this connection; it seems that a jewish gentleman went into a restaurant to get a dinner, but undecided as to what he would order. As he sat and looked over the menu, he saw the item, "steak and bacon." Near him a man was seated who had called for this particular dish, and who seemed to find it enjoyable. The Hebrew was tempted to request the waiter to bring him the same. But the instant that he entertained the thought of doing so, he experienced very strange sensations. He began to question whether for him, a jew, to do so, would not be to tempt God to punish him. But he looked at the man at the next table, he was still alive, and was eating, and with evident satisfaction. His appetite now got the better of his conscience, and he gave the order. He ate the steak and bacon with thorough relish, and yet with some concern, for he was not sure that he was not doing wrong. When he entered the restaurant the sun was shining, and the air was de-

lightful, for it was a beautiful May morning; but when he was ready to come away, the sky was covered with dark and angry clouds, which were illumined with continuous flashes of lightning, and the very earth seemed to shake, and to act as if it were about to open. When the man neared the door, and discovered the agitation outside, he turned white with fear, and trembled. He had not courage to go out, and turning back, he remarked to an attendant, "Well, who would ever have thought of such a fuss being made over a few thin slices of bacon!" You laugh, Bess, and so do I, at such superstitious dread, but we all have more or less of it in connection with our faiths, or creeds. Has it not been this same thing that has made you feel like trying to grasp something to which to cling, when you have listened to the Professor?"

"You are the most singular person whom I have ever met," was the reply, "You are always clad in armor for a theological battle, and bring out your weapons of logic, and of appropriate and telling storries. I never care to attempt to argue with you, for I do not profess to be posted on the new theology. But, the things that have come to me through home instruction, and in Sunday school teaching, and sermons; things over which good men and women have thought, and for which many souls have suffered tortures, I cannot but treasure, and be very reluctant to surrender. That is why I feel as I do, when I listen to Professor Taylor. Very often, my intellect agrees with him as he reasons, but in my feelings I shrink from his conclusions. I know that some very strange ideas have been entertained by Christian people; ideas utterly wild, and even ridiculous, as I have been able to see, and I have repeatedly had this fact in mind, when I have had my internal conflicts over the changes which some would have us make in our views as to doctrines; and the thought has come to me, "Why may there not be such crudeness and error in these very things to which I now hold so tenaciously, and, largely, because of associations?" You may not credit it, but, Henrietta, I actually knew people in the east who considered it a sin to let the sunlight into their homes on Sunday, and who on that day shut out the light by keeping

the blinds closed, or the shades drawn down. They believed it to be a sin when anyone sang a song or a hymn, other than something found in the "Psalms of David." They counted it a sin to enter the edifice of any church not in their denomination. They held that amusements of all kinds were wrong, and they even deprecated the use of the word "amusement." I once attended a little gathering in the home of a young friend, where we entertained ourselves with a part of a pack of "Old Maid" cards, smuggled into the house, until the appearance upon the scene of an adult member of the household, who proposed that we should have an examination in the "Shorter Catechism." Yes, I was well acquainted with an old pious soul, who thought it was a sin to laugh, claiming that Christ was never known to smile; this same woman believed it to be a sin to eat ice cream, saying that she could not eat it to the glory of God. There is another matter that often occurs to my mind, and impresses me very much, and that is the fact, that so many of those who are the sticklers for the old ideas, and who see sin in so many things, are, in many respects, so much inferior to those from whom they differ. Our own church illustrates what I mean. It has often seemed to me as if the test with our Deacons were doctrine, and not character. I thought of this last evening, when I heard something new about Mr. Watts, who was formerly so prominent among us, and who aided in the persecution of Doctor Miller years ago. You know how he went away. Well, now it transpires that he went down into Mississippi, and there represented himself to be one of several Chicago capitalists who were looking about for an opportunity to purchase a large tract of land. He went so far as to begin negotiations for the transfer of an extensive plantation. In the mean time he took advantage of Southern hospitality. He also made great pretensions to piety, and became very active in one of the churches. The house of worship being out of repair, he proposed that it should be enlarged, and be put in good order, and for this purpose he subscribed a sum of money, and then secured contributions from others, mainly tourists visiting in the vicinity, some of them giving liber-

ally. The work was commenced, but by the time that payments became due, the "capitalist," and what he had collected, could not be located. Nor has he been heard from by the people since then. I am convinced that doctrines, however orthodox, do not ensure nobility in character; and to my way of thinking, whatever my views and feelings as to doctrines, grand character is the greatest of all things. But I shall have to be going. I have remained longer than I had any thought of doing when I came on the porch. I imagine that I have been looked for by Mrs. Worcester, and, especially, by that boy of her's with his "spells." Whenever I call there, he comes and asks, "Dont you think that I am better?" And then he tells me of the signs of his improvement. In another instant he will have the fingers of one hand on his pulse; or will be feeling with his hand under his vest to discover whether his heart is beating properly, while his countenance wears a most woe-begone expression, and he exclaims, "I am going to have a spell." And about the time that you think that the "spell should be on, he will be talking of the kind of a crease that he would like to have in his pants, or will be smoothing his hair, or will be turning a back-hand spring, or will be asking me to feel his muscle. But I must now go."

"I am glad," said Miss Foster, "that I have had this chance to chat with you. I wish that you could remain longer, for I have not said anything about the matters of which I have been wanting to speak to you. I suppose that I shall be obliged to find myself a place among the sick, in order that I may get a long visit from you. I am glad that you are going to see Mrs. Worcester, poor soul. You can cheer her up. Remember me to her. I shall look for you at the Auditorium this evening; I wish that our seats were nearer together. Bess, let me urge you not to be afraid of new ideas solely for the reason that they are in conflict with things old; if you do reject them, find some other, and better reason for so doing. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XXIII.

That evening the great Auditorium was crowded with music-loving people, or with such, and other people who thought it the proper thing to be regarded as belonging to that class. The attraction was a "Thomas Concert." Miss Foster was present, under the escort of a cousin. To her, music was the chief source of what was truly enjoyable. For those who were seated sufficiently near to observe it, her face was an interesting study as the different pieces on the program were interpreted by the large and perfectly trained orchestra directed by its matchless leader. Delight disclosed itself in every feature of her countenance.

There being a brief recess afforded, to give rest to the performers, and to enable those in the audience to move about, and to visit, many availed themselves of the opportunity to stroll through the spacious lobbies. It was during this pause, and while they were walking in the grand foyer, viewing the throng of people, and trying to see how many of their friends they could discover, that Professor Taylor and Miss Foster encountered each other.

"How are you enjoying the concert?" asked Miss Foster.

"Very much, indeed;" was the answer of the professor, "I am fond of music of all kinds, but, particularly, of such as we have been hearing this evening."

"I am pleased to know that you find pleasure in music," Miss Foster responded, "that fact will cause me to feel that we have a bond of sympathy in common. Music has brought me many of my friends."

"That is welcome intelligence to me," said the professor, "for I am thereby encouraged to hope that I may become a member of that much favored circle."

"Thank you," quickly exclaimed Miss Foster, "for your very kind treatment of my remark, full of truth, but made without thought as to how it might sound in

your ears. But, as you can infer from my words, if you do ever have me enrolled as one of your friends, you will find that I am very frank in my utterances."

"That is an admirable trait, in my estimation," was the professor's remark, "I regret that it is not more general. I am often tried and disgusted with mankind, because of the prevalence of uncandidness and deceit. A person, at times, is at a loss to determine how much to believe of what people say when they speak words of commendation. In many instances such utterances are designed merely to produce a favorable impression that shall yield advantages for the speaker. Miss Foster, men and women are selfish, and even in what are accounted the tenderest relations. They are near and dear friends—that is they act the part of such—only for what there may be in it for them. Many, in their correspondence, would be more truthful if, instead of saying, "Your's lovingly," or "Your's faithfully," or "Your's sincerely," they were to say, "Your's to use you." But I beg your pardon for expatiating on this subject; however, by so doing, I have simply disclosed to you my frankness. Why might not this mutual characteristic constitute another bond of sympathy between us?"

Miss Foster replied, "That seems like a reasonable proposition, and I will ponder over it. I agree with you in your views as to friends. I believe that the real friends are very few, very, very few. How many have learned this to their bitter disappointment under adverse circumstances. When actually, and most needed, friends are hard to find. I have seen so much of the heartlessness and insincerity of professed friends, as I have watched others in times of trouble, that I do not permit myself to become dependent upon other people for anything. If necessary, I could find happiness by myself alone, in my books and music. But, to return to the music of the concert, of which we were speaking. Do you truly enjoy classical compositions? You may think that I am questioning your frankness in this query, but that is not my purpose. I am inquiring thus specially, because this class of music which is so fascinating to the musical scientist, is, as a rule, disappointing to those of poetic

temperament; such are apt to characterize it as "dry" or "tedious." You see how I class you."

"Your question is a proper one," Doctor Taylor declared, "I know many persons who have an ear for music, but not for all music. I cannot say that I have a fondness for harmonic problems and contrapuntal eccentricities, with which audiences are so often puzzled; but I do enjoy truly good, nutritious music, such as Theodore Thomas usually provides. His programmes are calculated to cultivate the taste of the public."

"It has long been my opinion," said Miss Foster, "that those persons who have a capacity for appreciating and for finding delight in good literature, ought to be able to appreciate and to enjoy music of a poetic and dramatic character when it is presented to them in a sympathetic manner, I think that we have herein the secret of success with Mr. Thomas. But it is time for us to be returning to our seats. I trust that we may meet again at some early day."

"It has afforded me great pleasure to have this little chat with you, I assure you," the professor said, "I wish, Miss Foster, that I might have the pleasure of your company some evening when I am going to the University Settlement, in the workings of which I have reason to think that you would be greatly interested. Would it be asking too much of you, should I now ask for that privilege?"

"Professor Taylor, I would esteem it a favor if I could be permitted to visit the Settlement in your company," answered Miss Foster, "for I have been wanting to look into that institution. If you will kindly inform me a few days in advance of the time, when you care to have me accompauy you, I will arrange to go with you. But we must return, as the music can now be heard. I bid you 'Good Night.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Professor Taylor was not slow in following up his advantage gained in Miss Foster's prompt acceptance of his invitation. The concert occurred on Tuesday evening, to the professor on Wednesday it seemed as if there had been a long interval since the agreement had been made, and so he wrote to Miss Foster proposing that the contemplated visit to his pet institution should take place on Friday evening; he wanted to make it Thursday, but he concluded that it might be prudent to fix upou one evening later. Somehow the intervening days dragged themselves along very lazily in his experience; but at last the longed for hour arrived, and he was in the presence of her who had come into his life to be a most important factor, so suddenly, and so unexpectedly.

Miss Foster who had looked forward with genuine delight to his coming, was soon in readiness for the departure, so that there was no long delay at the start. As the couple passed out through the gate of the front yard, they presented a very striking appearance, both being so tall, so well developed, and so graceful in their movements.

While walking along the Avenue to the intersecting street where the "cable" was to be taken, the Professor commented on the beautiful weather, and on the attractive houses that were passed; but, after taking the car, Miss Foster soon gave another turn to his conversation by saying, "I want you to tell me something about the Settlement to which we are going. But, before you do so, let me assure you that I was greatly delighted when I learned that some of the men of wealth in our city had contributed liberally to enable you to establish the institution on a broad scale."

"I had faith in the enterprise from the time that the thought of its projection first came into my mind." Professor Taylor declared, "I was confident that it would

win friends, and succeed, because of its intent, which is so in keeping with the spirit of the times. As we agreed in saying, a few evenings ago, mankind are selfish; and, yet, I believe, that the drift of the popular thought of the day is certainly toward weakening the power of selfishness, and strengthening the power of sympathy. How clearly this is brought out in the literature of the present. Never before was there so much written and published on the rights of man, and the happiness of mankind. Freedom was for ages the goal to which the leaders of humanity looked forward; but now, when this boon is so widely enjoyed, all the possibilities of freemen are being eagerly sought. It has been suggested that the poems of an age reflect what is passing in the minds of the people; and in the light of this suggestion, in looking to the past, we find Homer writing of war, Dante of the church, Shakespeare of kings. To-day the poems are burdened with the humanities. Then, how grandly is this enthusiasm for humanity disclosing itself in the practical benevolences of people, and most strikingly in the munificent gifts of rich men and women. Only a few years ago, a gift of thousands of dollars for some project to uplift humanity was a very rare occurrence. For a long period Stephen Girard's college in Philadelphia, and Peter Cooper's Institute in New York, stood as two lonely obelisks to commemorate instances of liberal giving on the part of rich men for the benefit of their fellows. But how great is the change that has taken place since then. Now scarcely a day passes that the angel of humanity does not have occasion to record some gift or bequest for some public park, or museum, or library, or home, or hospital or college. The roll of large givers does credit to our age,—Peabody, Pratt, Drexel, Child, Rockafeller, Crerar, Armour, Field, and many more. With these things in view, how could I be other than sanguine of the success of such an endeavor as that of the Settlement, so fraught with helpful influences for the elevation, and the ennobling of mankind."

The "Settlement"—a commodious building in the midst of a dense population, in a section of the city occupied by people known as the "working classes," people

naturally bright, capable, sensible, and virtuous, but poor, and, consequently, discontented and restless, and ambitious for everything in the way of improvement, and for the betterment of their lot, was at length reached. The time appointed for the "Talk," by the professor, not having arrived, he invited Miss Foster to attend him in a tour through the establishment, that she might become familiar with its appointments, and thus might have a more definite comprehension of its different departments. They first glanced into some of the "living apartments" occupied by the University students who lived among, and instructed, and in every way possible tried to be helpful to the people of the locality. They visited the Dispensary, where they saw a physician and an apothecary caring for a sick young girl, and for a young man who had met with an accident. They passed where they could look through glass partitions into several rooms where classes were reciting, in German, French, Latin, Greek, Natural Philosophy, Psychology, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Cooking, etc. The members of the classes were men and women, many of them workers in factories and shops, while not a few were clerks, and salesmen and salesladies in offices and stores. They looked into the large and well equipped gymnasium; and into the adjoining natatorium, with its numerous single bathing closets. They paused in the bright and cheery reading room, in the library, in the billiard and chess rooms; and looked into the smoking buffet. They then went and sat for a while in the large parlor, with its particularly tasteful furnishings and decorations. On all sides they saw clean, tidy, well-appearing, and nicely behaved people, ranging in age from fourteen to sixty years. And all of them seemed to be perfectly at home, and happy and enthusiastic with their surroundings. As the professor moved here and there, he was greeted with familiar and cordial salutations, while his companion was scanned with not a little curious interest. In one instance an old lady was overheard by them whispering—a stage whisper to her deaf husband, "You know, I have told you that I believed the Doctor had a lady-love somewhere; and

I'll warrant you that that is her. Isn't she handsome, a regular picture, and just a match for him?" Several individuals stopped the professor to ask him questions concerning points about which they had evidently had some discussion, and when he gave his answers they invariably acted as though they believed that the truth, or the facts had been learned. It was everywhere manifest, that he who had shown so much real and practical interest in them, was admired for his ability, and beloved as a true benefactor by the people.

Miss Foster was astonished and delighted. Again and again, the expression fell from her lips, "professor, I had no idea that you had such a perfect institution," "How attractive!" "This must be appreciated!" "How helpful!" Oh, this must do good, lasting good." "I am delighted with the provisions for the mere entertainment of the people, and especially the young people. You certainly will keep many from the "saloons", and the "gambling houses" to which so many resort solely because their homes in the tenement, or their rooms in the cheap boarding houses are unattractive."

While they visited in the parlor, the professor said: "You see what a bee-hive we have here in the evening; and, possibly, you think that quiet prevails during the day, when these people who are now here, are earning their bread. But such is not the fact. Were you to come here in the day time, you would see equally busy scenes, but with different actors, children cared for in the Creche, others in the Kindergarten; youth in classes organized for such as can give only two or three hours during the day to school; young housekeepers in the Cooking and Tailoring Departments, learning to prepare food, or to make and to repair garments. I really wish that you would come over here some time during the day and be present when, as one of the young women expressed it, they are "learning how to keep house." I believe that all of the work that we are doing is important, but I consider that which is being done in Domestic Science second to none in its beneficent results"

Miss Foster, after a slight pause, during which she had worn a very thoughtful look, remarked: "I will tell

you, Doctor, what has come to my mind several times this evening, it is this, perhaps a hetrodox question. Does not this institution illustrate very strikingly what the church of this age should be—of course varying according to the needs of each particular vicinage; something more than merely sermons, prayer-meetings, missionary gatherings in the interests of those "over the ocean wave, far, far, away," and socials, or gatherings for eating and gossiping? Excuse the peculiar.—I trust it is not profane, descriptive phrase, but it has occured to me that this is really a "Gospel Institution." The whole thing is, in my estimation, in harmony with what I think were the ideas, and deeds of Jesus Christ. He mingled with people, interested himself in them, made their case his own, endeavored to instruct and to elevate them, and so brought sweetness and beauty into life."

"There, now, you have given expression to my idea" interrupted the professor, "I, too, believe that the Christ example is reproduced here in this Settlement. I am positive in the conviction, that Jesus Christ presented in our methods, is far more attractive to mankind than he can ever be when only presented as he is by the average church. I do not wonder that the church has no strong hold upon the masses. The non-churchgoer, as a rule, is a thinker, is reasonable, and is intensely practical. To him or to her, the popular religion of the day is unattractive,—worse than that, it is a bundle of contradictions, inconsistencies, and absurdities. The church has lost beyond all calculation, by its failure to execute Christ's plans, as set forth in his words and works so far as we can know of them. Many persons have made the mistake of substituting the Church for Christ, and have spoken of the masses as being indifferent to him, but the people who constitute the masses make a distinction, they do not care for the church, but they do revere Jesus Christ. More than that, they believe that they understand him better, and that they appreciate him far more, than those who profess to represent him in their religious organizations, and theological formulas, and loud professions."

"And, judging from what I know of many people,

and many who are conspicuous in churches, I am disposed to think that they are not much, if any, away from the right in the matter," said Miss Foster. "I have also thought," she proceeded to add, "of this institution in comparison with the average church, from the business man's position, and I have been impressed with the difference in favor of the Settlement, in the returns from the investment in the respective plants. It is appalling when one carefully considers the facts in the case, how little is realized from the capital that is invested in churches; and, strange to say, the results seem to decrease in proportion as the amount of money expended increases. That surely is unbusinesslike. I have not guessed what I am stating, but I have learned what I am now telling you by a careful study of church statistics. For illustration, the costly avenue churches that are conducted only at great expense, as to fruitage, in no respect compare with the large, and much less expensive side-street churches, often barely supported, except as collection agencies. We do occasionally hear of the sums of money that they contribute for missions. But if the churches were more after the order of this institution; if they were always open, and if they were practical and helpful centers,—as I have said, adapted to the immediate necessities of localities, they would be much more useful, and, according to what you have suggested, they would have the favor and the presence of the multitudes, who now avoid them."

"Your reference to the expensiveness of churches," Doctor Taylor said, "suggests another matter that I have frequently had in thought. I have wished that church holdings could be listed for taxation, as it might be that congregations would then be less wasteful of money, both by curtailing extravagant outlays upon their edifices, and by causing a more general use to be made of their plants. As to the taxation of churches, I believe that the day is coming and that it is not far removed, when in our nation the consensus of opinion will demand its imposition. But this will be for other reasons than those which we have had in mind; however, the outcome may be just what we desire. You may recall that the

sagacious President Grant deemed this subject one of such grave importance that he, in one of his messages to congress, referred to the enormous valuation of church holdings, and expressed the fear that such a vast amount of property relieved of taxation would ultimately be a cause of serious trouble, the tax-burdened people becoming restive, and moving for relief."

The lecture hall in the Settlement was an auditorium capable of seating fourteen hundred persons; but, by sliding doors, it was possible to divide it into four or five rooms, to accommodate one or more audiences. On the evening when the professor was to speak, the full capacity of the large room was required to seat those who were eager to hear him. The secret of this was given by a young man, a street car gripman, who said, "He always has something new, and sensible, and interesting, to tell." His appearance on the platform was the signal for general applause; a circumstance which was very pleasing to Miss Foster, who had been escorted to a position from which she could readily see the speaker, and also watch the audience.

There were lectures and talks every evening during the Fall and Winter. Doctor Taylor spoke on an average six times in each month. He entitled his addresses "Talks." His topics varied, sometimes they were character sketches; at times they dealt with important historical events; now and then he gave explanations of things in the Bible; often he discussed social problems, and once in each month he answered the questions that were dropped into the "Question Drawer," which was in the Library, and to which all attendants were invited to bring such queries as they might wish to ask.

This particulae evening was one set apart for the answering of questions. Au orchestra composed of young men of the neighborhood, and which was one of the institutions of the Settlement, rendered several popular iars in a very creditable manner, both before and after the remarks by the Professor.

The first question read was, "What do you regard as the elements of success?" "This," said the Professor, "is always the question of the day. To be answered

fully an entire hour should be devoted to it. However, I will try to meet it with a few suggestions. To begin with, there should be found a proper sphere for activity. Our natural abilities differ. We are not so constituted and endowed that we can all act in the same department even though we may have been born, and reared and trained, under the same influences. A very pernicious, and harm-working error afloat, is in the estimate which is quite generally entertained as to the relative value of positions, something which I hope that we may be able to counteract, to some degree at least, here in this Settlement. Let it be recognized by us, what cannot be hidden from the view of sensible people, that every honest and pure calling—whether prominent or obscure, sweet or grimy, easy or hard, has its special importance, and is honorable and respectable. There is an almost infinite variety in the realms of usefullness, but this is owing to the varied needs of humanity; and they who in their spheres succeed in reaching and supplying such wants, receive about the same final reward. Occasionally some genius may rise into prominence, and win renown, but down among the multitude of toilers the same penny awaits each faithful worker at nightfall. Seek your place not because of what it may promise by way of reward, but seek it as one to which you are adapted by your own peculiar qualifications, and in which you can prove yourself useful to mankind.

"Having chosen your sphere in life, it is important that you act with a definite and settled purpose. Purpose is inspiration; yes, it is power. The purposeless individual is unstable as water. The difference between those who have accomplished something in life, and those who have failed, has often been in their difference as to purpose.

"Expectation is an element of success. We rarely achieve more than we expect. It is a principle valid everywhere that "to hit high, we must aim high." Columbus practically found the new world before he lifted anchor to sail from Spain; and so far from being surprised on discovering signs of land, when he neared the Western continent, he would have been astonished and chagrined, had he not made such a discovery.

"Courage is an essential to enable an individual to do his or her best in life. Success lies beyond the hill Difficulty, with its steep, rough, thorny paths.—and these often infested by robbers and destroyers of health, strength, money, and character. When we read the stories of those who have acquitted themselves well in life, we cannot but learn that the victories of peace are no less than those of war, the achievements of brave souls.

"Perseverance is an element of success. Vacillating men and women are one of the calamities of our times. There are many whose changes are so frequent that we scarcely ever feel certain as to where they can be found. "Sticktoittiveness," as it has been termed, is a necessity, if you desire to succeed, whatever your calling.

"One more element that I would emphasize is diligence. The idle do not achieve anything. Aspiration is important, but perspiration is necessary for realization. There are no sleepy-hollows in our modern life. We now and then hear of geniuses, but genius is usually only another name for hard-work. Great achievements are never the consequence of accident, nor are they called into being with the aid of some magic word or wand. Earnest, practical, persistent work, is the only charm that has yet been found by which to produce such results.

"Wherever you are called to act, there do your best—which is what everyone can do, and all that anyone is required to do. Do your best, not shrinking from what is difficult, nor neglecting what seems as trival. Do your best; make yourself a necessity; and the crown of success will be won."

The second question considered was, "What can I do to strengthen my memory?" "Use what you have," was the answer. "To use, it to retain and to develope; while not to use, is to lose. This is law, universal law. It is the daily exercise of years that has developed and rounded out the muscle of the smithy, whose ease and dexterity in swinging the heavy sledge gain our admiration. Exercise your physical members, exercise your mental faculties, and you will have strength accordingly. The pumps must be incessantly worked to keep afloat

the vessel that would otherwise sink, and, so, constant intellectual application is the antecedent to continued mental force and equipment."

A few questions bearing upon the work in the classes of the Settlement were found and answered, and then came several quizzes as to matters in theology.

One raised the query as to the existence of God, and this drew out the statement, that there were no atheists among thinking people, but that there were differences in opinion as to God,—his personality, his character, his interests, and his activities. The professor quoted Theodore Parker, where he declares, "Every part of the universe is an argument against atheism as a theory for its existence," and Prof. John Tyndall, where he wrote, "It is not in hours of clearness and vigor that the doctrine of material atheism commends itself to my mind: in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution to the mystery in which we dwell." Said Doctor Taylor, "We hear such titles as the "Absolute," the "Unknown," "Force," "Energy." But, as I regard them, these names only represent something back of them, in other words, "God."

"Let me here express it as my candid and settled conviction," the Professor declared, "that they are greatly mistaken, who imagine that the outcome of the agitation, that is constantly going on as to God, is to be atheism, and the exclusion of the divineness of things from the world. No, far from this, will be the result; in reality, it means clearer, nobler, and grander conceptions of the Infinite. We must not dread such agitation, but welcome it; for it is as to truth, what the refiner's process is for gold, it removes the dross, and yields for us the pure intrinsic material. As a matter of fact, God was never so well understood as he is in these modern times."

Another question was, "What, in your opinion, are we to believe concerning Jesus Christ?" When the Professor read this query, a peculiar light seemed to come into his countenance. "This," he said, "is a question that elicits more interest in our day that it ever has done before. And never were men nearer in accord,

in their answers to it, than they are to-day. In my humble opinion, we must believe that Jesus Christ is not a mythical being, but an actual historic personage. But I also suggest, that in contemplating Jesus, we need to be cautious to avoid human ideals, so as to be able to behold the real Jesus. The records which we possess, that tell us of him of whom we desire to know, are fragmentary, and are fallible, but as the fruit of thinking and idealizing concerning him, a vast literature has accumulated in which are many, and some very marvellous creations, purporting to represent Jesus; but these are not the historic Jesus of Nazareth. It is my conviction that, if the actual Jesus were to appear on our streets to-day, as he went about at Nazareth and Capernaum, we should not recognize him, no, not one of us; and I doubt whether there is a single church in Christendom where he would receive respectful attention.

"For my own part, and I have made careful, and extended investigation, I have yet to discover the first thing, in any authentic historical narrative touching him, that should serve as a reason for us to regard him as belonging outside of the human category. If I had more time than the few minutes in which I am to answer the question that has been asked, I might show you, by the presentation of the details of reliable history, how easily we can trace the growth of the idea of Jesus being more than a man—a being God and man, with two natures, two souls, one will, neither man nor God. We can follow every stage in this evolution between the humble birth of the babe, and the culmination in the promulgation of the doctrine of his divinity.

"I do not wonder that so much of the supernatural became associated with Jesus Christ. Indeed, it would be a very strange and striking fact had that not occurred, for it was all in keeping with the prevailing custom at that period of the world's history. It was then the fashion to deify certain human beings. It was in the atmosphere. Emperors, statesmen, orators, poets, and all recognized leaders, were deified. The Roman emperor Augustus, during whose reign Jesus was born, was thus enshrined during his lifetime; and throughout

the Roman empire pictures, and images of the emperor were to be found, to which devout homage was paid, especially by the common people.

"Fairly viewed, the Gospels, from which we are supposed to derive the correct ideas as to Jesus Christ, are found to contain two distinct stories, very different from each other, and utterly irreconcilable. In the one we find features which indicate that it must have been the original tradition, preceding the first inception of the thought that Jesus was more than man.

"It is a significant fact, that the Gospel of Mark, which every intelligent critic of our day classifies as the oldest, and as affording the most authentic tradition, is profoundly silent both as to a supernatural birth and a supernatural resurrection.

"But have you ever investigated to learn how these Gospels came into existence? Who wrote the New Testament? I cannot answer that question. Nobody can do it. There have been some fifty manuscripts discovered, containing portions of the New Testament; but these differ more or less,—no two being alike. Nobody can tell by whom they were written. No one ventures the claim for any of them that they are the original books. They are described as "copies." No one living in our day pretends ever to have seen one of the original manuscripts, or to have seen some one who did look upon one of them, or to have seen some one who had seen some one else who had looked upon one. It would seem but the proper thing that manuscripts of such tremendous importance, as those bearing messages fraught with matters that were to determine the present happiness or woe, and the eternal destinies of the souls of mankind, should carry with them the strongest evidences of their authenticity, and authority. But not one of them bears the signature, or the mark, or the seal of the writer. True, there are instances, where there are addresses, or references, which are cited as evidences of authorship; but these have been found to be interpolations, which were introduced to meet the demand for such evidence.

"Contrary to the prevalent notion, none of the disciples of Jesus wrote his story. They went to and fro

and talked about him, but not one of them reduced to writing what he had seen and heard while associated with the Nazarene. This, no doubt, seems singular to you, as it does to all persons to whom the fact becomes known; for, very naturally, we think, that men with such a mission as that with which the disciples of Christ must have believed themselves to be entrusted, would be eager and anxious to put their message into some permanent form, both for its preservation and its promulgation. But there is a reasonable explanation for their conduct. They,—as was the case with the early church for a long period, believed that Jesus was soon to reappear; that he was due at any time, and that on his coming, he was to put an end to all things, and to establish a divine kingdom of heaven. Under such circumstances, as we can readily understand, it would not occur to anybody to resort to record writing.

"It was not until many years had passed, and not until after the apostles had gone hence; and when it was found that Jesus was delaying his second coming far beyond all expectation, that thought was given to the writing of a history of the man of Galilee. Then were collected together such things as were known with reference to his character, life, and teachings, according to the traditions which had been handed down from his times. It is needless for me to enlarge upon the inaccuracy of such legendary sources. We all know how easy it is for people to forget, and also how easy it is for many to add to a story that passes from lip to lip.

"Permit me to show you a little more in detail. Consider the geneological tables which occur in the Gospel of Luke. They trace the ancestry of Jesus, and they give the descent from David to Joseph. Now, if Joseph was not the father of Jesus, of what import is that table? It then is out of place associated with the history of Jesus. This, as you probably surmise, is a part of the earlier tradition, before it had entered the mind of any one that Joseph should not appear to be the father of Jesus,—that he might seem of supernatural origin.

"We have another evidence of this earlier tradition. Take the narrative as it occurs in Luke. An angel vis-

its Elizabeth, and prophecies the birth of John. Another angel appears to Mary, and predicts the birth of Jesus. An angel visits Joseph, and tells him what is to take place. Then, when Jesus at the age of eight days is carried into the temple, the prophet Simeon and the prophetess Anna, recognize his miraculous origin and nature, and that he is the divinely sent Savior of his people. Now, what we should notice is this fact, that if what we are herein told be true, Joseph and Mary, and others of their family and social circles, and certain distinguished people in Jerusalem, all knew who Jesus was, knew that he was a divine being, knew that he was God manifest in the flesh; and, yet, notwithstanding all this, Luke tells us the incident about Jesus at the age of twelve years being taken to Jerusalem, to one of the feasts, and that Mary, and Joseph, and all of them, were perfectly astonished that this supernatural being should disclose any unusual knowledge. They were greatly surprised that he was able to ask and to answer questions that puzzled learned doctors; and when they were on their way home, and discovered the absence of the lad, they were sorely troubled, as though the supernatural one, if from under their vigilance and care, could not avert danger. Surely, there is a lack of consistency in such a story. There are other incidents that are equally unreconcilable. I can, however, refer to but one more, in my brief time, and that is in a description of the conduct of the brothers of Jesus. The record states that they did not believe in him; that, when he proclaimed himself the Messiah, and wrought some miraculous works, instead of recognizing his authority and ability, they sneered at him. They did not believe in him nor in his claims. Now, it is not reasonable to conclude that they would have pursued such a course had they known what the narratives relate as predictions made to their parents and to others, even before his birth, concerning him.

"Chrysostom, one of the Church Fathers, acknowledged that it was not known originally that Jesus was anything more than a man; he stated that it was believed that Joseph was his father. He declared that Mary and

Joseph were married under divine direction, in order that there might be a concealment of the fact that Jesus was born of a virgin. But, concealment from whom? Why, he and others taught, that it had to be covered and concealed from the devil, because the devil was watching for some wonderful person who was to be virgin-born, and that he purposed to frustrate the plans of the Almighty. It was, therefore, necessary to deceive him, and so prevent him from gaining correct information concerning the matter. It was also held by these same ancient teachers, that it was necessary that satan should not know that Jesus was a divine being, since it would not have occurred to him that Jesus as God could be put to death; and without his death the whole scheme for man's redemption would have proved a failure. I have made mention of these opinions of the early church leaders only to show by them, as adverse witnesses, that at the first Jesus was regarded as being simply a man, and that no one thought differently as to him until a long period afterward.

"As to his teachings, Jesus was not original, nor did he lay claim to originality. He taught little or nothing that had not been apprehended by sages before him, and of his own times. The "Golden Rule" is attributed to him, and yet it was announced by Confucius hundreds of years before Jesus was born. Gautama taught it. Hillel taught it. Listen to a few sayings that are represented as having been spoken by Jesus, but which are also found in Buddhist writings, that were extant before the advent of Jesus.

"Whosoever cometh to me and heareth my sayings and doeth them, he is like a man which built a house and laid a foundation on a rock."

"Why call ye me Lord and do not the things which I say?

"Love your enemies and do good, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great."

"Be ready, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

"Sell all that ye have and give to the poor."

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years;

take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?"

"The life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple."

"Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

"For behold the kingdom of God is within you."

"Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life. Watch ye therefore and pray always."

"The New Testament abounds with descriptions of miracles which are said to have been performed by Jesus, as credentials both for his divinity, and his authority to teach. But, allowing that he did all the marvellous things with which he is accredited, there would not be herein evidence of Godship. The Old Testament reports miracles on the part of men. And the New Testament tells of miracles wrought by the apostles, even to the raising of the dead.

"But it is a serious objection to the claims for the miracles of Jesus, that the first mention of them occurs in the epistle of Barnabas, and in certain apocryphal gospels which are supposed to have been written about the year A. D., 130. Silence on the part of Christian writers, touching so important a subject, during an entire century, is unexplainable, if it is advocated that such works were reported of Jesus, and believed by his disciples.

"It is improbable that Jesus ever claimed or pretended to do miraculous deeds to verify his claims or words. For him to have done that would have been to detract from his lofty character, and to place himself on the low plane with Simon Magus and other miracle-workers of that period.

"To many persons, the disposition to reject the miracles is an evidence of skepticism. But, on the other hand, is it not a sign of skepticism where men base their belief largely, if not not even altogether on them?

"Properly considered, that evidence which occurs in

the character and life of Jesus is an ever increasing evidence, while that which it is proposed that we shall derive from miracles must necessarily be decreasing and diminishing evidence. To the immediate witnesses thereof, miraculous works might appeal with force; but the story as to what they had seen, even from the lips of such eye-witnesses, to those of the same times would be received with more or less question; and, now, very naturally, with over eighteen centuries intervening between the works reported and our own day, that story is yet more open to doubt. The lapse of time weakens, it does not strengthen, the testimony purporting to be that of those who saw miracles wrought. But that same lapse of time strengthens it does not weaken the evidence that comes from the person and character of Jesus.

"Mark this, and I think that my utterances bear me out in what I am about to say, I do not mean to detract, to the slightest degree from the dignity, the beauty, or the glory of Jesus, which I appreciate as fully as do those whose views I now antagonize; if, indeed, not more so, inasmuch as I do not believe with them, that he requires the glamor of legends, and false representations, to commend him to the faith and the love of mankind.

"To my view, Jesus is one of the great beacon-lights of humanity. He was a man, but one of such grandeur of character aud conduct as to appear as a being belonging outside the lines of human evolution. He did not add to the world's thought. He did not solve any scientific, or philosophic, or socialistic, or governmental problems. He made no claim to a mission as to such things. But he was the very embodiment of those elements which make for righteousness, which he had apprehended, and which he tried to inculcate in others. He was a reformer in his day. He was a heretic in the estimation of the churchmen of his times. He was regarded as a destructionist. He was charged with being a blasphemer. And his life was destroyed by those who professed to represent God and truth.

"There is an old heathen myth, that tells how, in the early ages, when the gods conversed with men, a certain Greek, eminent for his virtue and his piety, was invited

to spend a few days at Olympus. Upon his return, his neighbors and friends in large numbers gathered about him, and said, "You must tell us what you saw and heard; and, especially, you must tell us about the gods themselves." He answered, "When I looked on Venus I could think only of love and beauty. As I looked at Mercury, in his aerial lightness, he impressed me as an ideal messenger of the god. As I gazed upon Mars, with his plumed helmet and his flashing armor, I seemed to hear the shouts of contending armies, the groans of the dying, and the shouts of the victors; and so with Juno, Apollo, and Minerva, they impressed me as being the incarnate embodiments of the virtues, or graces, which in our religion we have attributed to them." "But, Jove! Jove!" they cried, "tell us about Jove." He replied, "I saw him sitting; I saw him standing; I saw him reclining; I saw him when he was speaking; I saw him when he was silent; and in all positions, and under all circumstances, he was a god all over." And, so, we must say of the man of men, as we follow him in his life, he is to us as the ultimate being. It makes no difference amid what circumstances we find him—favorable or unfavorable, with the uninfluential, or the influential, with the poor or the rich, with the afflicted or those in health, his moral grandeur never departs, but everywhere the perfect man discloses himself. The majesty of Jesus is the majesty of absolute truth, and absolute purity, and absolute holiness. Associated with him, art is purer, prose holier, poetry sweeter, man better, and the race happier.

A further question was, "How do you regard the story of the resurrection of Christ?" "I do not believe in his physical resurrection," said Doctor Taylor, "and for what is, to me, a very good reason, that there is no proper proof to establish, and to sustain such a belief. To begin with, we have not the first hand testimony of a single eye-witness. The nearest testimony to this that we possess, is that which is given by Paul, whose record is the oldest that we have, and who testifies to seeing Jesus after the resurrection. He tells that he never saw Jesus in the flesh, but that he saw him in the road lead-

ing from Jerusalem to Damascus, years after his death.

"But there are two stories that are intended to give us Paul's experience, and they are not in harmony. In the one it is said that the people who were with Paul heard a voice speak, but did not see anything. The other relates that these same people saw a light, but did not hear anything. Both of these statements cannot be true. We know from other things in his writings that Paul was a man disposed to see visions; he makes mention of his being caught up into the third heaven, where he heard things which it was not lawful for him to repeat. He tells us that he saw visions, and, hence, when he says that he saw Jesus, and, then also declares that the twelve saw him, that Peter saw him, and that five hundred at one time saw him, we question whether he intends the same kind of seeing in each instance. The sole first hand testimony we have, that anyone saw him is Paul's. His is the only testimony we possess, of which we know anything,—the only evidence.

"As to the narratives contained in the Gospels, admitting, for the time being, their reliability, they do not support the doctrine of a material resurrection. Therein Jesus is represented as having shown himself to his disciples, after his death, at numerous times, in different places, and under various circumstances, within the period of forty days. And, yet, we are told, that whenever he did come to them, and speak once more, he was as a stranger to them. The localities, and their associations; their familiarity with Jesus; their memories, and their love and hopes, clustering about him, ought to have served to enable them to recognize him at once; but it was not so. On the other hand, he often seemed as a spectre, a shadow, a ghost,—and, then, later was seen to be the master. Certainly, there is nothing in such stories to favor the coarse materialism so generally held and believed as Christian truth, and which abounds in sermons, and, especially, in hymn-poetry. According to such authorities, Jesus now exists somewhere in the very body in which he dwelt when on earth; and congregations of Christian people sing with Watts:

"Five bleeding wounds he bears,"

and with Charles Wesley:

"Shows his wounds and spreads his hands."

"Now, I will not say that Paul, or that others did not see Jesus; but I do hold that if he was seen, it was in his spiritual body. They saw him just as many people to-day believe that they see those with whom they have walked in life's ways, but who are now gone hence. I do not call this superstitious, or absurd. If it is possible for people to-day to look upon those who are described as dead, a very inappropriate description, I think, because while the body dies, the life of the soul goes on uninterrupted, and really less trammeled; then herein have we the most reasonable explanation for Paul's words, and even for what we are told in the Gospels. And this opinion receives support from Paul himself, where he is speaking concerning the resurrection, in the epistle to the Corinthians, where he said emphatically that it is not the body which is placed in the grave that is to be raised. He here gives no encouragement to those coarse and gross conceptions which too often mark thought in connection with the absent ones.

"Let me make one more suggestion. The present body is good, but not good enough for the spirit of man. It is something well adapted to bring us into close correspondence and unity with the whole grand world of sense and sound. But it is something that will die. It is simply the soldier's tent, that does well enough for the campaign. We are not yet perfectly embodied. In these mortal bodies, in which we begin to live, and to be formed for immortality, we wait in the patience of hope for the perfect spiritual body which shall be.

Another question was, "Are we to view the death of Jesus Christ as a sacrifice for sinners after the manner set forth in the orthodox creeds and confessions?" Having read the inquiry, Professor Taylor at once answered, "No." He then said, "I have given my answer to this question, but I now desire to tell you something about the changes that have occurred in the theories of the "atonement," as it has been entitled. Those who have any acquaintance with orthodox writings and sermons

know, that the first point usually made to emphasize the necessity for the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, is the fall of man, in the sin of Adam, and the consequent condition of the whole race under the condemnation of God. By some it is taught, with others it is a matter about which they are undetermined; but, according to this doctrine, it is only a logical conclusion, that every child that is born comes into the world under God's curse, and is "lost,"—a shadow thus being cast even over the cradle.

"At first, and for a long period, it was believed and taught, that in Adam's sin the race of mankind rebelled against God, and thus came under the dominion of the devil, the arch-enemy of God; and that the death of Jesus Christ was the stipulated price which God agreed to pay to Satan for the release of such of mankind as might be willing to accept the conditions of his proposed ransom. Later, the idea was formulated, that Jesus suffered and died in order that it might be possible for God to meet the demands of justice, and to be consistently merciful, in saving those who believed. Thus "God could be just and the justifier of him who believeth." Then arose what is known as the "governmental theory," according to which it was not God's own justice that required to be "appeased," but that it was a governmental necessity that needed recognition. God's government had been grossly insulted, and the insult could not be permitted to go unpunished, and the government be maintained in the eyes of an intelligent universe. Therefore, to save the guilty race, and to preserve the government inviolate, somebody had to suffer, and Jesus consented to be the victim. Then there developed another scheme, which held that the life, sufferings and death of Jesus were only a manifestation of the love and mercy of God, intended merely to influence men so that they should accept of this salvation. These are the different theories that have been entertained, and according to which it was necessary that Jesus should bleed and die, to enable God to extricate himself from a position into which he had been brought by the transgression in Eden, and to save mankind.

"Of course, there are phases of thought in these theo-

ries about which I have not said anything; they are those features which have given rise to the different branches of the orthodox church, or, what are even more numerous, the many and various theological groups that, nevertheless, find themselves within the orthodox flock, ranging from those who are extremely Arminian to those who are ultra Calvanistic in their conceptions. But, with these we need not concern ourselves on this occasion.

"When the orthodox view of the "Fall" is dropped, the keystoue of the arch of the whole system of orthodoxy is gone, and there remains only a mass of debris. And, in the light of modern knowledge, this is an inevitable result. Were it not for prejudice, fear, and superstition, there would be a general theological land-slide. This fact is known, and is conceded, by those who are entrusted with the interests of the orthodox denominations; not possibly, in so many words, but by the changes in their formulas, which are being introduced from time to time. There is in these times scarcely a meeting of a church Council, Conference, or Assembly, but that has before it some proposition looking in the direction of a change in the articles of faith. Where is there a pulpit to-day, that gives forth the sounds that emanated from the pulpits of orthodoxy thirty, or twenty years ago? And in how many cases have far more radical transformations been made, than those for which men plead, and for which they were condemned, and excommunicated, as heretics within the memory of almost the youngest member of this audience. But the end is certainly coming, it can only be delayed. The torches of science and reason are in the van, and humanity will follow wherever the sacred light may lead.

"However, I owe it to you to add some thoughts as to what we must do if we would be saved. We hear much about the necessity of "belief." We are told that we must believe this or that doctrine, or scheme, in order that we may be "born again," and be saved. But there is not a single authentic passage, in either of the Gospels, that authorizes such teachings. In Mark, we read, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." It is represented that

Jesus gave expression to these words in his farewell address, when he was about to ascend to the Father. Now, if he did speak these words, they are the most important that ever fell from his lips. But, strange to relate, while that final interview is reported by others, those words, of such tremendous consequence to mankind, are not recorded by them. Neither Matthew, Luke, or John, so much as refers to them. Then, again, if Jesus did so hinge life and death on belief, it is a very singular circumstance that he did not have something to say of the same nature, while he went about preaching to the multitudes; for we have no mention of his doing anything of the kind during the period of his ministry. The passage, beyond all question, is wholly spurious. In John we read. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye must be born again." But in no other Gospel is this doctrine of regeneration taught; it occurs nowhere else. The words are said to have been spoken by Jesus to Nicodemus, in a private, and secret, midnight interview, but is it not reasonable for us to conclude, that if Jesus taught such a doctrine, he would have made some mention of it on other occasions, and in some of his public discourses? Now, I hold that his silence in reference to so important a matter at all other times, demonstrates the utter unreliability of the report which is given in the book of John.

"What Jesus did teach and emphasize, from the beginning to the end of his ministry, was, that salvation is character. And to produce character, was the object which he had in view in all that he taught and did. I believe that the lessons which he gave are all summarized in what we have in the "Sermon on the Mount," as contained in the book of Matthew. There is nothing in that about being "born again," or "believing," or "baptism," but there is an abundance of teaching that commends itself to the reason, and to common sense, as something calculated to make men good and happy citizens for this life, as well as to afford them hope for the life that is to come. Who can demand more, as the conditions of salvation, than those that are implied in the beatitudes? Hear them: "Blessed are the poor in spirit:

for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for their's is the kingdom of heaven." Glancing along, we find, directly after what is known as the "Lord's prayer," this statement, which is just, "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Elsewhere Jesus declared, "Not everyone that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." The essential thing is, not creed-subscription, nor church-connection, but a right life. To my mind it is a significant fact, that whenever Jesus pointed the lessons as to the conditions of salvation, with a living example, he never turned to the priests, or to other conspicuous churchmen, but he found his illustrations away from such,—as in the instance of the Good Samaritan, who was hated, despised, spurned as a dog, and most malignantly persecuted by the Jew, the orthodox believer of that period. Jesus had no interest in merely the length and hue of a man's creed, but he did believe in righteousness. He magnified truth, honesty, purity, fairness, kindness, charity, and love.

"We hear men speak of "conversion." I believe in conversion: it means to "turn-about." If a ship is headed towards the rocks, and the captain discovers the impending danger, and changes the vessel's course, heading it for safety, it is converted, turned-about. If a man is a liar; let him turn-about, and be truthful. If a man is a thief, let him turn-about, and be honest. If a man is a drunkard, let him turn-about, and be sober.

"I also believe in instantaneous conversion. What that signifies is decision. This is always a matter of an instant. There may be a long preparatory process—deep thinking, much feeling, and careful weighing of consid-

erations; or there may be a sudden overwhelming experience of some kind to precipitate it; but in each instance there will be a second of time at which the man says, "I will."

"As to how people may be moved at "will," depends largely upon individual peculiarities, the thing being to a marked degree constitutional. Men are influenced differently, some more easily than others; and, then, different influences are required to move different persons. Some people are very susceptible, others seem to be without susceptibility. Some are impressed through the intellect, others through the emotions. Some may be startled by a look, others are indifferent even to an earthquake.

"Preachers often speak of things that are necessary to influence people in the orthodox way, so that the feelings and conduct produced shall be up to the orthodox standard. They do not preach it now,—for the occupants of the pews today, think too much for themselves to quietly submit to such teachings; but the doctrine was formerly preached, and it is yet in Confessions of Faith, that good deeds wrought by those who haven ot been converted in the manner prescribed by theological standards, are an abomination in the sight of God. It is in the light of such teachings that in certain religious circles it is counted heresy for anyone to suggest even the possibility of the salvation of Socrates, Plato, or, coming down to modern times, Humboldt, Lincoln, Darwin, Stuart Mill, Emerson, Agassiz, Whittier, and others, whose ideas were not of the orthodox type, but who in their minds and lives were like unto Jesus Christ. But we may rest assured that such distinctions, as we have noticed, are unwarranted, and are sheer nonsense. We have no reason to sit in judgment to decide as to the quality of the influences, or the motives, which lie back of genuine goodness. The essential thing is to have people turn from that which is evil, and to do well. This is all that we can gather from the life and teachings of Jesus himself. Indeed, it was to effect deliverance for his fellows, from the hard and difficult conditions imposed by the church of his times, and

to enable them to apprehend the fact that religion is not in belief, nor in pious forms and ceremonies, nor in adherence to a church, but in a grand, elevated, love—pervaded conduct towards God and man, that he taught, and ultimately suffered martyrdom on the cross.

At the close of these remarks, a young man in the audience spoke saying, "Professor Taylor, we do not want to overtax your enduring qualities, but because of some of the things that you have said, several of us in this part of the house, would feel greatly indebted to you if you would favor us briefly with your views as to the importance, or non-importance of church-membership."

In response, the Doctor said, "I trust that no one has inferred from anything that I have said, that I am opposed to churches, for that is not the case. I believe that they meet a want. They are in many instances centers of usefulness for multitudes. But, what I desire to have understood, and what I want to emphasize, is, that I do not regard connection with a church an essential to salvation. I know that there are as good people without, as there are within the churches. The prospects for the population of heaven would be very gloomy, if ecclesiastical organizations were alone to be depended upon to furnish it. I think that churches in many cases neutralize their influence, and lessen their usefulness by claiming to be more than they are; also by their demands, as to creed—subscription; again, by their disposition to favor certain classes of people, for, say what men will to the contrary, the church has a more cordial welcome for the family on the Avenue, than for the one that is housed in the back street, is more eager for the cultured than for the uncultured, is more joyful over the advent of the rich than of that of the poor; and, further, by their conservativeness about adjusting their methods to the circumstances and the needs of communities. If churches were what they should be, "Toynbee Hall," the "Hull House," and the "University Settlement," would not be objects of curiosity to people, for then each church would be more or less, as respective localities required, similar to such institutions. If you are not identified with a church, and if you know of one where you believe that

you could find a congenial companionship in the members, and where you believe that you could get benefit, and be useful, and where you could subscribe to the doctrines, and submit to the government; and if you feel drawn to it, then I advise you to present yourself to be received into communion. For my own part, I prefer the freedom of non-church membership; I will not be trammeled by creed statements, framed centuries ago by men who were not beyond the knowledge of myths and traditions, and who had not the first conception of the scientific and historical methods of our times. They knew not truth nor God, as they are known in our times; and I will not place myself under the discipline of men, who are, in so many cases, narrow, selfish, bigoted, unjust, and even mean and cruel. My church is here in this Settlement. This is a universal church. We impose no creed tests; we welcome every earnest soul; we are ready to fellowship Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian. In this place we say with the poet.

"For forms of faith let foolish zealots fight,
He cant be wrong whose life is in the right."

After the Professor had finished his "talk," many persons crowded about him, to express their satisfaction with his answers to the questions that had been placed in the drawer. A few seemed to be inclined to dissent from him, and to ask further as to his reasons for his opinions; but all others acknowledged themselves to be satisfied with his explanations, while not a few expressed wonder that they had not seen things in the same light before, everything being so clear and simple to them, as is usually the case where truth has been apprehended.

After they had passed out from the Settlement building, and as they walked along briskly under the beautiful stars, and in the cold, and frosty atmosphere, Miss Foster told of the enjoyment that the visit had afforded her, and of the interest with which she had listened to the answers to the questions that had been asked. She said, "I could not help thinking, at different times, when you were giving your opinions of the startling effect that such

utterances would produce if they were spoken in the Old Frame Church. It seemed as if I could see old Deacon Sniveller's little head, with its thatch of coarse, black hair, crook more than ever to one side, in his aversion to such sentiments.

"Deacon Sniveller," asked the professor, "who is he?"

Miss Foster replied, "Oh, he is the oldest deacon in our church; one of your typical church-officials. A man who trades on his church relations. One who considers it a terrible sin to disbelieve "the standards," but who can unblushingly lie and defraud"

"I have an idea that I know the man to whom you refer," Doctor Taylor remarked, "Is he not a man of medium height, with a full beard, and an unkempt head, with one shoulder higher than the other, and with a mincing, Miss Nancy, walk?"

"Yes," was the answer, "that is the man. But, pray, tell me, how did you chance to make such a minute record of his peculiarities?"

"Why, said the professor," that man came to me one evening, when I was at the Old Frame Church, and, after addressing me by name, expressed himself very favorably touching my lectures, but, later, that same evening, I casually overheard him speaking of me, and expressing entirely different sentiments. I then took a good look at him, that I might know him, and named him "Janus." Such men are a curse to any church, and a pest to a community."

"Well, he has been a curse to our church," Miss Foster declared.

"I dont doubt but that he would be for casting me out bodily from the church, were I to speak therein as I have spoken this evening," the professor said, "but, as I am situated, I am independent of such bigots, and I purpose to remain so."

"I now appreciate, more than I did before my visit", said Miss Foster, "how much lasting benefit the Settlement must bring to the people in whose midst it is located. I was glad to see evidences of appreciation on the part of those who were in attendance this evening. They esteem, and look with confidence to you, as they

should do. You must have great influence over them. I imagine that in the multitude there are individuals to whom you find yourself specially drawn, and whose development you watch with a peculiar delight. Am I not right in this?"

"Yes," was the reply, "what you have imagined is a fact with me. And I wish that you could have been present at the first, that you might be able to see, as I do, what has been accomplished by our work for some of the people whom you saw this evening. As you know, in the beginning our efforts were experimental, but today we act with certainty, as to the outcome. When we came here, the people were suspicious of us; they could not understand our interest in them; they doubted the absence of unselfish motives; they believed that time would disclose that we were executing some church scheme for corralling people by multitudes. But, gradually they discovered that we were not "playing a game;" that we were really what we professed to be; that we actually intended their good; and then they warmed towards us, welcoming us to their homes, confiding in us, and identifying themselves with the Settlement. Our establishment is now their own. It has made itself a necessity to them. They would be dissatisfied without it. They frequent our library for books; they read our papers, and magazines; they discuss their labor and social problems in our rooms; they attend our lectures; they are in our classes; they provide various entertainments for themselves, from time to time, taking advantage of our halls, and of our suggestions; and they make free use of all our provisions for health and comfort. If I could tell our story of what has been done for individuals, you would be amazed. We found all sorts and conditions represented in our constituency, and so there has been, necessarily, a variety in the results of our efforts. By the way, did you notice the large couple that was seated in front, at my left, this evening; the man with an open, frank countenance, who started an applause two or three times?"

Miss Foster answered, "Yes, sir, I did see those people, and I was moved to watch them because of their

manifest great interest in all that was said and done."

"Well, those people," the professor explained, "were among the first in the community who were disposed to come to us. He is a gravel roofer, a bright man, and a very active member of a trades-union. He was sore against capitalists, and all who seemed to represent them. His wife is a woman with more than the average good sense. She had heard him speak so much of the oppressing classes, that she sympathized with him in his views, to a considerable extent. When the Settlement was planted near their home, they looked askance at it. They regarded it as either a church institution; or some half-alms-house provision of capitalists, who were desirous of winning renown as benefactors. It fell to my lot to meet the man, one evening, at the home of a neighbor. In my conversation with him, I drew out his opinion of the Settlement, and I then concluded that I would have to win his interest, but without disclosing my object. I did not attempt to argue with him about the institution, but, in fact, I avoided it, in what I had to say. However, as I had led him to express his ideas on certain sociological questions, concerning which he had read not a little, I referred to what he had said with reference to them, and proceeded to express my opinions thereon, and to give my reasons for them. I soon saw that I had won his favor, for as he afterwards expressed it, he saw that I had made a study of the problems of the laboring classes. Then, seeing that he was interested in what I had to say, I excused myself to go. Of course, as I expected would be the case, he and his friends urged me to tarry; but I declined to do so, saying that I had already prolonged my call so that it was a visit. As I was leaving, I said that I would be pleased to have them all come to the Settlement, and assured them that I would be there, chat with them about the things that concerned them, and that I would also give them some pamphlets on those subjects. My new acquaintance at once spoke up, accepting my invitation, and on the very next evening he was on hand. His experience on that occasion was so satisfactory that he came again that week, and he kept on coming, and in a short time, he appeared

accompanied by his wife. Since then they have both been regular attendants and active missionaries in securing the presence of others. They have enrolled themselves in some of our classes, and he is the president of one of our debating clubs. He and his wife are dressing better than they did when I first met them. I sometimes think that even at this early day, their very countenances are beginning to give evidence of the ennobling and refining influences of our work. "The druggist that you saw, is one of our trophies. He came to us a veritable tramp. He was broken down, physically, from drink and from exposure. He was clothed with filthy rags. He had been tramping through the country in company with a man who graduated at West Point, and who was on the staff of General Sherman during the civil war. He is a graduate of Ann Arbor, and was at one time a very successful physician in Omaha. He was induced to cast in his lot with us, and is now in his right mind. He teaches a few classes, and is in charge of our drug department. We are, I regret to say, about to lose him, as he has decided to enter the ministry of the M. E. church.

"Did you see that little, insignificant looking man, with a very heavy moustache, and a sneaking air, who addressed me as we were about to leave the hall? That was Robert Tate, an ignorant, but a very conceited country salesman for a Chicago firm. He is called the meanest man in the locality. No one seems to have any regard for him. It is known that he goaded his wife to suicide. He annoyed her in every way that a diabolical mind could devise, even going so far as to forbid grocers selling her necessaries. There is no one who has sufficient respect for him to be willing, even for large pay, to enter and care for his home, save a women who is an Ishmaelite like himself. As I see him, I do not wonder that people feel in reference to him as they do; but I try to interest myself in him for the sake of his little boy, who I hope will be a much better man than his father. The man evidently appreciates my interest, and so comes to me with his troubles, and for counsel.

"The usher in the aisle where you were seated is a

character. He is a man of average education, and was formerly a book-keeper for a large wholesale firm; but whiskey got the better of him. He had gotten far down. He was for three years a member, and a portion of the time the President of the "League of Queer Fellows," a Chicago organization down on the "Levee" enrolling it is said hundreds of members, and one of whose principles is, that no member shall sleep in a bed, under penalty of forty cents. They are supposed to sleep in hogsheads, under sidewalks, etc. They are, as you can conjecture, all hard drinkers. This man has told that it is a virtue among them to be always under the influence of beer, or whiskey. He says that he once met with an accident, and was taken to the hospital, and that on being discharged he was ashamed to go among his old chums, for fear that they would look upon his "bleached face" as indicating that he had been sober. When he dropped into the Settlement, he was coatless, his hat was void of a crown top, and his feet were covered with what he described as a "a boot and bootee." He is today a sober and industrious member of the community, and is one of the most regular attendants at the Settlement

"I am very much interested in a number of our young people, and for some of them, who have shown an aptitude as students, I have some very ambitious plans and hopes. You know that not a few of earth's truly great men and women have come from lowly homes, and I trust that if we have any of the material of which such are made, in our midst, that its development will be made easy and pleasant by the facilities of the Settlement. In this manner I think, and plan and work, and hope, with satisfaction. I am conscious that substantial aid is being rendered to humanity, and where it is much needed, and sincerely appreciated.

Having reached the Foster home, the Professor declined an invitation to enter, owing to the lateness of the hour; and after a mutual exchange of expressions as to the pleasure that had been afforded by the visit made in each other's company, he parted with Miss Foster, promising to call upon her at some not very distant day.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was about this period, when these interesting incidents, which have received our attention, were occurring, that one morning, as I was walking along the street, I heard a familiar voice mention my name, when, on looking back I saw Mr. Michael, with blanched countenance, approaching, and eager to speak, as if he had something of unusual importance to make known. "I say, Mr. Truman," he exclaimed, "and have you heard the sad, the very sad news of to-day?"

"No," was my answer, "what is it?"

He explained. "Our dear old friend, the 'Judge,' yes, "Judge" Johnson has left us. He is gone."

I was prompted to inquire, "What, has he wandered away, and become lost?" For, during months prior to this time, the old man had been incapable of doing business, seemingly dying out at the top. I had repeatedly seen him moving about, with a slow shuffling gait, and with his chin resting on his breast, while his eyes stared vacantly at the sidewalk. All interest in people and things seemed to have vanished.

"No, no," was Mr. Michael's response, "he is dead. Yes, he has gone to meet his maker. Early this morning he took a train to go to the city, and in some way, unknown, he fell from the platform of the car, while it was in motion, and had his life crushed out." Then he proceeded to say:

"The 'Judge' was one of our oldest citizens. In the early days he was considerable of a man among us. But I must say, though one ought to speak only well of the dead, he would have been more respected and honored had he been a different man from what he was. He was really too fond of himself. In his estimation, what he did not know was not worth knowing. He was very aristocratic, and overbearing in his ideas and conduct. Why, he, at times, acted as if he owned all the rest of us

in the place, and as if there was no choice for us but to do as he directed. And yet, as I know, when he first came here and settled, he took hold of nothing, and swung off. He possessed very little; and what he later accumulated, he obtained by very questionable "deals." He has figured in land schemes, he has conspired with others to defeat creditors, and he has had a part in political jobbery. He used to be conspicuous in the Old Frame Church, but it was to gratify his vanity, and to put him in the way for perquisites. Oh, he was a cunning schemer. Really, Mr. Truman, between you and me, I confess, that when I heard of the manner in which he had met death, I began to query whether he had not brought on his end in trying to beat the railway company out of his fare. He used to be after doing that thing. I have seen him try to make the conductor believe that he had punched his ticket when he had not done so. And I have known him repeatedly to take a Michigan Central train, on which no fare could be collected for suburban service, enter a palace car,—for he liked style, and ride from the city to his own station, of course, free. And, you may not believe it, but, whatever you may think, I have myself watched him as he has gone through hotel corridors, and reading rooms, in search of daily papers that had been discarded by their purchasers. But, now, I must desist, and not tell anything more, of this kind, about the "Judge," otherwise you may think that I was his enemy, which I was not. Please understand, that I mean no ill to the man's memory. As you know, I am Scotch, or my ancestors were Scotch, and while I was born in Ireland, I have their Scotch trait of frankness. The "Judge" often snubbed me as if I were only an Irisman; he never seemed to realize that I was Scotch, or Scotch-Irish. But I never was angry at him. I saw and appreciated his good qualities,—he had an imposing presence; and he did not drink spirits, nor use tobacco, nor swear; and then he was as firm as the everlasting hills in his hold on sound doctrines. He will have his reward."

It evidently pleased the man that I made no effort to speak, and so to interrupt him. I saw no opportunity to

say anything, not even a "yes" or a "no;" and I was conscious that by maintaining silence I would be doing him a kind turn, giving him a chance to relieve his mind, and so I tried to be a patient listener. As soon as he had reached the consideration of reward for the departed "Judge," he darted away to accost some one else; to tell, undoubtedly, the same story of the life that had just gone out.

Only a few days previous to the one on which the preceding episode transpired, the "Old Guard" of the Old Frame Church, as it was called, by those who constituted it, and who were the faction that stood for "the Standards," had experienced the loss of a member from its ranks, and under very deplorable circumstances. Mr. John Camonson, being out on a debauch, found his way to a low and notorious resort, and in an altercation with an inmate was shot and killed. Soon after I had learned of this terrible incident, I met one of the members of the Old Frame Church, who belonged to the liberal side, and who asked the question:

"Have you noticed the character of the end that has come to one after another of those persons who so cruelly persecuted Doctor Miller years ago? I then said, that no good would come to them. No, Mr. Truman, God's ministers are dear to him; he says, "Touch not mine annointed, and do my servants no harm." I have seen it in other cases, as it has been in this, that troubles, failures, and violent deaths, come to such as strike at the annointed."

I did not care to say anything to disturb the man's implicit confidence in God's jealous interest for his ministers. But I did think that I would not place to God's credit the ills that had fallen to the lot of the individuals in question. To my mind, the regular penalties of outraged law had only been experienced. It would have been easy to have essayed the part of a prophet, and to have predicted just such retribution, when, in some of our conferences, in the troublesome days of Doctor Miller, the dispositions and doings of the members of the opposition were portrayed by those who were familiar therewith. When a man sows wheat, he can expect to

harvest wheat; but if he sows thistles, he must look for thistles to grow. This is a universal law. The men whose case is in point had doctrine, the most robust doctrine; and they could fight for it, and fight bitterly; but they lacked character. Men talk of "salvation by faith," but the facts of life demonstrate that the essential thing to safety and happiness is character.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The "Annual Sale," under the auspices of the "Womans' Missionary Society," was being held at the Old Frame Church. Miss Foster was in charge of one of the booths. The booths were separate and distinct departments, each having its special line of goods. One was devoted to confectionery, another to dolls, another to bed-quilts, and so on. Those in charge vied with each other in a friendly manner, as to affording an attractive appearance in the arrangement of the goods, in the decorations, and in the style of the dress of the attendants. Each booth had its own particular color, as red, blue, yellow, etc. The trimmings on the tables, and walls, the lamp-shades, and the gowns worn, in each case had the one color. The large room thus divided, and set off in colors, had a very pleasing effect. On entering, in almost every instance, a person's first thought was, "Why, this is fairy land."

Miss Foster was in the Novelty department, and wore crimson. Associated with her were Miss Starratt, whom we have seen in her company previous to this; and Miss Belle Mark, another active member of the Old Frame Church, and of the Missionary Society.

Miss Mark was a very prepossessing looking young lady. She was above the average height of women, and possessed a physical being which had the characteristics of delicacy and strength. She was a pronounced blonde,

a thorough pink and white. In her thoughts, and words, and acts, and movements, there was always much vigor. She had enjoyed the very best educational advantages, having graduated at a New England college; and from the time of her graduation she had been a most diligent student. She was proficient in the ancient classics; but she was also thoroughly familiar with the most practical studies of the day, along the lines of Sociology. She had been identified, and had won some renown in connection with certain reform movements. On the whole, she was what it is believed that a live, active, college-trained young woman should be—a power for good in the community.

The "Novelty Department" that evening contained more than the novelties displayed as "for sale." Those who drew near, and many, and especially of the younger members of the male kind, did approach, to inspect, and to be talked into purchasing, were kindly met, and with rare exceptions became purchasers. In other words, business was not neglected. But whenever there was a pause between customers, a most lively and a most interesting talk was carried on by the three.

It seems that very early in the evening, Miss Starratt had said to Miss Foster, "Oh,—I heard that you were over at the University Settlement last week. How were you impressed with it, and particularly with the people who are gathered into it?"

"I should like to hear from you about that institution," said Miss Mark, "for I am a very earnest believer in undertakings of that kind."

"Yes, I was there," remarked Miss Foster, "and, like the Queen of Sheba, after one of her investigations, I came back saying, that the half had not been told to me. To my astonishment, I found a large, and attractive building, with rooms set apart for almost all purposes that can be conceived to be essential for the work that the Settlement is intended to do, which is, in effect, the uplift of people all around-physically, intellectually, socially, morally, and religiously. I went through the building, and, as they say, I saw the machinery in operation. Everywhere I looked upon people who were making

good use of their privileges; and they all seemed to be appreciative and happy.

"But, how do the people there seem?" interrupted Miss Starratt, "Are they anything like the people here? I have had the idea that they must be unlike us, because of their ignorance, sinfulness, poverty, and squalor".

"Why Bessie, what do you mean?" asked Miss Foster.

With evident astonishment at what had been asked, Miss Mark exclaimed, "Surely Miss Starratt, you do not expect to hear Miss Foster describe the people surrounding the Settlement as being unlike other people-say of a different race from ours. Do not look so surprised, and do not feel hurt, because of what I am saying; for I certainly mean no unkindness. I do not really blame you for your question, as I know how general the idea is among the people of our set, for instance, that the inhabitants of the less favored portions of our city-the dependent population, are made of different and commoner dust from that which enters into our composition. And even here among ourselves, there are those who seem to think that we are not all of the same batch of material. Do you not know of this fact, yourself, from hearing and seeing?"

Somewhat abashed, at the effect produced by her innocent inquiry, Miss Starratt said, "I confess that I have had the idea that the people among whom the Settlement had been situated, are different from us, of course, not as to flesh and blood; but in mind, and disposition, and taste, and in matters, especially, of virtue and vice. I have not thought of them as having horns, though I have pictured them as devilish. I long ago derived my ideas from the reports made by our church missionaries, in which they told of the work that they had done, and which usually concluded with the discouraging statement, that what remained for them to do, made it seem as if nothing had been accomplished, the degredation of the masses being so terrible. And, then, too, I recall, how awfully wicked I was led to think that the people must be from the fact, that once when a number of them had been converted in our mission, and it was proposed that they should become members of the church, which

we were attending, many of the old and very pious members made strong objection to the proposition, saying, that they were a class of people different from what we were, and that a church should be organized for them alone; that coming to our church, they would cause it to lose its high standing. One of the Deacons, in a conference meeting, declared, "Brethren, we must draw the line on having people unite with us, from among the masses; we cannot fellowship those whom we cannot endure in our pews; we must have churches graded by our social, and financial standards."

"Oh, you are not under condemnation in our estimation, Bessie," said Miss Foster, checking her friend, who seemed to think an explanation was called for, "You see, it is like this; Belle and I have been making some investigations touching matters with which your question has to do, and we have gained some very positive convictions, as the result, and such as are not in harmony with certain prevalent notions. The fact is, that we fail to see those marked differences, which a number of persons think that they can see in people, and particularly between the residents of the well-to-do sections, and those who live where they dwell who are in moderate circumstances, or where are found poverty, and suffering. Of course, we are not blind to the difference in externalities; but we think that we have discovered a very striking sameness in other things, as in intellect and heart, yes, and as to virtue and vice. The fact is, that human nature, is human nature, wherever it exists, whether in the palatial home, or in the meanest hovel; whether clothed with faultless cloth or satin, or with thread-bare and darned garments, or even with rags; whether riding in the victoria, or on the street car, or going on foot in shoes worn to the uppers, and out at the toes."

"The people to whom our attention is so often called by missions, and by other institutions, like the Hull House, and the University Settlement," said Miss Mark, "are differently circumstanced, just as we are, here in our own locality. Some are very, very poor; others are comfortably situated, but not entirely removed from the

danger of poverty. As a rule, I say, as a rule, their circumstances are only what we should expect them to be, when we understand about their source of supply, and their necessities for outgo. It is a mistake, more than that, it is slanderous, for anyone to make,—and yet it is often made by what are supposed to be truthful, and careful men and women, the sweeping statement that the condition of what are ordinarily termed "the masses," may be attributed to improvidence, drink, gambling, and idleness. This is false. The poor of our city, as a class, are not improvident, nor are they drunkards, nor are they gamblers, nor are they idlers; no, not any more so, no, not as much, as the rich as a class. The secret of their lot is, that they do not receive in the wages paid them for their labor, much, if any more, than is actually necessary for their ordinary current expenses; and, so, when there is a "shut-down," or a "shut-out," and when there is a reduction in time, and so a reduction of wages, and when there is sickness with its extra expenses, the thing inevitable is want,—and then follow suffering and misery."

"We are told of the saloons that are kept in existence by the poor; but they do not flourish as do those that are patronized by the rich; and, then, too, the wealthy drinkers have their own well-stocked wine-cellars. We hear of the coarse brutality, and the consequent bruises and wounds in the home of the poor drunkard; but we are prevented from learning of like things in the abode of the rich drunkard; because money, and social considerations serve to seal lips, though occasionally we have reports thereof when there are divorce proceedings. We are at times informed that the dependent poor are grossly immoral, but I believe that if the facts could be ascertained, that in a comparison of the two classes, the rich and the poor, the showing would be more favorable for the latter than for the former. Alas, in how many cases of moral lapse among the poor, are representatives of the rich the cause. In this thing, also, the evil among the poor is not, and cannot be so effectually covered up and concealed, as it is among the rich. From what I have learned in my post-graduate work, in sociology, I am frank to

say, that we have right here among us, yes, and in our membership in the Old Frame Church, men and women, who shrink from contact with the people of less favored localities than our silk-stocking district, but who, as to genuine purity in thought or conduct, could not for an instant stand in comparison with many of those from whom they draw back. Pretension, and showy-homes, and social connections, and, especially, social observances—even if the bills incurred thereby remain unpaid, which is often the fact, can hide a multitude of sins, and they are doing it."

"Yes," said Miss Foster, "I believe all that, from things that have come to my ears and eyes. Bessie has told of the reports of the missionaries, who are in dark Chicago; but I wonder whether we would not receive the same kind of reports, if we had missionaries at work along our Avenues, and Boulevards. I really believe that they are as much needed in the one locality as in the other. The question has been asked, "If Christ came to Chicago, what would he do?" My answer is, that whatever else he would, or he would not, do, he would make it a special part of his mission to look after the rich—the most neglected class of the day. They require heroic treatment; and courage, such courage as Jesus Christ displayed, is necessary for the one who would administer it. The preachers, and moral reformers, as a body, have usually been very timid about dealing faithfully with the wealthy and the influential, for reasons that are so obvious that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not be at a loss in reference thereto. Now and then, one rises up who is a modern Elijah in dealing with his hearers, who deals with all men alike and gives them what they merit, but such cases are so rare, that they are viewed as curiosities, and people listen to the utterances as only the sentiments of gifted fanatics. If they were not the exception, they would be more successful in breaking the shells of hypocrisy, and in reaching sleeping consciences, and, thus, would cause their hearers to go away saying, not, as is now the case so often, "Oh, he means well; but he is fresh, and overzealous;" but, "He has told us what is true; and we must do better."

"Why, what do you mean?" anxiously asked Miss Starratt, "You certainly do not intend to say, that the preachers are not preaching the truth, for they surely are doing so, wherever I know of the preaching. I do not think that they are cowed by the rich, as one might infer was the fact from what you have said."

Miss Foster replied, "Your idea of truth is that it means doctrine. I concede that many of the pastors preach the views of the "Standards." But, that is not what we have in mind; is it Miss Mark? Nor does it require courage to preach the doctrines that are preached; for, with your familiarity with the creed statements of our Church, Bessie, you must know that all the doctrines are not preached. It would take courage to tell of the damnation of certain souls before they had being; or the damnation of some dying in infancy; or to preach of the unmeritorious character of the kind, and benevolent acts of those persons who have not submitted themselves to the orthodox process, or scheme for salvation. It is an actual fact that much of the preaching of the day does not sufficiently disturb the people to prevent them from going to sleep in the pews. In many instances, it is away from the realm of the thought of the average hearer, and, hence, fails to excite interest. Here and there, we find a soaring preacher, who soars so high above his people that they see nothing of him save his coat-tails as they flap among the stars. What those of us, who are fault-finders, long for, is the presentation of those truths that are practical, that are on a level wtih our thinking, and that will usually find people. We want preaching that says to the hearers, "I am after you; I am after your transgressions, and short-comings. I want you to throw off your mask, and to become the genuine thing. I mean that you shall scour your morals, and that you shall live out such principles as were laid down by Jesus on the mount." It was of that kind of a sermon that I heard an old drover make the suggestive remark, "When that preacher was speaking, he knocked the sheep out of my head." Yes, it takes heroic qualities to enable a pastor to preach that way. Indeed, do we not know about this ourselves? I do. I recall how,

in our own church, Doctor Miller, who had the courage of his convictions, awakened the unchangeable opposition of old Camonson, and some others, by one sermon, in which he showed the similiarity of results from the same causes among people of all sorts and conditions. I was young at the time, but I recall his saying, "The effects produced by the gilded saloon are not unlike those that follow the work of the common saloon or of the low dive; true, the victims may fare differently,—those of the former resort may be led, or may even be sent in a carriage to the home, while those of the latter may be wheeled in a barrow to the home, or, what is more likely, may be cast out to be gathered up by the 'Police Patrol.' Doctor Miller was not aware of the fact, but only the night previous Camonson had been led home from the "Club" in an intoxicated state."

"As for ministers being cowed by the rich," the speaker proceeded to say, "why, my dear girl, we have just had an instance of it. Only a short time ago the Rev. Mr. Maull, then in charge of a church among people of moderate circumstances, preached against the marriage, and refused to marry such persons as had been divorced. But now he is the pastor of a flock composed of people of upper tendom, and last week he came to our church, and quietly joined in wedlock a recently divorced member of his congregation, who had his bride come here from the East. Owing to the peculiar circumstances, certain members of his church were opposed to the ceremony occurring in their edifice, and, so, the preacher arranged to have the event occur in our sanctuary. Now, what could have wrought the change in the attitude of our clerical friend, if it was not the influence of wealth? If that is not the explanation, then I will pass the problem for someone else to solve.

I really think that Mr. Maull, and a number of other ministers, who do not heartily subscribe to the theology of the church, but who scarcely ever so much as "peep" in their pulpits as to their honest convictions,—and I know such, are dumb, and remain where they are, for money consideration. And I also believe that for much of the silence of the pulpit as to the actual sins of the

hearers, and as to the wrongs and woes suffered by the unfortunate, and the oppressed classes, and their causes and cures, the same explanation will suffice."

At this point Miss Mark interrnpted, saying, "Come Miss Foster, we must check ourselves, otherwise we may appal Miss Starratt, and, possibly, honeycomb her good impressions of certain people. We do, however, want her to have better, and more correct ideas as to those who compose the masses, concerning whom she has asked, and whose cause we have espoused. So proceed now to answer her question."

"All right," was the good natured response to this suggestion, "Well, Bess, as Miss Mark and I, between us, have already, in effect, shown, the people who surround, and who attend the Settlement, are the same as other people. Of course, you must understand this, that they are not of the low and depraved classes, that exist in groups, and that are as cancer spots in our city. They are what are known as "wage-earners," a title of which they are proud. They are as a body, bright, industrious, and frugal. Many are religious, and are identified with Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. Not a few have a hard time getting on in the world owing to their dependence on each day's earnings, which in some cases are very fluctuating. Owing to their circumstances, and, especially, because of the treatment received in so many instances from those who are more favorably situated, some of the people, and, particularly, those who are influential, are dissatisfied, discontented, and rebellious in their thoughts and feelings, and they may be heard murmuring, and sometimes growling, over the inequality of things. But they are neither dynamiters, nor anarchists to any degree. They are loyal, law-abiding citizens, and are only planning and hoping to secure, by lawful means, a recognition of their just claims, and so an improvement of their condition. It is a grand thing that they are dissatisfied; contentment is well enough in a way, but I have no interest in people who are contented where their surroundings are not what they might be, or ought to be. I am in favor of making people dissatisfied, where they are oblivious to their misfor-

tunes, and where they by bestirring themselves, might better their condition. The sick man looks for the physician, and the hungry man tries to reach bread, and, so, with reference to any matter, a felt went will always give unrest until it is satisified. Some persons have a dread of discontent among the poor and the wronged of a great metropolis; I, on the other hand, recognize in it a good symptom. It means life, and activity, and progress. The students of the University, and such as co-operate with them, in the Settlement, will unsettle many people who are now settled, but only to start them after higher and nobler things. Bessie, I wish that you could have been with us, when I was at the Settlement. I would like to have had you see the people, so interesting in their enthusiasm over their different opportunities."

"Two are company, and I might, after all, not have been so welcome to you at the time, as you possibly now think." Miss Starratt remarked.

"Oh, there was nothing in the association of that evening, with which your presence would have interfered," Miss Foster declared, when she proceeded to say, "To me, that institution is a wonderful "Pandora Box" for the people. God alone knows what it will yet give forth to them. Its influence cannot be other than uplifting and ennobling. I am particularly sanguine as to the future. What will the morrow disclose? What? I wish that I could be a double sighted seer to look into futurity, and discern what it contains. The young men and maidens, and the children, who now have the advantages of the Settlement, will be men and women by and by, and I venture to predict that some of them will be among the learned, and the powerful, and the wealthy people of Chicago and of the nation, in the future.

"Have you not observed that, as to circumstances in life, it is with people, often, as with children when on a "see-saw? Families seem to take turns in the matter of up and down. The poor grow rich, and rise to notice, while the rich become poor, and are consigned to obscurity. Where are the children of the wealthy families of two or three generations ago, and what are their tem-

poral circumstances and relations? Have you not discovered how families go to seed, especially, where they give themselves over to their money, to love it, and to love beyond it only what it brings? Great wealth scarcely ever goes to the fourth, or even to the third generation. Then, where were the conspicuous men and women of today, conspicuous as money winners, or as statesmen or as scholars, or as leaders along any honorable line, a generation or so ago? The great majority of them were in humble homes, yes, in many cases, in homes in which a hard struggle was necessary to keep sore want from entering. Do you wonder that I feel as I do about the outcome from the work of Doctor Taylor, and his noble helpers, among the poor of our times?

"I know of several young men and young women who are succeeding to an astonishing degree in their preparatory studies at the Settlement, and who contemplate entering the University. And then, a grand work is being done for a surprisingly large number of attendants in the literary, and reform, and other clubs, that have been organized. The people are being prompted to think for themselves, to think understandingly, to think intelligently, and to think what is practicable. They are tired of being hoodwinked by political demagogues; they are not going to be caught by mere catch-words, or glittering generalities; they are learning to know what they want, and how they can get it, and they will have all that is possible for them. Why, I am expecting that some day, we shall see some of these very same people coming into our locality for homes, as their dissatisfaction will drive them out from where they are, unless that section of the city is made more attractive than it now is; and, if they do not disappoint me, by remaining away, I shall give them a most hearty welcome. However, in such an event, I shall whisper to the new-comers, that they must not forget who they are, and begin to query as to whether they are not different from, and superior to those who dwell where they came from. Whatever they do, I hope and pray that they will ever be sensible, and will recognize the stubborn fact, that all sorts and conditions of men are to be found everywhere, and that with all, virtues and vices are the same."

"The folks who are near enough to see, but not to hear us, must wonder what we are discussing," said Miss Starratt, "I am sure that I had no thought of starting you young ladies off on your hobby, which you have so well bridled and saddled, when I asked my question. Still, I am glad that I said something to draw out what you have told me. I imagine, however, that I must appear very verdant to you; but, possibly, like green fruit, I may sometime attain ripeness. I am eager to learn, and even if it is at the cost of appearing to some disadvantage."

"But," said Miss Mark, "there is no necessity for such remarks on your part, Miss Starratt. We are all learners, and always shall be, I trust. You, of course, understand, that the more we know, the more we see that there is remaining for us to learn; that is, the greater the diameter of light, the greater is the circumference of darkness. Your ideas of the people concerning whom we have been speaking, are only those of multitudes. They are what are peculiar to an atmosphere like ours. We must often go abroad to discover the mistakes in our opinions. Henrietta, here, and I, experienced a change in our notions, when we went out and saw for ourselves under professional guidance. See? But we studied under different circumstances,—I had no Professor all to myself."

"Now, now, none of your insinuations, young lady," Miss Foster hastened to say, "If you go any farther, I shall ask you to chaperon me, that you may see how circumspect we are, if I am so fortunate as to receive another invitation, from the same guide, for such a visitation."

"Oh, do not say that," was Miss Mark's rejoinder, "for you know how the old saying has it, which you had quoted to you awhile ago, "Two are company, three are none." I will trust you,—and the Doctor."

"From what the little birds have been bringing to me," Miss Starratt said, "I inferred that I was right as to that company, since I am quite sure that the plan for two is now so agreeable that certain brothers are having more opportunities than formerly to remain at home, or for going and seeing somebodyelse's sisters."

"Bessie, I am surprised at you," exclaimed Miss Foster. "I have always thought of you as slow to credit idle rumors. What is coming over you? I shall have to take you in hand, or you may become spoiled, and no longer be my dear, innocent, guileless girl. I shall be obliged to remove you from under Miss Mark's influence."

Whether Miss Foster knew it or not, her friends, in their gentle, and playful hints, had only echoed what was a very delectable morsel of news for the gossips in and about the Old Frame Church. Oh yes, the Doctor and Miss Foster were very much infatuated with each other, according to these authorities; and the inevitable thing was surely a wedding at an early day. Some commended, others deplored the alliance, the latter being actuated either by envious feelings, or by their regard for doctrinal soundness. Indeed, old Mrs. Sniveller, in a conversation in Miss Foster's presence, spoke loudly, and carefully scanned the young lady's countenance to see the effect of her words, as she said, "The Bible says very emphatically, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," to be so yoked must mean only disappointment and sorrow in the wedded life."

I wish that Miss Mark or Miss Foster had been prompted to speak of the matter of gossip among the people to whom they had been giving so much attention, and for whom they were earnest and well-equipped advocates against all traducers. What comparisons they might; and, undoubtedly, would have made, between the topics of Mary Jane on the little side street, and those of Evangeline on the Avenue. We are assured that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." Idleness deve'opes mischief not only for hands, but for minds, and for tongues to do. The fact is, that gossip nowhere receives a more ready welcome than that which is accorded it within pressed-brick, brown stone, and granite walls; among those whose daily round is made up of thoughts as to personal appearance, or thoughts as to the peculiarities of those in their set, or as to those of the people in other sets, of whom they are jealous, and yet to whose friendship they aspire; and thoughts as to receptions, operas, concerts, etc., to which they are, or

are not, but want to be, invited. Society gossip is frequently clad in the words of culture and refinement, when the thing itself is reeking with foulness, and is terribly besmirching to reputation."

CHAPTER XXVII.

An invitation to a "Reception", under the auspices of a "Gentlemen's Club" in the Old Frame Church, was an evidence to many of a change in the policy of that institution. The melting away of the "Old Guard", by death and removal; the coming into influential relations of the young men and women with progressive ideas; and the accession of people who knew not the old regime, and who entertained modern convictions as to religion and churches, were circumstances that told in the transformation of the Old Frame Church in every department. Mr. Sniveller had become Deacon Emeritus, and together with the few of his kind remaining, had been remanded to the rear. New, young, and vigorous blood had come into circulation in the veins and arteries of the old organization, and had caused a renewal of its youth. It might have been named the New Old Frame Church, as in the case of the New Old South Church in Boston.

The novelty of a reception, and by a Club, and that a Gentlemen's Club, in what had been such an exclusively church edifice, brought a large attendance of those who were invited.

There was the customary program of social intercourse, the banquet, cigars, music, and speeches. When the orchestra rendered the "High School Cadets," the "Washington Post March," and "Echoes from the Ball;" and when the speakers uttered advanced liberal views, or indulged in pleasantries, and often at the expense of those who had formerly ruled, or preached in the Old Frame Church; and when the laughter and applause of

the great company filled the room, the thought occurred to many, "Is this a wild dream?" or "What, if the spirits of the leaders of days gone could return, and look upon this scene!"

Mr. Langley was the toastmaster, and well did he acquit himself. His opening remarks, and his words of introduction for each subsequent speaker, were clearly thought out, and were exceedingly well adapted to their end. They all pulsated with modern life. Progress in the church,—in theology, in the work taken up, and in the methods adopted, constitued his chief theme.

The speeches that followed all took their key-note from the first delivered. As one of the participants expressed it, "Our Master this evening is a Master of Arts. Yes, I now confer that degree upon him, "Artium Magister." Many of us who are college men have witnessed the conferring of that honor on different occasions, but not with the present significance,—however, not with more, or more merited honor. Our leader is not-though we might infer otherwise from his production this evening, a college bred man, but he has sat on a "bench," something that a number of us did when students in the college of "the brush," or of the past. He fortunately learned, and was permitted to 'cut," when we were allowed, by our Prof's, with frightful mien, only to wish we would could do so, when they apportioned us our parts. He, also, like us, was taught to apply principals, to "fit" as it were, and herein he became very expert. And this evening he has shown us his art as a "cutter and fitter," and his art to set out before us "a pattern," hence our "Master of Arts." All honor to the craftsman who can turn from his task with cloths on the "board," and come, and, with so much credit, direct such an august body as this in its proceedings.

One of the speeches that was heartly applauded, advocated a re-statement of the doctrines of the church. The speaker declared "We want less doctrines, and we can have less, for the obvious reason, that many that are now in our "Confessions and Catechisms" are only the creations of men. We want more also in the line of clear, simple, Scriptural statements of truth, for much of what we now

have in our books is merely what might be called, "Christian Rationalism." It may be logical—as some men count logic, but it is without support in the Bible. For my own part, I am ready to say, let us go back of schoolmen, and councils, and traditions to Christ; and learn, so far as that is possible, only from him. We should have it taught, that Christianity is an imitation of Christ, and so have doctrines sink that character may rise." Another address that awakened much interest was one that outlined the plan of the University Settlement, and showed what had been, and what was being accomplished, through its provisions. We were shown its influence in the home, upon parents and children, to whom it had carried light, and peace and sweetness. We were enabled to see how it must in the young of today develope intelligent capable and influential citizens for the future. We were told how wage earners were being taught to understand the principles involved in the grave questions touching "employer and employee," and "capital and labor," so as to know their own rights and to respect those of others.

The closing speech was one that excited much enthusiasm by its suggestions as to what the Old Frame Church should be. This was, so far as the immediate locality required it, the counterpart of the "Settlement." Something cosmopolitan. Something with a welcome for every individual who might come to it. Something with practical help for all sorts and conditions of people. Something that would always suggest Jesus to mankind.

To those who had known the Old Frame Church years before, when certain bucolic old gentlemen had charge of its interests, and discharged their trust according to the most provincial, but always the orthodox methods, it seemed almost impossible that so great a change could have been wrought, within the intervening period, as to admit of such proceedings in that same edifice, as had been witnessed that evening.

But this local incident was only an illustration of the changes that are constantly taking place in the thoughts and the opinions of people, with reference to almost everything. It has often been said, of this or that con-

clusion touching certain matters, "We have at last reached bed-rock and our views are now firmly established." But, in looking back, how little we see of which this was true. There has been change after change. But this is not to be deplored, since usually each change has marked as advanced stage in the progress of humanity, in the march towards the golden-age.

Surely our lot has been cast in most propitious times, as has been written,

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and glorious time;
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime."

As we read history, we are often impressed with the thought that it is one of the sublime laws of nature, that while many great undertakings require a long process of earnest toil and anxious care, their consummation is precipitated suddenly and with power. Development seems to be by periods, each of which suddenly, and often unexpectedly, succeeds another. If we study the movements in the universe about us, we find the motion and order regular and steady, such as the bodies which wheel around us in space; such as the earth on which we ourselves dwell; such as the light which flows on ceaselessly and evenly from the great radiating centers, to flood the distant parts of the vast realm of nature; but we shall observe in all these instances, that there are no stupendous obstacles to be overcome; no vast systems to be changed. But we notice also another kind of work we take, for instance, the seasons; herein we find no regular transition, there are Summer and Autumn, and Winter and Spring, but how different. Not a regular change from cold to heat, or heat to cold; but often times the sudden leap. We turn our eyes to the mountains, and there are elements gathering. The mountainis quiet for a hundred years, but suddenly the crater opens, and great streams of fire pour forth and run down the mountain sides. A work is to be done for some purpose, but we know not what. The earthquake is a necessity for some end, and suddenly the awful tremor is felt. We go

about and feel a change in the atmosphere, yet apprehend but little danger. The Summer is upon us; the thermometer stands at 90° during the day, and in the evening it falls to 40° but we think little of any harm impending. 50° the mercury has dropped, and no injury is done; and we see that it is still falling, and falling, down, down, until it comes to 33°, and still there is no injury. But it drops a few degrees more; the full moon is shining in the heavens, the stars are sparkling, all nature is silent. But the fatal line has been crossed, and the harvest is smitten. In the Spring time we stand by the river thickly coated with ice; loaded wagons pass over the surface, and there is not a jar. The Spring sun shines out, its beams are reflected as so any diamonds, from the ice, falling upon the frosted summits here and there, yet there is no change apparent. The South wind begins to blow, and very little is accomplished. But upon the hill-sides a few drops of water begin to trickle down, the little rills begin to swell, and the sun still shines on; however, the ice upon the river remains undisturbed. Day after day passes and there is but little apparent change; but, by and by, the river's stream begins to feel the influence of the enlarged rills, and gathers volume; the ice slowly rises in the middle, and then is broken into thousands of fragmeuts. We hear the roar and crash along the banks, we see the grinding and crunching blocks of ice; and the flood come down, overwhelming, and sweeping away the works of man. These were all sudden changes, but were brought about according to the laws of nature. The elements were gradually prepared, but the result was suddenly exhibited. Now, this which is familiar to us in the natural world, but illustrates what has occurred, and what will continue to occur in the progress of our race. Great advancements have taken place as by bounds. There have been years of preparatory labor,—years for thinking, planning, toiling, worrying, hoping and then the quick and grand triumph.

What restlessness there is in the world to-day! What thoughts and plans are engrossing the minds of all classes of people! What expectation is qnickening the heart

throbs of men! The very atmosphere seems to be tremulous with the pulsations of nearing events: What of the morrow? What are we to look for? Let us hope that our age shall be an epoch fraught alone with the highest good for all sorts and conditions of men, when love shall so croud out pride and selfishness, that mankind will have regard for each other's rights; when people will agree to tolerate each other's peculiarities; when there will be a general recognition of the principle of "live and let live;" when there will be an equitable adjustment of those differences that now cause so much solicitude among classes; in short, when we shall see more of the Golden Rule in life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Professor Taylor had found it convenient, notwithstanding the many things that he had to consume his time, to call at the Foster house on several occasions within a very brief period; so often, indeed, that some of the neighbors had noticed his comings and goings, and had made comments thereon. Strange to say, there are usually a few persons of this observing kind in every neighborhood, who watch to report all that they can see, eave-droppers and busy-bodies.

It was during one of this series of calls, that Miss Foster said, "I do not know whether you care for anything of the kind; but, if you do not object, I would enjoy having a little question and answer meeting, because I have some questions that are perplexing me somewhat, and a portion of them you yourself awakened."

"That last statement being true," Professor Taylor remarked, "I certainly owe it to you to consent to your proposition; but if you did not have that argument, I would gladly agree to it, for the reason that you requested it. Therefore, open the box, and offer the questions."

"Thank you," was the response, "for your kindness. But you ought not to flatter me with such suggestions as you made. Well, my first query is this, "If the Bible contains so much in the way of crudities, and mistakes, and errors, and in so many cases is uncertain as to its authorship, as you and others represent, what will become of our ethics and religion?"

"I see that you have the idea that was formerly enveloped in the belief of people generally," said the Doctor, "that is, that the Bible was provided to make man moral and religious. Now, the Bible itself does not teach that doctrine. It teaches the opposite of that. It tells us of men, noted for their uprightness and piety, like Enoch, Abraham, and others, who had not a fragment of the Bible. Does the Higher Criticism threaten the foundation principles of right and wrong with danger? Not in the least, since those principles are inherent in the very nature of things. No Bible ever originated an ethical idea. Wherever such ideas occur in any Bible, they are there precisely as nature's laws are in the text books of science. Science does not originate laws; it merely finds them, and makes a record of them. So men, who have written what we know as Bibles, have not framed ethical principles; they have discovered them, and made a note of them. As for religion, that is in no danger. As someone has written, "religion inheres essentially, necessarily, eternally, in the relation which exists between the individual soul and God," or, I will say for some, Power or Force. Bibles are merely the product of religion. There is no occasion for alarm lest some truth should be lost. The only danger that there is, casts its shadow over theories as to ethics or as to religion, men are liable to find, as new light is shed, that in these they have been mistaken."

"I think that I grasp what you mean, and I am satisfied with your explanation," said Miss Foster, "and now my next question is, "Does not the present discussion do wrong to Jesus Christ?"

"I say, most positively, No," was the Professor's answer, "The result must be to bring Jesus before mankind in his true character. Multitudes have never seen

him because he has been hidden, and misrepresented, by certain representations, certain myths, certain traditions. and certain dogmatic beliefs. The world says, "We would see Jesus." But it wants the truth concerning him, which is diviner than any fiction, however ingenuous and fascinating the latter may be."

"My third, and last question is very personal," Miss Foster stated, "and is one that has long troubled me. When you hear it, you may be surprised that I should have been troubled by it, for one of two reasons, either that I should for a moment think myself qualified for what I have in view, or that I should hesitate to respond to a call for service. But I must give you the question, "What would you consider was my duty as to the foreign missionary work?" I will add that I have no liking for the sphere; that I want to remain here; and that I do not regard myself as qualified to properly discharge the duties. But the matter has been coming to me for a number of years, and through almost every conceivable avenue. People tell me that I ought to give myself to the work; sermons make me wonder what is my duty; almost every book that I pick up to look through brings the subject to me, and, so, I am perplexed."

"I do not wonder as to your perplexity, under the circumstances as depicted by you," said the Doctor, "As for your qualifications, I think that they are all that could be required. But I would say that your own tendencies should be the index for you as to what is your duty in the case. It will not do for you to let other people dictate as to your work, for they cannot understand all the circumstances, and then, too, they may even with the best of intentions, give counsel selfishly. People often blunder most fearfully in advising others as to their duty. There have been thus given to the churches many inefficient missionaries, and ministers, in men and women who might otherwise have been successful workers in other spheres. But, I must confess, that I am not a suitable person to help you to solve your problem, for the reason, that I am not favorably disposed towards Christian missions, that is, as they are conducted. I believe in diffusing light. I believe in doing all possible to bet-

ter the condition of mankind everywhere. But I do not believe in indiscriminate work,—having well paid missionaries throng lands where there are good and well established religious systems, and there precipitate conflict, while other lands less enlightened are scarcely entered at all. And, then, I think that we have a great work to do right here in our own land, and, especially, in our cities, yes, particularly, in Chicago. My idea is, that if we were to bring our own country up to a high plane, so as to make it in every way a model nation, we would influence other nations to aspire to reach our level. Further, all the nations have congregated in our cosmopolitan population; why not then avail ourselves of native workers, and send Chinamen to China, Japanese to Japan, and so as to all continents, and the isles of the seas, and through such instrumentalities, at hand for our use, give to the world what we think is worth having? In short, I am of the opinion that your work is here in our great land. If you want to be a missionary, I can give you a commission and assign you to a place at the Settlement. There now is an opportunity."

Now, it so happened that on the particular evening when this conversation was carried on, the Professor had gotten into the mood to ask a question of his fair friend. He had not believed himself to be in love before; for he had in his time known two or three women, who had attracted him powerfully; but he had in a little while discovered that he had no real sympathy, or heart interest for them; that though they interested and pleased him, they had no charm for his love. But, in the present experience, with each passing day, there had come to him more and more, a deeply-felt consciousness that his interest for Miss Foster was not that of mere fancy, nor that of an evanescent infatuation, but that of love, genuine love. He was satisfied as to his own feelings; but, thus far, he had not had the slightest indication of anything more than the ordinary regard for him, on the part of Miss Foster. True, she had always seemed to find pleasure in his company, and had been ready to accept his invitations for entertainments, and for strolls; but in her remarks she had always been exceedingly practical, and

had usually evinced a desire to acquire knowledge. He knew that generally where there is the interest of affection, there will be at least occasional glimpses thereof in looks, and utterances. The absence of such evidences was now a source of no little anxiety to him. Then, also, he was aware of Miss Foster's universal popularity, and he had seen certain gallant young men hover about her, and receive her smiles; and herein was another cause for disturbance and for something at least akin to jealousy, if not the thing itself. He had been querying as to how he should introduce the topic, of so much concern to him, in his conversation, and when it was proposed that there should be a question and answer meeting, he grasped the suggestion as something that would afford him the desired opportunity for carrying out his purpose, to open his heart to her gaze. But when she asked her first two questions, he despaired of finding such help as he had hoped for. The "Fates" seemed to be against him. He was usually the master of a situation, but not so on this occasion. As is the case with men, as a rule, when love is awakened, and is eager to disclose its presence, he was actually helpless. What should he do? What?

Ah, little was it in her thoughts, to whom he was speaking, what a struggle he was all the while having with a question of his own, when he was responding to her inquiries. It never occurred to her, that his earnestness of tone was not that produced by his interest in the topics which she had brought to his attention, but that of love for her. Had she known the truth, she would not have been so calm and complacent. She had listened to the jesting taunts of her friends, touching Doctor Taylor's attentions to her. She had even received congratulations from different persons at a distance, who, having heard the current neighborhood rumors, wrote as if the engagement were an assured fact; but she had thought of the Professor as a gentleman who had seen much of women, without having had interest excited for any particular individual; and as a man who could find enjoyment in a lady's society without having any tender sentiment awakened. And there had

been nothing said by him, in his communications at any time, from which she could infer that he had anything beyond the interest of a friend. And so she had not allowed herself to think of the possibility of their relations ever being more than those of ordinary friendship. She admired the man, but who did not do that, among those who knew him. She enjoyed his society, as people generally did. She was pleased with the fact that he seemed to find her companionship congenial, but as for loving the man she had not harbored what was calculated to prompt her to do that. The impulses to love him might have been there, but so long as he gave no signs of that love being wanted by him, her will force was capable of keeping them in quiet subjection.

It was when the third question, which introduced her personality, was asked, that the Professor saw a pencil of light appear in the horizon. This inquiry he knew that he could turn to his own account. He answered the question with a genuine interest. What, she go, she who was so much to him; she, to whom he wanted to give himself and his all; she, go away beyond the seas to be a missionary? No, no, not if he could prevent it. When he had given her his judgment concerning the matter, and had received her words of appreciation, a singular quiet followed. Miss Foster did not seem to have any further questions, nor had she anything to say. The Doctor sat and gazed intently at a painting, resting on an easel, and tapped with his fingers on the arm of his chair. He looked, but saw nothing definitely. He tapped nervously, but oblivious of the little rudeness. Hewas lost in his thoughts. While he was musing the fire burned, and he resolved in his heart. He had reached a crisis in his life. He was determined on making the most of it. His was the spirit that underlies the lines of the old familiar hymn,

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try."

He interrupted the burdensome quiet, by saying, "You brought a personal question to me, and in so doing you confided in me. I am now moved to reciprocate, and to

give you in confidence a very personal matter of my own. I answered you promptly, and frankly, and I trust that I may receive similar treatment from you. I, too, have been perplexed and troubled over what has been on my mind and heart; and of all persons you alone can afford the help that I need. It is barely possible that you anticipate, Miss Foster, what I am about to say, I hope that such is the case; permit me to use the very words that have been employed by multitudes of all generations, when situated as I now am,, "I love you." I have loved you from the time when first my eyes fell upon you. From my early boyhood, I carried an ideal of what she should be whom I would have stand to me as the nearest and the dearest of all in the world; and you proved to be that ideal embodied. And, now, what can I hope for from you? I do not ask, "Do you love me?" For you may not have thought of giving affection to me, there having been no desire for it manifested. Love true love requires that it be wanted. Love is usually awakened by, and thrives upon love. But I do ask whether you will consent to receive my devotions, and to consider me alone, as the suitor for your hand. I will not insist on having a positive, or any answer this evening, save as you may assure me that you will give my prayer your consideration, and then tell me at some early day your decision.

As Miss Foster listened to this language of the heart, a new color came into her cheeks, a peculiar softness appeared in her eyes, and a gentle smile took possession of her lips. After a pause, she replied, in a low voice, but to the Professor's ears it was more than usually sweet and musical. "It is very strange how things happen in this world. You have at no time given me reason to expect such sentiments from you. You have taken me so unawares, that I feel as if I were in a trance. Doctor did you really say that you love me, and had you weighed your words, and do you mean all that they signify-all?"

The Professor had by this time drawn his chair close to that in which Miss Foster was seated. He had reached out, and she had passively permitted him to take

her hand in his; its touch to him was that of the softest down; and, oh, the electrical effect of it upon his very soul. He had been diffident, fearing failure, but as he looked deep into her eyes, and as he listened to the tone of her voice; and when she suffered him to hold her hand, she drew forth his affections more than ever. He felt that she was responding in kind to his love. His love was wanted.

When she had spoken, tears came into her eyes, and overflowed, and hung upon her cheeks as dew drops cling to the leaves of a rose. The Professor saw them; they were not tears of sorrow, but of a new joy, and hence he viewed them as the jewels bedecking the crown of his life. He ventured to call her "Darling," and, then, when he gave her hand a gentle pressure, he declared, "I knew that you would be surprised on hearing my avowal, as you had not had any encouragement from me to expect anything of such a nature. But I have not acted impulsively; it would be contrary to my nature for me to do so. I have been deliberate. I have carefully considered, again and again, what I have said to you, and I mean every particle of what is therein implied. Could I have found language which would have conveyed more significance, I could, and I would have made use of that. I feel the poverty of our words for interpreting the heart, now when I would tell you my story. Yes, I love you, and I want you for my own treasure, and you only."

Looking her adorer in the face, Miss Foster said, "I have never thought of love as something that could be called into being in an instant. It always seemed to me as if it must be the result of some long process; that it would be a matter of slow growth. But I now see things in a new light. I confess that I have always admired and respected you, but I have never thought of loving you. However, I find that under the influence of your re elations, this evening, my admiration and respect have joined to themselves love. I can say, I think, that I love you. But, as to your request, am I worthy of you? Would I be a suitable companion for you in your position in life? Could I be to you a help-mate? You should have more than merely a lover."

Then tenderly drawing her to himself, the Professor leaned over and implanted a kiss upon her forehead, and then another upon her lips, and whispered, "Be not perplexed with the questions that I bring to you. I assure you that I know well all that they imply for you, and that I have not the slightest misgivings as to how you can act your part. You see, I bring you a mission; but not one that might take you to the frozen fields of Alaska, or the fearful heat of India, or the jungles of Africa. I want you to be my Queen right here in this grand land of ours. I will now tell you that for months I have had such feelings with reference to you, that I have often said to myself,

"I see thee not, I hear thee not,
But thou art oft with me:
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee."

"I have always thought that stanza beautiful," remarked Miss Foster, "but after your present use of it, it will ever have new beauty in its meaning for me. I anticipated an enjoyable visit this evening, as I looked forward to your coming, but the experience has exceeded my expectations. To think that you have loved me, and that I can call you mine, my own! You do not think that I am easily moved, or that my love comes readily, because I now say that I love you, do you? I hope that you do not think that. I am sure that love for you must have been in my heart, and that you, by your declarations, only set it free. You helped me, as you have so often done in other matters, to make a discovery. Isn't it delightful to love and to be loved?"

"Yes," the Doctor responded, "I believe that love associated with confidence, must mean bliss. We must make up our minds to this, that love's paths have both the roses and the thorns; but, whatever the thorns may be for us, let us see to it that they shall not proceed from either the decline of love, or the loss of confidence. I trust that our mutual affection and faith, now plighted, may never know doubt nor change."

"Well," suggested Miss Foster, "we have had a ques-

tion and answer meeting indeed. It was impromptu, but what import it has had for us. I shall recall the occasion whenever you have a meeting for the opening of the "Qnestion Box." I was pleased with you, a few months ago, as you stood before the audience at the Settlement, and answered so many important questions; but, now, with my new interest in you, I shall have special pride in watching you as you do such things. I am glad that you can, and that you are willing to be so helpful to people, and to tnose of all sorts and conditions. So many persons who are gifted, are not disposed to act except as it is in their particular positions, and where they receive large pay. But I like your idea of doing all the good that you can, in every place that you can, and to everybody that you can, and, as Mr. Dickens,—whose thought I am using—says, without making any fuss about it."

"What is your opinion," the Professor asked, "about allowing the nature of our relations to be known by at least our most intimate friends?"

"I cannot see why we should try to keep our engagement a secret," Miss Foster replied, "It will necessarily become known sooner or later. And I shall certainly want to speak of it to my own people."

Before the Doctor started for his home, he said, "I came this evening with not a little trepidation, because I had decided that I would disclose the nature of my feelings for you, and I did not know how my advances would be regarded by you. But I now go with a light and happy heart. I shall be eager for our next meeting."

The announcement of the engagement did not excite surprise, but it did elicit many favorable comments, and brought to the happy pair very hearty congratulations. To those who knew them the alliance seemed suitable, and especially because the union was one of two loving hearts; a circumstance which caused the event to stand out an impressive contrast to several other engagements, that had just become known, in which the prominent element was "consideration,"—youth and beauty exchanged, it would not do to speak plainly, and tell the

truth, saying "sold;" for riches, or for social position, or for both.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Troubles never come single" is an old saying. But this does not argue that joys are experienced only in isolated instances, or that they "come single." The fact is, that to most lives joys come more frequently than troubles; but the latter seem to produce the deepest and most enduring impressions, and, so, they often make themselves appear as being largely in the majority, and as though they had come in squads or battalions. With some persons there are certain superstitions that have arisen from this circumstance, which serve to make them apprehensive, whenever there has been an experience of sickness, or of death, that a second occurrence of the kind must follow, and with rapid succession.

Professor Taylor was having joys come to him in a group. Within a week from the eventful evening when he secured his coveted prize in Miss Foster, he was made happy by the proposition of several gentlemen of large means in Chicago, to aid him, with their financial ability, to execute a favorite scheme which he had devised, and which he had explained in the public prints; and which contemplated nothing less than a radical transformation of the locality in which the Settlement was situated, by the purchase and removal of the existing old and dilapidated buildings occupied as homes, but wholly unfit to be the dwelling place of human beings; and the erection of small houses, and modern apartments, according to the most recent architectural ideas, and with all the latest sanitary provisions, conveniences for comfort and enjoyment, and at such a cost as should place them within the reach of people of very moderate circumstances, either for renting, or for purchase, on the installment plan.

Very fortunately, in his newspaper articles, the Doctor was able to demonstrate that what he proposed was not something visionary, and absolutely impracticable,—the mere dream of a college Professor, for the plan had, to an extent, been tried in other cities, and with marked success. He cited particularly the change wrought in Philadelphia, on what was known in olden times as Shippen street, and when that name was a asynonym for poverty, misery, debauchery, and crime of all shades; which, renovated, and built up with new and attractive houses, but with economy in the expense, received the designation of Bainbridge street, and took position as a desirable home locality for respectable and industrious people of limited financial ability.

His scheme impressed the readers of it as both feasible and commendable. A Sunday paper containing it chanced to fall into the hands of a gentleman in a prominent Chicago Club House, who there spent each first day of the week. He was attracted to the article by the headlines. At the first he read carelessly; but gradually his interest was excited. The novelty and the practical character of the plan pleased him. Reading on, he, at length, became enthusiastic, and then turning to some fellow-club men present, he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, here is a good thing. A college Professor has a project that I would like to help him to put into effect, and make a success. Give me your attention while I read his article to you, for it is not very long, and it is interesting reading."

He read, and repeatedly paused to add his views, to emphasize the Professor's thoughts, or was interrupted by an inquiry, or by the suggestion, of some listener. The article finished, he said:

"Now I say that that is good horse-sense. The scheme can be worked. And I believe that it should be put into operation. What do you say?"

"I agree with you," remarked another, "about the thing. Really, that seems to me like a genuine good work for us to do. I am not much for churches, or for missionary societies, conducted at great expense, and with small returns; but I am favorable, and will reach

down deep into my pocket for money to give to what I know will carry substantial help to folks, and that is what this thing must do."

Said a third man, "I have long thought that people were giving and devising, as if there were no objects for which to contribute, except hospitals, asylums, colleges, and churches. I have not been in the habit of giving, and, consequently I have been called "miserly," and "mean," and other things of like character; but actually I have been wanting to give, and I have been looking for some cause that might commend itself to me as worthy. Other people can have their pet objects, and I do not find fault; but I want them to do the same kindness to me. If God has given me my money, which ministers in quest of help, have told me, when showing me what they thought was my duty as to giving, was true ; he must have done so believing that I was capable of making a proper disposition of it. At any rate, I will think this way, and will act accordingly. Now I am favorable to this Professor's plan, and I will join with any of you, who are ready to show your faith by planting down money. Who speaks first about going into the deal?"

A quiet little man, who was almost lost in a large leather upholstered chair, spoke in almost a whisper, saying, "Put me down for one who believes in the scheme $25,000 worth. I feel sure that we shall find it a very satisfactory investment, one that will yield rich dividends in benefits conferred upon humanity. I believe in the old saw, "Charity begins at home;" I don't think that it should remain at home, but I believe in having it there. Others, who prefer to do so, may send their money to support missionaries and churches and schools, in China, and Africa, and the uttermost parts of the earth; but I will give for Chicago, and for the brightening of its dark homes."

To make the story of this extempore meeting, in the interests of needy mankind, short, it may be recorded, that those present organized themselves formally into a committee, choosing the customary officers; and then decided on a sub-committee, whose duty it should be to confer with Profesor Taylor, and ascertain more fully his

views; and then with him to investigate, and learn for what terms the property could be obtained which it was proposed should be regenerated; with instructions to be diligent, and to report by the following Sunday in Parlor B, of the Club House.

When all these preliminaries had been completed, one of the younger men present said, "This is certainly good Sunday work that we have been doing. I almost feel as if I had been in church."

"I do not see how you can feel that way," suggested a second man, "for you have not heard any begging for a large collection, which is an established feature of a church program."

Said the man who had read the newspaper article, "I do not know how it is with the rest of you, but for myself I can say, that I am proud of this hour. We have been doing a Christ-like thing. We may not be church men, and we may be under the ban of such as are; but I have an idea that there is joy among the angels, and I am certain that there will be great joy for people, because of what we have started to do. I feel like saying with the minister, who has seen a large collection taken, "Brethren, let us sing the long metre doxology."

The letter telling that his communication to the newspaper had borne genuine fruit, was a surprise to Doctor Taylor, and made him feel like shouting in his gladness. The idea that he should be able to carry out his long cherished plan for the benefit of the people, in whom he was now so greatly interested, seemed to him as if it might be only a false hope; but he read the missive from the committee over two or three times, and then showed his faith in the proposal by putting himself into direct touch with his new supporters. It having been stipulated in the letter, received by him, that he must, for the time being, keep the proposition a secret, and that he must at no time divulge the names of those from whom it had come, they prefering, when the benefaction would necessarily be made public, to be spoken of simply as "Friends of Humanity," the Professor was reluctantly silent as to his good fortune. He longed to make mention of it to his confidential friends in the faculty, but he did not do

it. He, however, gave some hints of the matter to Miss Foster, in accounting for his frequent engagements at the Club House and his visitations to the Settlement neighborhood, and to real-estate offices.

In company with the members of the sub-committee, the Professor made tours in the locality destined to be transformed. He visited parts that were new to him, in trying to show the great necessity for the contemplated change. He met people with whom he had never come in contact. He encountered some very sad and pathetic scenes,—where there were helpless, and suffering aged persons, or where there was sickness, and no sign of anything to comfort or cheer; and enlivening incidents —where there were little children full of romp and play; and very droll and ludicrous episodes—where ignorance, or superstition, or wit, were called into exercise.

The committee discovered the prevalent dread for health officials, with their stars, and their officiousness when making their investigations; and for any persons disposed to question—who might be detectives, or constables, or church-visitors.

One old lady, with a remembrance of incidents of the times of the civil war, on being interrogated as to her husband and sons, of whom she had made mention, anxiously asked, "Is there going to be a draft?" And then quickly added, "If there is, my old man, and my boys, are too old to be taken."

In one place which bore the marks of extreme poverty, one of the committee asked about the supply of food, when the woman began to tell of the sufferings of the family, in consequerce of the enforced idleness of her husband. She mentioned articles on which they had been subsisting, and finally said, "Some relief committee brought us some clothes for my man, and a basket of eggs. The clothes were big enough for a man six feet high and very fat; my man is very short and thin. The eggs were nice, but we have been eating them until I feel as if I would be ashamed to look a chicken in the face."

In the hall-way, two women from the Emerald Isle were encountered in very animated conversation. It so

happened that one member of the party, who did not chance to see the gossipers, who were standing near the entrance, as he passed through the door, remarked, "I should think that it would be very dull and dreary to live in a place like this." In an instant he was startled as he heard a voice, close to him, saying, "Oh, no. And shure Mrs. Finnegan, and dull and dreary is it? We have a dance here every Sunday night."

But such incidents gave zest and added interest to the work, which was being done, and afforded not a little amusement for the members of the general committee, when they were narrated in the meetings to which the reports of the sub-committee were made.

The outcome of the investigation was, that the scheme was favored more earnestly than in the beginnlng, and a fund was created, with the contributions of the original movers in the undertaking, and of others who had been quietly brought to interest themselves, aggregating over five hundred thousand dollars.

It was decided that the committee should obtain a charter, and that the organization should partake of the character of a stock company, to be known as the "League of the Friends of Humanity." It was determined that there should be no dividends declared, nor any salaries paid, except to those who should be employed for all their time to carry out the purpose of the League, the object being not to make profits, but to keep all contributions, so far as possible, in constant service to dŏ good.

In true Chicago fashion, in a surprisingly short time, three entire blocks, one on each side and one opposite to the Settlement, each of which covered a small block, were cleared of the houses, or rather rookeries, that had disfigured them, and were occupied by very neat and comfortable home buildings, with walls of brick with Bedford stone trimming. On one block were houses with seven and nine rooms; on another block were two apartments five stories high, containing six and eight room flats; and on the third block were a number of single three story buildings with suites of nine rooms.

It was designed that the houses should be sold to those who desired to purchase, at cost, and on easy terms,

monthly payments in amount equal to what would be paid for rent, and with but four per cent interest on the remaining balance; while the flats should be rented at the lowest possible rates—enough to be sufficient for the payment of taxes, for repairs, for current expenses, and four per cent on the investment.

As was to be expected, the houses and flats, as soon as they were ready for occupants, were all occupied by respectable families, the most of the houses having found purchasers who were eager to take advantages of the opportunity afforded them.

With the new buildings adorning it, the street became as a new thoroughfare; and in their new homes, with plenty of light, and fresh air, and bright walls, and bath rooms, the people seemed to take on a new life and were comfortable and happy.

The experiment proved such a grand success, that the League resolved to use the money received from the property sold and rented, and from contributors, who were delighted by what had been accomplished; for the further improvement of the vicinage, and along the same lines.

It is needless to record that while all who had a part in the sublime work, were deriving large returns, in the consciousness of great benefits conferred; no individual came in for a larger portion of this reward than Doctor Taylor, who mingled with the beneficiaries, and was a witness of what had been accomplished for them, and heard their expressions of appreciation.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Professor and Miss Foster were frequently to be seen together at the Settlement, and about the building-sites where were being carried out his ideas, under the auspices of the League of the Friends of Humanity. Indeed, the people of the locality, after a time, never saw

the one but that they looked to see the other. And both were exceedingly beloved by them all, for it was believed by them, that not only were they one in heart, but one in all the plans and efforts for the betterment of their condition.

They took a deep and lively interest in the attendants at the Settlement, not in the mass, but as individuals; speaking to them by name, and counseling with and helping them when in any difficulty, and commending them when successful in their undertakings. They made it possible for persons of all classes and conditions to be at ease where they were, as though there was no difference between them, and yet did it in such a manner as to retain the respect of all. As a little hunch-back, who was known to echo the sentiments of the district, was overheard to say, "Those folks are none of your stuck-ups, who come to dose out charity at arms' length with a soup ladle, wishing all the time that they could stand off and give it to us with a syringe."

Sometimes the couple entered the homes of people, but this was always where it was apparent that their coming would be rightly interpreted, and where they could carry comfort and cheer, and at times some substantial token of interest, in the way of delicacies and medicines for the aged and the sick; garments and toys for children, and money for those with means limited, and with pride too abundant to be heard asking for help.

Miss Foster when the new houses were receiving their tenants, was present with the Professor, to watch the people, to see how they would adjust themselves to the new environment. In one instance, as she looked on, and saw the delight of the people, old and young, she turned to her companion, and remarked, "There is one great wish that I have just now, and that is, that we could invite these people to take possession of these homes without requiring one cent from them."

"Why, my Dear," was the immediate answer, "do you think that then these friends would be more pleased than they now are? If you do, I can inform you, that you are very much mistaken. Why, the very fact that they are asked to pay something gives them satisfaction in liv-

ing here. It enables them to feeel a certain independence, such as all truly noble souls crave. A very grave error has been entertained by many, and some very good and well-meaning people, who have thought of the unpriviledged classess, with a view to aiding them, has been in harboring that very idea, to which you have given expression. I assure you that here in America our poor people, as a rule, are not beggars, far from it; and, more than that, they abominate all schemes that would treat them as such, and that would make them beggars, if they consented to receive their proffered help. How often when there is stringency in the money market, and shops and factories are put on half-time, or are shut down, and, as the natural result, want and suffering enter the homes of the wage-earners, do we see bread and clothes collected, and offered freely, and soup-houses opened, where whosoever will may come, and eat, without price. But the man who has been forced into idleness, says. "I dont" ask for these things. Give me work, work of any kind, that I may earn money; and then I will buy my food and raiment." The bread of charity to him is tasteless, while that obtained with the sweat of his brow is sweet. No, I am glad, and these people are all glad, that ours are not charity homes, or half-way alms houses, but dwelling places that are for rent, or for sale. I believe in independence, we all ought to do so in this land whose institutions are based on the "Declaration of Independence," and I am ready to do everything possible, within the limits of my ability, to help to make, and to keep our people free. We have reason to hope for progress in men, when they walk with heads erect, dependent upon no one. They are freemen and not slaves. They then can cherish self-respect. I go so far as to teach, that when once our wage-earners, who are the bone and sinew of our population, and so the chief support for our body politic, and the underpinning for our whole common life, cannot feel and act as if they were free, then will our fabric of government be in peril, and all those interests which we necessarily hold in common must seriously suffer. On all sides and in every dieection we would soon see only awful ruin, if our supports were

merely an effete aristocracy, and paupers, and slaves."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance upon the scene of a gentleman about thirty five years of age, probably five feet ten inches in height, slender in build, with every mark of a thoroughbred in his countenance, a high and broad forehead, clear eyes, a thin delicate nose, well-cut lips, and an oval face; and with dark complexion and hair.

"Oh, our friend, Mr. Barnes," said the Doctor, "I am sure that we are very glad to see you. How go things with you? I trust well."

"Thank you," was the response, spoken with a tremulous tone, "but I can only wish that I could report everything well with me. In reality, all seems ill with me. I have acted on your suggestions, of last week, but without success. I go forward in this, and then in that direction, and everywhere I encounter an impassable stone-wall, in the opinions and prejudices of people. I sometimes am strongly tempted to abandon all effort to accomplish what I have hoped and prayed for, and to just allow myself to drift, come what may."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the Professor, "do not talk, and do not think after that fashion. Do not let your manhood slip away from you. Keep your head erect, look people in the eyes, and do not flinch. Stubbornly defy opinion and prejudice where they antagonize you, and show yourself a man. This is a free country; I understand that some of your own kin bled to make it free; and you are a free man, and no one, and no set of people can crush you, if you stand firm. You say that all seems ill with you. Now, my dear fellow, to seem is not to be. And, more, I am prepared to show, that, in your case, it is only "seem." Now cheer up. I have some news for you. I was in conference with the Prudential Committee of our League, last evening; and it was there stated that we would be obliged to find a suitable person to serve as assistant to our Treasurer, owing to the increase of his duties, with the completiou, and renting, and sale of the League's property?

"But," said Mr. Barnes, "that is nothing for me. No one would entrust to me such duties. Why I could

not secure the recommendation of a single person, were I to think of applying for that post. Do you not know what people have been saying about me? You are familiar with my former activity in church circles. I had a wide acquaintance among church people. I had reason to think myself a favorite with them. I was courted; I was flatteréd by them. I gave largely to all church causes. Well, in my dark days, I have thought that to the church I might well look for aid; for is it not held that it is the mission of the church to help those who are down? Prompted by this and similar thoughts, I have asked for place,—for an obscure place, my God, any place, only enough for a foot-hold that I might sustain myself, and begin to climb, and, if possible, rise; I have sought recommendations, simply lines to help me to establish my personal identity, and my ability to do work, work of any nature. But only to receive "No," to my asking and seeking and knocking. Ministers, Deacons, and others;—some of whom I know to be guilty of worse things than the crimes with which I have been charged, and some who are indebted to me for past favors, and even for money borrowed and not repaid, all say "I cannot assist you now. Go and prove yourself worthy, and then come for reference."

"But I am neither a Minister, a Deacon, or a Churchman, were the words of the professor, But by such I am called "an unbeliever," a "heretic," and an "unsafe guide," all because I am not one of them, or for the reason that I do not accept their opinions. However, I am a Christian, I believe, for I am trying to possess, and to live out the Christ-like spirit. I am ambitious to be Christ in miniature, which is my favorite definition of a Christian. And, further, the gentlemen of the League, with whom I am so closely associated these days, are Christians, but after my kind. They are not in any church, though some of them contribute to the support of churches, having withdrawn for different good reasons. And, now, to get to my point, let me make known to you that, whatever the un-Christlikeness of those who in former days wanted, as is apparant, not you, but your's; this committee, to which I named you,

and detailed your recent experiences, in a Christ-like manner said, "We will employ him. And so the position awaits you, with a promised salary of two thousand dollars for the first year, and the prospect for advancement, as matters get more into ship-shape, and as our property-holdings increase. How does that seem to you,—is it ill, or is it well?"

With tears standing in his eyes, and with his voice quivering with deep emotion, the man, for whom the day-dawn had suddenly, and unexpectedly come, exclaimed, "Doctor Taylor can this, which you tell me, be, true? Thank God, thank you! I am not a cast away. I will go to work, and I will demonstrate that confidence in me has not been misplaced. I have now a new lease of life. I thought that I was dying; but I certainly live. I will faithfully discharge my trust; and I still hope that my vindication, for what I have been made to cruelty, and wrongfully, suffer, will yet be granted to me."

The Professor said, "Come to the Settlement at six o'clock this evening. I will telephone to the members of the Committee, and have them present at that hour to meet, and to make the necessary arrangements with you.

As the man walked away with a halo in his face, and with new elasticity in his step, Miss Foster said, "To help a brother in distress, that is a Christlike thing. You must be happy. I am sure that I feel blessed for this interview, and its outcome for Mr. Barnes. How singular it is that he should have appeared here while we were on the spot. It seems as if some unseen power had brought about the meeting."

"Yes," remarked the Professor, "it does seem so; for I had been wishing to see him, and I did not know how I could do it, as I have not known where the man has been keeping himself. I have not spoken to you concerning him, among the multiplicity of persons and things that have figured in our talks, but I had intended to do so. Barnes came to the Settlement "a stray." I saw him in the reading room, and occasionally at the lectures, but for a long time I was unable to get within even hailing distance of him, as he—as

I have since learned—avoided me. The first person to mention him to me was Robert Tate, the busy-body of the neighborhood. He merely asked me whether I had noticed the man, describing his appearance; and, then, with a peculiar shrug of his shoulders, he whispered, "He is a slippery chap. He has "done time for forgery. I know him as he was with our firm." I told him in payment for his information, that he would confer a personal favor on me, if he would never again mention what he had said to me, either to me or to anyone else; and reminded him of his own frailties, and added the old saying as to "people who live in glass houses," etc. Some persons require such plain alopathic, or heroic treatment, and Tate is one of them. Having learned the particulars about the man, I made up my mind that I would meet him, and if possible would try to aid him, for I concluded, from what I knew of the experience of men resting under such charges as were made against him, that in all probability he was having a hard time of it. I always have sympathy for the under man. He is generally misrepresented. He is pictured as worse than he actually is, and never has credit for such virtues as he may have. What he may have been, or what he may have done, that was praiseworthy, no one recalls. Alas, how many who have slipped and fallen,—where others who condemn them would have gone down; when they try to stand up, are prevented from doing so, and often, yes, usually, by those who claim the mission of the helping hand. I frequentently think, that if Christ were to re-visit our earth, and were to come upon some of the scenes where those who have been suspected, or who have been even guilty of wrong doing, are being judged and condemned by those who profess to represent what is pure and right, that he would cause some sheepish looks, and a scattering among the high and lofty, as he is represented to have done, while among men, when he encountered a party of hypocrites abusing a poor woman, who had sinned. How I would like to have him draw near, and say, with his soul penetrating voice, "Woe unto you hypocrites," and "Let him that is innocent cast a stone."

"It required some skillful engineering for me to reach the presence of the man, and then to hold him for a few words with him, and, after that, to inspire confidence in him for me. I early saw that to place myself where I could be of service to him, I would have to be "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove." The poor man had been Chaplained, and Missionaried, and Ministered unto; he had gotten the parable of the "Prodigal Son," especially the prodigal's part of going away, and sinning, and eating husks, well rubbed into him; and he was feeling as if that were henceforth to be the order of his life. Hence he shunned counsellors. He did want help. He wanted bread, as I soon learned, when he saw that I did not come with a sermon, or a lecture in one hand, and with a club held back of me in my other hand, with which to beat into him the lessons brought, in case he should say, "Yes, you call me bad. I mean to be good. But I am idle, and I want work; I am hungry, and I need food." How strange it is, that so many who feel called to the work to instruct and to save men, fail to discover the fact, that spirituality is incompatible with a craving stomach! Gradually I got his story from the man. He had lived an upright life; he had held an important position, and while in this a forgery had been committed, which had been attributed to him. He was arrested. His former professed friends forsook him; worse than that, some of them even turned and acted against him, wresting wrong meanings from utterances made by him, giving a criminal stain to acts of days gone. Would you believe it, men, and even women, who pose as examples for ordinary mortals, yes, people in high places, and members of fashionable society, went about gossiping, and did some most contemptible things to make the man's ruin sure. One woman, a relative of wealthy Eastern families, a claimant to a noble family line, who, because of such connections, and her husband's genuine worth, is "received" into many homes, descended from her perch, —resting on supports outside of herself—and descended so low, that she rode about in her carriage, to show some letters that Mr. Brown had written at different times, to one who became his enemy, and who let her take them,

because of the advantage of her accidental position, to show a resemblance in the writing to that of the forged paper. What her motive could have been, it is hard to conceive; she, probably, simply desired to gain a little notoriety as one of the very virtuous people who were intent on running down a culprit. Weil, among them all, they succeeded in obtaining a judicial conviction, and like a martyr the man endured his imprisonment. After he had told me of his case, I made inquiries about him at the prison, and examined the evidence on which he was convicted, and conversed with many individuals who had long known him; and from all that I could ascertain, I came to the conclusion that he was a grossly wronged man, and I was ready to give him my confidence. I sent him to parties, from whom I thought that he might obtain practical help; but he always returned with about such a report as you heard him make to me a while ago. I ventured to suggest him to our Prudential Committee, wondering whether they would consider him at all for so important a trust, and you can imagine my joy, when I found the gentlemen ready to take him on my recommendation. You now have all of the facts."

"It will be interesting to me, to watch and see the outcome of your genuine missionary work," said Miss Foster, "but do not infer from this remark, that I have any doubt as to its being something encouraging. I, too, have faith in the man. I have been trying to conceive the feelings of Mr. Barnes, since receiving your good news. Had you thought of them? Before, yes, from the time of his first serious accusation, no doubt, until an hour ago, while he knew of his innocence, and was conscious of his noble qualities, he was suffering under the lashes of falsehood, maliciousness, distrust and disgrace. If he felt like a man, he could not act it except by times. He was down, and everybody seemed to be determined on keeping him down, barring only yourself. But after your revelation, how great the change! The world must have assumed a new appearance for him. He could feel that there were those who believed him, and believed in him; those who would entrust interests, and

stupendous interests, to his care; those who were willing to be associated with him, and all of them people entitled to be classed with the noblest of men. He walked away from us confirmed in his own opinion, that he was every inch a man; and the treatment now accorded him will cause him to stand forth to the gaze of people, more and more as time passes, one of Nature's own noblemen."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Under the influence of Miss Foster, who had a very efficient second in Miss Mark, new features from time to time dropped into place in the doings of the Young Peoples' Society, and then in the Sunday School, and finally in the order of the services, and in the methods of the activities of the Old Frame Church. They were not forced in deliberately. Their introduction was never hearalded, nor celebrated. They were grown in, there was first the seed, then the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. Everything was brought about so naturally that no one could ever think of objecting. The first that the people usually knew was that they were there, and in such a way that it almost seemed as if they had always been there. Old Mr. Sniveller did a few times venture a protest, saying, "Why we never had, or never did, that before." But he had outlived his days of influence. The Old dog had lost his incisors, and was harmless. He could do nothing more thanwhine.

But it must not be concluded from the mention of their names, as it has been made, that the young women referred to, deserved all the credit for the advancement that was made. No, not all. Nor did they ever want it. Indeed they preferred to be unseen. They had noble co-operators in every department of the church, in Judge Kent, Mr. Bowden, Mr. Langley, and many others; persons who stood for liberal things in good Doctor Mil-

ler's day, and others who had since then come into the organization. However, Miss Foster and Miss Mark, as leading spirits in the Young People's Society, were in a position for influencing the entire institution of the Old Frame Church. Young people are always a power, and they were especially so in this particular case. Thus it was that these two young women came in for such an important part in connection with what was done. It was fortunate that two such active, gifted, cultivated, progressive, and influential persons were placed where they could so act in the interests of truth, and order, and genuine progress; and especially fortunate that they did not live either their intellectual or religious life, looking only into a remote and a very hazy past, but beholding the present, with its disclosures which were reserved for these later times.

Changes occurred in the views entertained by the people, and in the forms observed in the administration of the ordinances, and in the themes most frequently chosen by the preacher, who felt the influence of the liberal leaven at work in the pews. Professor Taylor was actually invited to deliver a series of lectures in the Chapel; and to tell the story of the Settlement to the congregation on a Sunday morning, and on the latter occasion he was surprised and gratified by having a collection taken for the benefit of the general fund of his pet institution.

There were a number of transitions among the people, not a few of them caused by death; among those who died were several of the older members of the church, who had contributed more or less to give to the organization the character which it bore for many years.

It was about this time, when the people were awakening to realize the presence of things that were radical innovations, that an event occurred which served to remind those who had been long familiar with the church, of the vastness of the change, in general, that had been wrought within a dozen or fifteen years; and that was the death of Ex-Deacon Sniveller, who had so long stood as a rock-bound coast to resist the incoming waves of progressive thought. The man whose little influence, at the last, was serving as a barrier, in the eyes of the

law, to prevent the unanimous vote of the church necessary to enable it to assume that position of independence to which its leaders were desirous of bringing it. In this instance a respectable funeral was in the interests of progress.

But the death of the Deacon was attended with sad and terrible circumstances, and all owing to his extreme sensitiveness, and his inordinate desire to be supreme. His tendencies of this character had always been very marked, and had on many occasions brought him into conflict with others; but as he increased in years they became more pronounced, and rendered him more annoying, and more disagreeable, to those around him. Very naturally, with such peculiarities, as he felt the loss of prestige with each passing year, he grew sour and melancholy, and, in consequence, committed the awful act of destroying his own life. A note, which he left explained the dreadful deed, disclosing his disordered mind, and the cause for it. He was not so old a man, as might be inferred from his reference to his years, for he had attained only three in addition to the three score and ten. His last lines were as follows:

"My Dear Friends, do not respect my memory less for the manner of my death, than you would have done had I died from natural causes. I have decided to hang myself, after much deliberation, so do not think that I acted hastily and rashly. I have long been weary of life, and have prayed to be taken out of this heartless and unappreciative world. Having served the Old Frame Church with honor for many years, during a long portion of which I was the oldest Deacon, I could not but feel keenly my partial retirement, when, against my will, I was made Deacon-Emeritus. And then I have been grieved with the changes that have come into our beloved zion, which have prompted me to say, again and again, "This people hath gone after strange gods; they want not the truth, for their hearts are carnal." I have lifted up my voice in objections, but all in vain. I feel that those who were with me of old have forgotten me, and that those who have come among us lately know me not. I am alone. And for some time, since he has not an-

swered my prayers for him to care for his cause, by confounding his enemies, and by bringing their schemes, for changing the character of his church, to naught; and, then, my later prayers, for him to come and take me to himself, now that my years are many, and my work apparently done, I have concluded that even the dear Lord himself has either forgotten, or lost interest in me; at any rate, I have felt that he has been slighting me, and, therefore, my decision, to go hence by my own act. Remember my good deeds, which have been many. Know that as I lived, so I die, a firm, immovable believer in the Standards, the whole book, every chapter, verse, sentence, word, and punctuation mark. And let my name go down to posterity, with my official station, in the church, affixed to it. Lamenting the changes in the Old Frame Church, and bitterly lamenting the neglect shown me; I urge all to turn back, oh turn back, to the old paths, and save yourselves from perdition.
Faithfully, JONAS N. SNIVELLER,
The Oldest Deacon, etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Taylor, I envy you with your opportunities, and grand work, in this great cosmopolitan city," such was the utterance of the Rev. Harvey Perry, as he threw himself into a large easy chair in the Parlor, at the Settlement building, from an inspection of which he had just come attended by the Professor, with whom he had been a classmate and a chum in college. Continuing his remarks, he said:

"Why, old boy, I feel like rubbing my eyes, to make sure of the reliability of my sight, and so to make certain whether it is really you whom I have found here, in charge of this marvelous center for good. Do you realize that your connection with such an enterprise as this, and much more, your projection of it, is wholly out of harm-

ony with what we associated with you, in college days, as your life-calling? Why it was the general opinion of the boys that you were going out of school, with your honor-colors flying, but that then it would be good-bye for you to all the outside world; that you would go to Germany, and learn something more about handling your linguistic talent, and that you would then retire to some quiet spot, and live with the Hebrews, the Assyrians, and other peoples, of the far past. Of course, we knew of your work in Sociology, but we concluded that that had been only a secondary matter with you. Some of the fellows predicted that we should hear that you were still living, in twenty or thirty years after you had taken your sheepskin, by the appearance of a volume on Hebrew vowel-points, or some other work equally bright and fascinating. But, my, to find you a Professor of a live, twentieth century study, and to discover you putting your ideas into facts, with such surroundings as you have here, and with such amazing success; well, I can only say, that you have ruined the prophets; they will be obliged to go into some other business than that of prophesying."

"Seeing that you are so frank with me," the Professor replied, "I shall meet you with like candor, Harvey. I acknowledge that I have been astonished as I have followed the boys in their career, since we parted on the campus; so few having entered the callings for which I had thought them headed. And, then, too, I have been surprised, both pleasantly and otherwise, with the outcome. So many who might, and who ought to have remained in the very front in life, as they did in school, have dropped back; while a number of the dull men have kept on plodding, like good patient oxen, and have gone to the fore. I'll tell you, no argument is necessary to convince me, that college standing can never be considered as indicating the life-standing that is to follow. When I heard that you had been ordained to the ministry, I confess that I was not a little astonished. I had thought of you as taking up the law, both from natural taste, and qualifications for the calling."

"You had the correct idea as to my taste, and possibly as to my qualifications," said Mr. Perry, "and you are

not the only one who ever suggested such matters to me. The fact is, that I did think seriously of studying law; I wanted to do it; and I have repeatedly wished that I had done it."

"What caused you to go against your inclinations, in so important a matter, as your choice of a life-calling?" asked the Professor.

"Oh," was the response, "it is the old story of influence brought to bear by the church, and church people, and Christian parents. They called me, but they, by various means, influenced me to believe that I was having a divine call. That is something in which I no longer believe, except as anyone may be considered to be divinely called to whatever work he is led to adopt, from natural qualifications, or favorable opportunities. I have seen so much, and have heard more, of the ways by which men have been called by the Lord to preach, according to their own testimony, that were ridiculous and even ludicrous, that I have abandoned the church belief as to the subject. Why, Humboldt, I really know of an instance where a man, now along in years, and who has been considered successful as a preacher, has solemnly told that the evidence of his divine call to the ministry, came to him, in answer to prayer for guidance as to his duty in the matter, in a dream, which occurred to him on two successive nights, in which a long wagon-tongue was made to project from his mouth. His inference was, that therein it was indicated that he was to employ his tongue in preaching. But the thing that had the most weight with me to cause the abandonment of the doctrine was its implication. I could not believe that the responsibility was to be shifted upon the Almighty, whenever a man stood up to preach who did not know the simplest rudiments of what should be his message, and who, in many cases, had nothing whatever to commend him favorably to his hearers, and who only excited either their pity, or their contempt. As I study God's works in nature, I see therein wisdom in the adaptation of things to their places and uses, and I have concluded that if God were having anything to do with the placing of men in the ministry, especially if they were to be his ambas-

sadors, the same wisdom would be manifest. I take it that he is always wise."

"But, why do you regret your choice?" the Doctor inquired.

"Oh, to answer that question, I would have to take more time than you can give for it," said Mr. Perry, "But, in brief, I lament my entrance into the ministry, because, at any rate in our denomination, in taking my ordination vows I had to relinquish my manhood. That, of course, is not stated in the forms of subscription, to which assent is required; it is what is learned later—and when it is too late to protest, without experiencing much unpleasantness, to say the least. The ministry is all well enough for one who cannot, or who does not care to think for himself; for one who, in effect, simply asks, What shall I think? And while I have specified our denomination, I do not intend to suggest that it is a sole exception in this respect; no, far from it. The thing is the rule in the churches generally. In the pulpit, as a general thing, truth is required to bend to the creed. From what I have said, as you can infer, the sacrifice demanded of the preacher is not merely that of manliness, but also of conviction and honor. Were I to present the obvious facts revealed by biblical criticism, concerning both Old and New Testament interpretations, I would not be shown that I was in error in considering them facts; but I would be told to hold my peace in reference thereto, or submit to condemnation, excommunication, and abuse, for heresy. The edict has gone forth, that the preacher is to minimize the human element, and to magnify the divine element in the history, and stories, and myths of the Bible. I am restive and chafe under such a restriction. Hence, as I have remarked, I envy you in your position as teacher where you can deal in the truth, and the whole truth, and are expected to do it; and I also envy you in your place here—this grand arena, where you are teacher, and, I judge, from what I have heard, also preacher—and a preacher who in his ministrations is recognizing the sanctity of every fact, and the divinity of truth of every kind."

"But, why do you, and others who think and feel

as you do, remain in bondage?" the Professor asked.

"With some it is because of cowardice," was the reply, "with many it is for the reason that they court that success which can be won in a strong denomination, preaching to large, wealthy, and influential congregations; while with not a few the explanation is, the financial consideration. I suppose that if I were to analyze my own motives, that I would find a mixture of the second and the last reasons named. I have had unusual success, and I have had very remunerative salaries. A change might mean for me, obscurity and meagre support. I admit that this acknowledgment causes me to feel ashamed of myself. I, when conscious thereof, loathe myself for being influenced after this manner. But I do not purpose to stultify my noblest being as I have done. I cannot do it. My soul rebels against the thing. I will not live a lie, whatever others may be willing to do. I will not remain where I am asked to do so, as the price for position. If I cannot find a pulpit with people who want the truth, and the truth alone whatever they have, then I will turn my attention to something else other than preaching."

"That is what I should do, if I were situated as you are," said the Professor, "I would break stones with a small hammer, on the highway, before I would stand to preach where I was required to bend my tongue as if it were a bow for falsehood. I would do only that in connection with which I could feel myself a man. But you will not have to break stones. There are always spheres available that afford opportunities for the exercise of such gifts as you possess. I have heard men in the ministry speak of the great sacrifices that they had made, in the matter of place and money, in order that they might preach, when I have seriously questioned the truthfulness of their statements. In some cases I knew, from my own knowledge of facts, that they had gained socially and financially, by adopting that calling. As a general thing, preachers are far from being practical men; remove them from the pulpit and pastoral work, and they are helpless; and, hence, the readiness of so many to consent to do what is demanded by the self-benighted leaders in

church councils, and the self-elected ignorance of many in the pews. However, Harvey, you are not one of this kind, otherwise I would not speak as I do. You are an all around man. You can preach, or teach, or take up law, or do other business, with success."

"I had no thought of our conversation taking the turn that it has, when I made my first remark as to your work," Mr. Perry remarked, "Still I do not regret the exchange of views which we have had. It has done me good to have this frank talk with you, for I have unburdened myself. There was no one else to whom I could speak, and, in turn, receive fair and reasonable treatment; that is among those whom I know well, and especially in the ministry, or in the membership of the church. I have discovered that there is nothing that will so arouse the ill-feelings, and the hostility (and the most bitter hostility of men) as even seeming opposition to their theological dogmas. It has often seemed to me as if those who persecute--for prosecution in such instances is usually persecution—such as differ with them theologically, actually believed that nothing could be too severe as a penalty to be meted out upon them. It has, therefore, been a pleasure for me to be able to sit here, and chat freely with you.'.

"I am sure that I have enjoyed the conversation," the Professor said. "I am glad to know your thoughts and feelings. I trust that the way may soon be clear for you to carry out your purpose. If I can serve you, I shall take delight in doing it. I am willing to place my name on your back, as an endorsement, at any time. If anything comes to my notice, that I can consider suitable for you, I will act in your behalf. I wish that I could make a position for you. But, come, it is four o'clock, and I must be getting home for the dinner hour, and you must accompany me. I am, as yet, in bachelor quarters, but I am well cared for. However, as I shall explain to you later, I am looking forward to better things. I have reached the conclusion, at last, that it is not good for man to live alone, provided that he can find a congenial companion to share life with him."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It was a lovely Saturday afternoon early in June, the sky was blue, the air was clear, the sun shone brightly, the foliage, the grass, and the flowers were clean, fresh, and beautiful in their appearance, while happy birds were darting hither and thither with their cheerful chirp. To mutually enjoy what Nature had herein provided, Professor Taylor and Miss Foster had taken a horse and phaeton, and were leisurely riding over the smooth and meandering roads in that grand division of the South Park system, known as Washington Park. They had driven into the park barns, amid the park carry-alls and the large and imposing tally-ho's, and around the inner circle, surrounded with stalls, each bearing the name of some celebrity, from that of the most recent champion pugilist, or some favorite city father or alderman, to that of the president of the republic; with a sprinkling of names taken from the classics, or from ancient history, the horse in each stall bearing the name thereto attached. Beauties, too, the animals were, as all usually have been that have been honored with place in those stables. From here the Professor drove to the lily ponds, with their almost endless variety of plants of that order. Then the horse's head was turned in the direction of the huge triangle with special floral designs, the calendar with its days of the week, and the index to point out the day present; the dial, with its hours, and by its shadow indicating the time; the large globe with its distinctly outlined continents and isles; the rolls of rich tapestry, the stars, diamonds, etc.

While they were looking at, and commenting, with admiration, on the different pieces, a man, whose appearance and manner indicated that he had some connection with the Park, stepped up to the side of the carriage, and volunteered some explanations, telling particularly what plants were used in their construction, and how the

freshness of the pieces was retained. From his evident familiarity with everything, Miss Foster inferred that he must be the superintendent, or the florist, and ventured to say, "I suppose you designed these things." "Oh, no," was the answer, "I am not the gardner; I am one of the waterers," The tone with which he spoke, evidenced that he was proud in the consciousness that he occupied a post of no little consequence.

As they rode away, the doctor said, "I am glad that man feels as he evidently does, judging from his manner in answering you. It is nothing to him who designed those pieces; he is conscious that he supplies them with that which is essential to their life, grace, and beauty. He, in his humble sphere, is a necessity where he acts. The florist can look with pride upon his products, and can find satisfaction in his knowledge that his work is appreciated by people—but he is dependent upon the waterer. How that incident illustrates what is true of all classes and conditions of men in their many and varied relations,—there is with all more or less dependence upon others. There must be the waterers. If this were only more generally realized; and if each individual could only feel his importance in his own particular sphere; there would be with men more sympathy for each other, and there would be less discontent, and bickering, and strife."

Driving hither and thither, they saw all kinds of turnouts, from bicycles to victorias; while in many cases, the styles and colors of the garments of the riders were very attractive in their patterns, and in their hues, thus adding to the picturesqueness of the scenes. Now and then, there would be a dense throng of vehicles, with occupants old and young, grave and gay. Occasionally a carriage was encountered that contained some invalid, with blanched and emaciated countenance, in quest of the fresh and stimulating air, which on this particular day was gently fanned by a soft south wind.

They paused to view the players in the tennis courts, and on the base-ball diamonds, and saw a hotly contested race of some amateur runners, who were rushing for the goal, urged on by cheers and yells of spectators.

They watched several picnic parties, and especially the little children in them; some of them eating as if they had been deprived of food for a week; and others rolling and frolicking on the thick sward, or playing "hide and seek," or "last-touch."

"What a grand provision this system of parks is for the people," said Miss Foster, "I usually think of them as the lungs for our large, and still rapidly growing population. It was a wise forethought that led to the establishment of the parks on the three sides of our city, —Lincoln Park on the North, Garfield on the West, and our Jackson and Washington, connected by the Midway Plaisance, on the South. If only the use of Jackson Park and the Midway Plaisance, for the Columbian Exposition, does not injure them seriously for park purposes for years to come."

"I have no fears of harm from that use," was the Professor's remark, "The Park Commissioners were, very wisely, jealous of their interests, and they have had it carefully stipulated in the papers how everything is to be restored when the fair is over. I am of the opinion that Jackson Park will be more attractive than ever, as more of it will be brought under improvement by the changes made in arranging the grounds for the exposition. I have been told that the original scheme for a system of lagoons has only been carried out by the World's Fair Directors, in what they have provided."

They drove out from the park, at the North-West corner, and then went North on Grand Boulevard, one of the future chief avenues of the metropolis, until they reached Oakwood Boulevard, a beautiful cross street, on which they passed East to Drexel Boulevard, with its attractive center plots, and its large and imposing residences on each side, and on this they rode South to Drexel monument, or Fountain, at the North-East entrance to Washington Park, which they re-entered, for the further enjoyment of its driveways, particularly those on the West and South, before going home.

The conversation, as the fragments noted indicate, took different lines, and usually derived its drift from some present circumstance. It was largely practical.

but it was interspered with some sentiment, at times in a scrap of poetry, sometimes in a bit of prose. It was in a moment of this kind, that Miss Foster read the lines entitled, "You Thought Of Me," by George Parsons Lathrop:

"What bond is this that draws my life to yours?
Miue that till now for you was but a name.
As one who finds a trail on lonely shores,
You thought of me: I came!

From far off, through the shadows of the storm,
A sail loomed dark and strange; yet 'twas the same
That now draws near, shines light with sunlight warm
So unto you I came.

Like words unspoken that the mind has guessed,
Like air that some deep odor stirs to flame,
So has my spirit followed your behest.
You thought of me: I came."

"Well, I am thankful," said Doctor Taylor, "that you felt my drawings, and that they proved irresistible to you, so that you came. It was all mysterious heart influence. What meaning there is in such a relationship as that which now exists between us: The companionship of a man or woman, that grows sweeter, stronger, richer, stiller as time passes. I suggest stiller, for the reason that as two people learn to know each other, and to interpret each other's minds and hearts, they do not need to give verbal expression to tell what is within; looks will reveal the story. Silence then is often eloquence. And this companionship is something that is not possible between two men or two women. It is what can exist alone with a man and a woman. I wonder whether you do not understand my meaning. I am sure that I could never love any man in the world as I can and do love you, and I could not sacrifice for any man what I would willingly and gladly sacrifice for you. And more than that, I believe that this is according to the decree of God, certainly of Nature. If not, why then were we made as we are?"

Miss Foster's response to these thoughts was, "I think

that anyone who has learned to love another of the opposite sex from his or her own, must know what you mean. I have loved a woman, but I never experienced anything of the companionship that has been shared with you. How well we do understand each other! So often we seem to think the very same thoughts. We are at times as if we were really one in mind, sentiment, and in heart. It is lovely that everything with us is so mutual."

As they were riding homeward, they passed Miss Mark, who was moving along with her easy, graceful, and rapid tread. The Professor was the first to see her, and, after calling attention to her whereabouts, he went on to say: "What a noble young woman she is! The better I know her, the more I see in her that excites my admiration. She is a very unusual person in her disposition, and gifts. I am thankful that she has come in to help us at the Settlement, as her work in the Greek class, and her practical interest in the people, must prove of great value to us. If only she does not get drawn from us. I have recently thought that I could see some evidences of special interest for her, on the part of two or three young men among our post-graduate students at the college, who are in classes with her. Not one of them has been with us at the Settlement, and hence I am a little nervous lest their influence may be against us there. It is inevitable that some man will fall in love with her, and if she reciprocates, I do hope that the fortunate suitor will be a gentleman who will be ready to co-operate with us, and so we shall have both of them to aid in our work."

"What a fine thing it would be," remarked Miss Foster, "if you could succeed in bringing Mr. Perry to the city; and if, then, he should prove to be the man for her. It would be somewhat of a romance, would it not? I thought that they did disclose a fondness for each other, when they met the evening that you brought him with you to our home. It may have been in my imagination, and owing to my idea at the time, that they would be suitable each to the other. I wonder what they would say, if they knew of our speculations as to them. But

we are not match-makers, and so we will not try to arrange anything for them."

"As for Harvey's coming to Chicago," the Professor said, "I am quite positive that I have things all arranged for that event. Our board of directors, in a meeting held yesterday, decided, by a unanimous vote, to invite him to become assistant superintendent at the Settlement. I have no doubt in my mind as to his acceptance of the place. The work is just such as he has been wanting; and, then, he will welcome the liberty which he will find with us. He will be free from church councils, and from a lot of Deacons who know little but to object, and from creed-statements, and from that peculiar public opinion incident to the present church influence. He can with us stand up "valiant for truth," and so give to men a rational message. I am confident, also, that his ministrations in public, and in private, will prove very acceptable to our people. It is not our purpose to have him come as a minister, or preacher: and he has no desire to appear in any such way. He knows, as we all do, that the people who attend at the Settlement do not want a missionary, or a clergyman. His usefulness will be in proportion as he appears a man with men."

"I am truly delighted with the news that you have given me," said Miss Foster, "it signifies needed relief for you, and also more aggressive service at the Settlement. Now, if only the matter of which we have been speaking, as to Miss Mark, would chance to come about. Well, I shall hope, and hope, for it."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

About four or five months after Mr. Barnes had been engaged to look after the property in the vicinity of the Settlement, and when he was giving satisfaction to all concerned; and was being highly esteemed for his genuine worth, by all with whom he was brought into contact, Professor Taylor was the recipient of a letter having reference to this prodigy of his, that caused him to be very eager to reach his presence. The communication came in the early morning mail; and, hence, instead of taking his usual spin on his wheel through the Park, he decided to find his "constitutional" in a run to the Settlement, before beginning his work for the day. On reaching the institution, where Mr. Barnes had his office, he found that gentleman at his desk, deeply absorbed in some specifications for a contemplated building. The doctor stood at his side for fully five minutes before his presence was discovered. The instant that he was seen, Mr. Barnes exclaimed, "Why Professor, is it you? I heard some one enter, but I had just been having a call from a plumber who is working for us, and I concluded that he had returned for something. It is not often that we have the privilege of seeing you in this locality at this early hour. I am always glad to see you, but I am pleased to have you here this morning, for a special reason. I received a note yesterday, which I have been desirous that you should read; and only a little while ago I was wishing that I could go to the University to have you see it. Suppose that you loook it over now." Doctor Taylor, taking the missive, read

The Pastor's Study.
St. Thomas Presbyterian Church,
Monday Morning.

My Dear Mr. Barnes,

I yesterday learned through a gentleman in our congregation, of your present whereabouts, and engage-

ments. I write to congratulate you on your good fortune, in obtaining such a fine position. You, of course, appreciate it. Give God the praise. I trust that you will ever remember your sore trouble of the past, and, whether guilty or innocent, will carefully avoid even the very appearance of wrong doing in your conduct. You must show to men that you are different, from what you have been portrayed as being. It is so very hard for one to rise who has fallen: but some have done it, and I hope that you will be another to do so. By and by I trust that we may see you in our church again. I know that when you have clearly shown, that you have set your face as a flint in the direction of right, our people will welcome you into their midst, and will be helpful to you. I have been informed that you are frequently in communion with Dr. Humboldt Taylor, a very fine man I have been told; but I would suggest to you that you exercise great caution as to imbibing his views touching theology and the church. Do not permit yourself to be enticed away from the doctrines or the church of your first love. Very naturally, owing to his kindness, he will be attractive to you; but you cannot afford, in your admiration for your benefactor, to jeopardize your soul. I shall ever pray for you. Your former Pastor

GEORGE FOREMAN.

Having finished his perusal of the letter, the Professor said, "That is a very interesting communication. Like a shepherd, your pastor is beginning to look after you as a stray lamb. He trusts and suggests for your welfare. When I read anything like that, from a man occupying his position, I am not at a loss for an explanation for his failure to reach, and to win the "worldling class," using the orthodox expression. He sadly lacks heart, and good sense. His interest in you is perfunctory. He does not in a single word help you. He only faintly encourages you. He recalls and rubs-in your sore experience. Had you not gotten into a good place, where you would require nothing from him, he would not have written to you. He, evidently, means to have a string on you, so that if you once again have money and influence, he can try to use you. But he will cut

the string and drop you, no matter how far down you may fall, if he discovers that you [illegible] is willing servant."

"Oh, I know him well enough. I can read him as I read a book," Mr. Barnes declared, "In the time of my prosperity, he always beamed upon me. But when the clouds gathered over me, he stood afar off. He would turn from the street, or wheel-about, and walk in the opposite direction, when he saw me approaching him. Once I came suddenly upon him, and in an instant he became very much engaged in buttoning his gloves. But, in a way, I did not care. I simply pitied the man for his weakness. You can rest assured that he can have no influence with me. I shall have no use for either him, or his church, or his people."

"I have received a letter, also," Doctor Taylor remarked, "that has a bearing for you, and that explains my coming this morning. When you mentioned your letter, I concluded that it might be of similar import to mine, and awaited it with considerable interest. But the two communications are no more alike than are black and white. I will now let you read what came to me." He read the following,

Chicago, August 1st, 189—.

Prof. Humboldt Taylor,

Dear Sir:—

You will, undoubtedly, recall an interview which you had with me some time ago, with regard to our former employee, Mr. Barnes. I now write to inform you of a discovery which we have just made, and which occasions me both distress and joy. A week ago, we had a repitition of the incident which resulted so disastrously for Mr. Barnes. Forged papers came into our possession. Circumstances pointed to a young man who has long been in our service, as the one guilty of the crime committed. After assuring ourselves positively of his guilt, we confronted him with the charge, citing some of the evidence which had been obtained. He broke down completely, and confessed that the wrong had been done by him. Later, when questioned, he acknowledged, that he, and not Mr. Barnes, had com-

mitted the forgery of the previons occasion, and that he had so manipulated things that Mr. Barnes, who was absolutely ignorant of the deed, should be made to appear as the wrongdoer. I am now sorely grieved over the sufferings of that innocent man. What they were, he alone can know. If it were only possible for us to make amends to him, but that is out of the question. As a firm, and as individuals, we would be willing to do anything within our power for him. I am rejoiced, for his sake, that the truth has come forth. Surely, what I have written will be gratifying to you, the friend indeed in the man's time of need. Your faith has found its answer in fact. I cannot but envy you your feelings, as you now know how you helped a truly worthy fellow-being. I will leave it to you to disclose to Mr. Barnes that he stands vindicated. Tell him that John Johnson, the bookkeeper, and the chief witness against him, is the guilty man, and that he is now lying in the county prison. Make known to him our sincere regret for what he was made to endure. We shall hope to see him at an early day, and we mean to do all that we can, to undo the cruel wrong that was done to him.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. BARTLETT.

As Mr. Barnes read, his eyes moistened, and his color changed, while his hands trembled. And as the full import of the letter came to him, and without reading to the finish, he looked quietly into the face of his genuine friend, and which was now also tear-stained, for a number of seconds, and then said: "I have always believed that I would at some time stand before men free from the guilt of the crime of which I was accused, and for which I suffered. But how I would be enabled to do that, I had never been able to explain to my satisfaction. Professor, you now know that I told you the truth, when I represented that I was innocent. I am glad that you do know it; for you have in that knowledge a reward for your confidence, that confidence which transmuted itself into a conduct so marked by kindness. You saved me, God alone knows from what. I had often meditated on the means at hand for taking myself out of the world;

and I might, in some moment of despair, have committed suicide. People, (many of whom were eager to credit what was said against me), will now learn of the falseness of the accusations. Doctor Foreman and the saintly members of his flock, some of them only whited-sepulchres, as I positively know, who have shrunk from contact with me, will hear the news, and may be ready to welcome me back to their fold at once. Thank God, I am no longer under a cloud. But I emerge from the shade knowing who are my genuine friends.

These words came forth from his lips, as if they were a stream that had broken through some obstruction, which had been piling up the waters until with their accumulated force it was swept away. The suspicion under which he had been living, had prevented him from acting with freedom; but, now, that being gone, he could think, and speak freely touching these things that were so vital to him.

Doctor Taylor rose, and grasping the hand of Mr. Barnes, earnestly exclaimed, "My dear fellow, I did have faith in you, and I now rejoice with you in your complete vindication so long in coming. Let us now see to it that the good news goes wherever the wrong was done to you. Would that people might learn from your case, to be slower to believe ill against their fellows; and to be helpful to those who are unfortunate. I wonder whether it would not be an excellent thing for me to write a letter, to the Rev. Foreman, and break to him what we have learned; and then to suggest, that, as you were a well-known member of his church, and since your reputation was as a foot-ball among his people, it might be proper for him to narrate your story in his pulpit, and to follow it with the reading of the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, that matchless sermonette on charity. He might take your experience for a text, and preach a sermon. He could easily find less interesting and less profitable themes. He would, certainly, for once, have wakeful hearers before him, with such a discourse, as he could find in that text. I wish that Perry were here, that he might rejoice with us."

"I shall tell him of the news, when he comes in," Mr.

Barnes said, "for I know how pleased he will be. What an interesting man he is, Professor. He is one of the kind of persons who are said to grow with acquaintance. He advances in our estimation here every day. I am constantly discovering new evidence of his fitness for his position in this place. He is ready with excellent suggestions for every exigency. He is steadily winning his way with our people. He seems as one of them, and that they like in him. And, the beauty of it is, that he is genuine in everything. I was interested in watching him in a meeting of some of the labor-men who are now on a strike. He was called upon to speak. As he went forward to the platform, a big burly loud-mouthed fellow, who evidently did not know him, shouted, "We don't want any of his gab. He is not a workman. He is a preacher. Let's do our own talking." In another instant, the hall was filled with voices, some gibing the man who had protested, and the others calling, "Perry!" "Perry!" Mr. Perry coming before the audience, said, "My unknown friend, who does not want to hear from me, evidently is unacquainted with me, or he would have known that I am a workingman. I work, and I work not only eight hours a day, but often as many as sixteen. And I am always interested in everything that has to do with workmen, for I am anxious that they shall always have what is due to them. I have been looking into your present differences with your employers, and I have been hoping for their speedy adjustment. But let me suggest to you, that no settlement can ever be reached by recourse to lawlessness, or threats of any kind. You do well to combine, but see to it that you understand distinctly what you want, and that you know clearly your duties under the circumstances, and then proceed orderly. You have grievances, and when they are presented and considered calmly, and acted upon by the arbitrators, or by the courts, your rights will undoubtedly be secured. You have the privilege of refusing to sell your labor for a price that may be offered, or of declining to give it under circumstances that are not in accord with your ideas; but you exceed your rights when you interfere and try

to prevent others from working where you have refused to work, that is criminal." And then he gave other counsel of this character, all of which was received with marked signs of approval. When he had finished his little speech, I saw Charley Grimes, the painter, call to the man who had interfered before Mr. Perry spoke, and having gotten his attention, he shouted, "You old duffer, you better get some points before you try to speak in public. You see you were way off on Perry. We's knows him down here." As I have remarked, he is the man for the place."

The Professor, with a smile of pleasure, replied, "I welcome your report as to Perry; though it is what I have expected to hear. But I had not thought of it as coming quite so soon. He is a well-furnished man, and he is a born leader for men. He will be a power among, and for, the masses in our city. You make a note of my prediction, and see whether it is not verified by history. However, I must be off, as I have already exceeded the time that I intended to spend here. We ought both to be very happy to-day in consequence of what Uncle Sam's messenger brought to us.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I have been curious to know whether you have had any of the amusing experiences at any time in your ministerial work, of which one so often reads or hears." These words were spoken by Miss Mark to Mr. Perry, in the office of the Settlement, where she was lingering after her work in the class room.

"Yes, some have fallen to my lot." was the reply, "I have heard persons say of such things, after hearing or reading of them, "I do not believe that such an incident ever took place; some paragrapher has simply evolved it in his imagination." But after what I have seen myself of life, I am of the opinion that the instances where

stories are the product of only fancy, are very, very rare. Things may seem to us ridiculous, and wholly improbable, and yet, ten chances to one there is more of fact in them than of imagination. To the initiated, it is known that much of our purported fiction is based upon, and often contains much of reality. The characters portrayed are actual characters; the scenes depicted, are what were really witnessed. Our most popular novels, in most cases, are those which are the most faithful mirrors for reflecting people and their doings. The reader thinks, "This is real; I have myself known such persons. Yes, I have witnessed like acts." And that consciousness of actuality awakens interest, and is a source of pleasure, and often of profit."

"I wish that you would narrate some incidents of your own for my benefit," Miss Mark said, "I have been drilling some young people in Greek conjugations, and I would like some diversion, but without the expense of talking any myself. Surely you will oblige me, for you know that you are here to try to be nice and kind to people. See?"

"Indeed, I am to go into the amusement business," Mr. Perry answered, "I am to put a variety program on the boards to amuse your ladyship, since you do not want to talk. I confess that the chief reason given, is the only thing in the proposition that perplexes me. That a woman, and, you that woman, should long be silent, is amazing. Now that, in a newspaper, or in a book, would be to me an improbable thing, a pure fiction, for I have not encountered anything like it in life, and I have gone about, and have mingled with all sorts of people."

Miss Mark arrested the further elucidation of this thought, by saying, "Yes, yes, evidently you know all about real life; and you seem to know that people enjoy having reality depicted in literature, even with and bold glaring pigments only so the actuality is not lost to view. But, coming from the remote Western frontier, to which sun-rise ideas are conveyed by freight, and sometimes then only with the aid of the pack-mule, you do not appear to know that repe-

tition, even of matters real is wearisome to those persons who possess the sense of appreciation, and who count among their assets an excellent memory. This is evident to me from your indulgence in the old, old story of woman's predeliction for talk, and that in your conversation with a young lady of the nineteenth century, its last decade, and she a post-graduate in a University. But I will not be too severe; I will make further allowance for you, than that of your late place of residence. I will attribute your failure to be awake to the spirit of the times, to your long and recent ministerial calling, in which it is so usual for the changes to be rung on old and familiar matters. Yes, I will admit, for my sex, that we like to talk; and why we are so often reminded of this fact, I believe is, first because we can talk; and second, because men want to do all the talking. If this latter point is not well taken, then I would be pleased to have some one explain, why so much fault is found with women for their talking. But, unlike many of you ministers, I will not allow a digression like this, to cause me to lose sight of my text. Come now, I know your fondness for speaking; and, as a preacher, your capacity for story-telling, and tell me some of the incidents for which I have asked you."

"You have thoroughly subdued me,', was Mr. Perry's replication, "and I will obey your summons. I do, however, in answer to what you have said in reply to my charge about woman's weakness, or, as you put it, strength, wish to do so much as say, "scissors." But that, too, is a venerable saying. Well, to begin my narative, several years ago, I say, several years ago, as to how many that saying here means, your deponent saith not; a young man, almost beardless, holding in hand a black leather grip, which contained a little supply of wearing apparel, some toilet articles, and a round dozen of sermons, all original compositions, and every one treating some of the most profound themes; could have been seen standing in the out going baggage room of a great western railway. He was asking for a check for his trunk, which held his preaching-clothes, and his library; there were not many books, but what there were had the

endorsement of "standard." They were standard works on the "Standards." The baggageman asked him to repeat his point of destination. Having done that, the man said, "There is some mistake, about that. We have no such name on our list of stations. Isn't it some other place that you mean?" The applicant was chagrined. He had been feeling as if all eyes were focused upon him as the honored pastor-elect of the very desirable parish of Grasshopperville, Kansas. And, now, to have a homely, illiterate baggage-smasher tell him that there was no such place, was like having some one douse him with a pail of ice cold water. But he rallied his strength, and declared, "Sir, I am positive that I am not in error. I possess a ticket for the city which I have named. What is more, I am the pastor-elect for what I have been informed is its most prominent and most influential church." At this the baggageman tipped his hat to the preacher, while he winked to a by-stander, and said, "Will your reverence, please let me look at your ticket?" The paper having been produced, for it was a ticket filled out by the agent with a pen, the man looked at it, and exclaimed, "Oh, I see; that is one of those darned little measley places, that are starting up all the time, and giving us bother. I will have to write a tab for your trunk." As the young man turned to go to the waiting room, he felt as if he had lost in length, and breadth, and depth. He was far from being so large a man as he was when he rode down to the depot. That was my first contact with the world, after receiving my diploma, and my ordination papers. Nothing special occurred worthy of mention, during my journey. But I did do lots of thinking. I endeavored to picture what the fellow called a "darned little measley place." It had been described to me as a city, and I had associated it with certain Eastern cities. But, oh, to have it spoken of, to me, as it had been by that baggageman; and not to have its name occur on the rail-road list of stations, I was all at sea in my mind. I did not dare to ask any passenger, nor any member of the train-crew, for information; prefering to wait for the final solution, as one does who is expecting news, and

is uncertain as to what its nature will be, good, or ill. Finally, to my relief, the call was made, "Grasshopperville the next stop." And then, soon, we went flying into, or to the place, a hamlet of about six hundred souls. A dry-goods box town. That is, the houses were all the same in style, and that was the dry-goods box pattern."

'On alighting from the train, I found the station surrounded by a crowd of gawking men and boys. There were no carriages. There was not a single omnibus to convey passengers. There did not seem to be any reception committee for me, not even a committee of one. I began to feel lonely, and to wish myself back in some Eastern parish. I stood for awhile, looking here and there, and studying as to what I would do. About that time, a meek-eyed, round-shouldered boy, came dragging himself along, and learning from him that there was a hotel in the place, I induced him to pilot me to that hostelery. The sidewalks were not in good order, but one could pick his way along over them without breaking a limb, and this was preferable to going in the street, which was hub-deep with mud, there having just been a three day's heavy rain."

"The hotel was a comfortable place, and, as I later learned, it was a popular resort with "drummers," who represented business houses, and with "drovers" who shipped cattle from that point. I registered, and, as I did so, I saw two or three of the "drummers" go, and look with curiosity at my name. Later, after I had returned from my room, I saw that I was a subject for the conversation of the traveling men; and, when I had seated myself, one of the group, evidently by arrangement, withdrew from his companions, and, after a time, came and sat down near me. He looked at me and smiled, and receiving a smile in response, he spoke, saying, "Are you the gentleman from New York?" I answered, "Yes sir." Then having spoken of "York," and its fine business houses, he inquired, "Are you an Evangelist?" I was astonished. Could it be that I was known, or that my calling as a preacher was understood in that place? I had not told either what I was, or the object of my presence in Grasshopperville. I was puzzled, and in my

wonderment, I asked, "Do you know who I am?" The man answered "No" I was now more at a loss to know the secret of his question, and inquired, "Why did you ask whether I was an Evangelist?" "Oh," was his reply, "all of us, that you see here, are Evangelists, and we were thinking that you were one that had been sent out from New York." I said, "What, you men all Evangelists? Are you here for a convention?" He responded, "No, we are here only by chance. Our work being finished up to this point, we are simply comparing notes as to what we have accomplished." I ventured to ask, "Are you all of one denomination?" "No," he said, "otherwise we would not be likely to be so much in harmony." "That should not be so," I remarked "brethren should dwell together in harmony, despite denominational differences." Then, to give force to my words, I added, "I am not an Evangelist, but I am a preacher, a pastor, and I can be at peace with preachers of every denomination. Denominations are minor things to me." The man grew red in the face, and breathed hard. I feared that he might be getting sick, or that he might be angry, and so asked, "Brother, are you not well?" With a husky voice he inquired, "Are you a preacher? Really, are you, or are you joking?" I answered, "I am one." He then said, "Reverend, Sir, please excuse me. In this country the "drummer" is known as an "Evangelist," and when I first spoke to you, I desired to know whether you had come West to represent some New York business house." We had a little good natured chat, that is we tried to make it such, but I have the idea that we were both glad when the separating time came. He went out on the porch, and his friends followed him. Soon after I heard peals and peals of laughter. The man had no doubt detailed onr interview. He and I both learned something in our talk, but I calculated that I had gotten the most information, however, at the expense of being the butt for a rich joke. I found out what I could never have learned in the Theological Seminary, even as to an Evangelist."

"After having cogitated for awhile on this last episode, I concluded that I would go out, and hunt up some

of the officers of my church. I had the addresses of two Elders, and went and ascertained from the hotel clerk in which direction I would be obliged to go to find them. With this assistance, I was enabled soon to reach the building in which one of the men had his office. He was a lawyer, real estate dealer, and insurance agent. I paused before his door for an instant, to collect my thoughts for the interview, and then I entered. Fortunately, he was "in," and alone. I found him seated in a large flag-bottomed chair, which was tilted back, so that his feet could rest on his desk. As I opened the door and walked in, he turned his face towards me, it was a sallow countenance, thin, freckled, and pinched by years, troubles and anxieties. Without changing his position, he said, "How are yer: What can I do for yer to-day?" I replied, "This, I believe, is Mr. Forrest, an Elder in the church. I am Mr. Perry, and I have been sent here, by the "Board," at your request, to be your pastor."

"Indeed, and the "Board" has sent yer to preach to us," he exclaimed, "Well, well, let's see. Yes, we had some correspondence about having a student come to us. But I did not think that yer would be here so soon. Mr. Perry,—that's the name yer said, I believe; well, Mr. Perry, have yer any money?"

I answered, "What, money? Yes, I have a little; but why do you ask that question?"

"Glad to hear it sir," he said, "We have little out this way, and very little. I asked yer what I did, for the reason that I have thought that yer had better not stay here, but return to the East. It is just like this, we wrote for a preacher, being urged to do it by a Missionary Secretary, who stopped off here one day. But, really, we are not yet in shape, in this city, for having a church and a preacher. Those things are luxuries, and come in all right when a place has some age, and there is an attempt at society. Why, we are only a handful of people, as yer must see, and six churches have been organized, while a notice is up in the Post-office for a seventh; but nary an edifice has been built so far; nor will there be one built,—as times are now in Kansas, times are always hard here,—unless friends in the East build for

us. My advice to yer is, that yer had better go back to New York, where religion is fashionable, and where people can, or think that they can afford it. If yer haven't money enough, I may be able to raise some to help yer out."

I protested, saying, "But Mr. Forrest, I am under a commission for a year to preach here."

"That is all so, no doubt," the man responded, "but I am speaking for yer own good. We don't want a preacher yet; we haven't got far enough along for that."

I said, "I have the name of Elder Bacchus. I think that I ought to see him before I decide what I will do. Where can I find him?"

He told me where his co-official in the church had his store, a seed and agricultural implement establishment; and recommended me to call on him, saying, "I know that he's likely to say about what I have told yer. He knows this place all right."

During all of our conversation, he remained in the position in which I had found him. He merely turned his head, to look after me, when I was leaving him, and drawled out, "I guess I'll see yer again."

I went directly to the store of Mr. Bacchus, which I found readily, and on going in, I was met by a lad, who, in response to my inquiry for the proprietor, pointed to the rear of the room, and said, "You'll find him back there."

Looking to where I was directed, I saw a man seated on a stool, and with his feet propped up on the back of a chair standing before him. I concluded that it must be the fashion in Grasshopperville, for the men to sit with their feet on a level with, or higher than their heads. I walked towards the individual, but I did not see him stir. He acted as if he were asleep. As I got closer to him, I saw that he had gray hairs, thin at the top, and gone at the temples. My foot-steps, when I had almost reached his presence, caused him to shift his head, so that his face came to my view. It was a pale, but a pleasing face. Seeing a stranger, the man drew down his feet, and stood up; and, with a smile, he remarked, "You caught me napping, which is something that we

can do easily these days, there being scarcely any business. Drought and grasshoppers are killing us."

I introduced myself, as I had done at Forrest's, and queried as to what the effect of my announcement would be.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Perry," were his words, "I am pleased to meet a minister. But I fear that you have struck a poor field for a pastor. I have regretted that we forwarded an application for a minister, for we have not reached a position as a town, much less as a church, to afford the luxury of a preacher. Have you seen anyone else in the place?"

I told him of my conference with Elder Forrest, and of his suggestions.

He answered, "He is right. He knows our situation. You stated that you were stopping at the hotel. That is a good place. Now you go back there for the night; and this evening I will see a few friends, and we will make up a purse to reimburse you for your expense in coming here, so that you will not be out of pocket for the trip. I will see you in the morning, before the hour for the train to pass going East."

Protests were of no avail. My commission counted for naught. I retraced my steps to the hotel, humiliated, and disgusted. I was not wanted. I was too much of a luxury for Grasshopperville. How my pictures of my prominent pulpit, and of my large audiences, in the Western city, faded from my view! My throat felt as if I had been inhaling sour smoke.

I sought the retreat of my room. I tried, but in vain, to read. I made fruitless endeavors to think, without experiencing feelings of disappointment, or without painful worry. I went to supper, but ate without relishing my food. I avoided conversation when different persons addressed me. After supper, I strolled out to do the city. I found it a typical Western settlement, with its center square, surrounded with "hitching-posts," for tying and feeding horses. There were about a dozen stores, some with such pretentious names, as "The New York Store," "The Boston Bazaar," "The Chicago Hustler," etc., but there was not a single saloon. I

spoke to a man, a resident of the place, of my pleasure at being in a town free from the drink traffic. He remarked, "This is Kansas. We have no saloons. But, friend, if you are thirsty, you can wet your whistle all the same. Anybody can get the ardent, and plenty of it; as I can show you."

I went back to the hotel, and retired for the night, hoping to forget my troubles in sleep. But sleep also seemed not to care for me, and kept away. I sought to court it, and have it come upon me unawares, but without success. I counted up into the thousands. I repeated the alphabet in English, in German, in Greek, in Hebrew. But sleep did not slip in during this engagement. I heard a clock strike, first ten, then eleven, and twelve and one. Hours were as days for length. About half after one, I heard loud calls outside, and soon I distinguished the cry, "Fire" "Fire!" Now if there ever was a thing that could arouse me more than any other thing, it was that cry; and nothing ever afforded me more genuine satisfaction than an opportunity to fight fire. That cry caused me to forget my trouble, and my whereabouts. I jumped from my bed, hurriedly dressed, and rushed forth to see the blaze. The populace was soon astir. Men, women, and children thronging the street. Reaching the scene of the fire, I at once volunteered my services, beginning to pass along the buckets of water, for there were no other facilities with which to fight the demon. After a time I climbed to the roof of a building, and had water passed up to me, where I could do effective work. There did not seem to be anyone else who was willing to do this; once or twice, the crowd called to me to look out, as I appeared to be in danger; but I did not relinquish my post. I remained, amid the smoke and flying brands, and kept the roof wet, and saved a building. The fire was finally subdued. Somebody proposed cheers for me, and they were given with a will. As I came down, and just as I reached the walk, who should greet me but Elder Bacchus, who shook my hand, and remarked, "I will see you later this morning."

I once again sought the hotel, but my worry was back

with me. I did not return to my bed. but occupied a large chair, knowing that sleep would not come to me. At last the day-dawn appeared, and then day-light. I descended to the office, and then went to the porch of the hotel. None of the guests were astir. A chore boy spoke to me of the fire, and of my part in saving a house, and spoke as if I had been a hero. Gradually, one after another of the hotel people and the guests appeared upon the scene, and finally breakfast was announced. Then, this stage being reached, I sat about, and awaited the coming of Elder Bacchus. At about nine o'clock, it seemed to me like five o'clock, I saw the two Elders, with two other men, approaching. I took up an old paper, and pretended to be reading. They came to where I was seated, and Mr. Forrest, to my surprise, greeted me with a cheeriness in his tone, saying:

"Good morning, Mr. Perry, I hope that it is well with yer this morning. Yer know Mr. Bacchus. Let me introduce to yer Mr. James, and Mr. Brown, two of our substantial citizens, who wish to know yer."

Mr. Bacchus said, "Mr. Perry, you are possibly surprised that the four of us have come to see you. But we have come for a special object. Our errand is different from that which I suggested last evening that my errand to you would be. The fact is, that we have come to urge you to stay here with us. Your part at the fire last night, or rather this morning, has won our people to you. When you were so brave, many asked who you were; and when I, who chanced to be present, explained about you, and the object of your presence in the town, everybody said, "Well, he's the man for us." I spoke to several gentlemen, among others, to these now present, of my conversation with you, and they demanded that I should come to you this morning, and tell you that you should remain. And that is what we are here to say to you." The others all spoke to the same effect. The outcome was, that I was welcomed to become the first settled pastor of the city. I was received to be the preacher, because I had been a fireman. I regard that as a unique introduction to my first settlement, where I spent five busy years, and where I enjoyed my work."

"In that first pastorate, I once had an experience that was very peculiar- I was standing in the Post Office one day when I saw an old man enter whom I had often seen, and whose name I was curious to know. I saw him receive his mail. I then went to the rear of the office and asked the postmaster, an intimate friend of mine, who the old gentleman was to whom he had just given some mail matter. Unbeknowns to me, as I was walking behind the office, another old gent had gotten his mail, and, consequently, his name was given to me. Only a few weeks after this, I was asked to officiate at the funeral of the man whose name had been repeated to me. I discharged my duty, and, according to my custum, I did not look at the face of the deceased, but I felt sure that I knew who was being buried. However, imagine my astonishment, when sometime after this funeral, I met on the street, the identical man, whose name I had sought, and whose burial I believed that I had witnessed. I felt like going and asking, what had brcught him back to us. I assure you that I experienced creepy sensations for some little time.

Now; one more incident, and that an occurrence of this locality. I went to a house to attend the funeral of a child. The time for the service arrived, but I was told to delay. I discovered that there was some excitement, persons were moving about, and there was much whispering, but I learned nothing. After a long wait, I asked whether I should not proceed, but was asked to delay a little longer, and was told that the corpse was lost. Presently I was informed that it had been located, and that the service could begin. It seems that the little casket had stood on a table, and that by some mistake, a coat had been placed over it, covering it completely. After that several men put theie coats on it, presuming that the table was there for that purpose, and in this way the strange incident of loss occurred."

Miss Mark listened, now and then expressing her interest, or surprise, or amusement; or asking a question. Presently the conversation was interrupted and ended, by the coming of Mr. Barnes, who came with a call for Mr. Perry to visit a young man, who was dangerously ill, and who was desirous for his presence.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In company with Miss Foster, Miss Mark, and Mr. Barnes, Professor Taylor went to make a good-bye call, at the home of Miss Starratt. On the following day she was to begin a long journey for Africa; where she was going to do the work of a mission teacher. These callers had resorted to every argument to persuade her not to separate herself from her kindred and friends; and the comforts of her home; to go into voluntary exile in the jungles of the dark continent. They had urged not only the claims of her loved-ones to her presence: and social, and particularly health considerations; but they had tried to show her how, with her equipment, in a field for work like that afforded by Chicago, she could reach more people, and accomplish more good for humanity, than she could ever reasonably hope to do among the Africans. But all pleadings were in vain. She usually conceded that there was great force in what was said in opposition to her contemplated course, and admitted often that she could not offer anything in reply; while in what she had to say, to justify her decision, there was only a vague statement of duty. The fact was, that the young woman had heard so much of the Palm Land, of its millions of benighted and lost souls, and of the heroism of many who had gone to try to rescue the perishing, that she was simply possessed by what might be described as the romance of missions. That same thing, under the influence of which, scores and scores of young people have gone to far away lands, only to lament their decision, when all the halo of romance was dispelled by the experience of realities—great deprivations, hardships, the indifference of the natives, and meagre and very unsatisfactory results. We hear of those who go as missionaries; but how seldom is it that we learn of those who quietly return, regretting the folly of their going.

But on the occasion of this call, nothing was said that

brought out the existing difference of opinion, as to the wisdom of Miss Starratt's purpose. The conversation was only that of true friends, who felt that they were soon to be separated,—possibly never again to meet. There was a vein of sadness in much of what was spoken, and yet there were attempts at innocent mirth.

However, before the callers came away, an incident transpired, that helped somewhat to afford amusement, and to lessen the formality of the final good-bye.

The domestic, who waited on the door, reported the presence of Mr. Michael, who was desirous of seeing Miss Starratt.

Being ushered into the room, he greeted all present, and then said, "I hope I am not interfering with your visit. And if you will permit me to speak at once of the object of my errand,—and I can, and I would prefer to do so in the presence of you all, I will soon be going."

He was told that there had been no special topic of conversation, and that he could feel free to speak.

Thus encouraged, he proceeded to say, "Thank you! Now what has brought me here is just this. You probably know, that I and Mr. Sauers, and others, formerly in the Old Frame Church, and who there were members of the old school party, are now come-outers, and that we are followers of the Rev. Mr. Dowdle, the divine healer. We believe that this is an age for miracles. Having learned that you, Miss Starratt, were to go to Africa, as a missionary, I thought that I would come to speak to you of this new way, and, so, possibly lead you to adopt it. How grand it would be if you could go to Africa—as you should—prepared to heal all manner of infirmities, even as Jesus did, when he was in the world.

Miss Starratt remarked, "Mr. Michael I am sorry to disappoint you, but I must say, that I have no faith whatever in your movement. I consider it a product of superstition, and fanaticism: at any rate, its support is derived therefrom,"

"What! What!" the man exclaimed, "I am astonished that you should speak after that fashion; you a Christian, and one who is so soon to be a missionary.

Would you believe if you saw? You ought to come and see the wonderful cures that are wrought by the faith of Mr. Dowdle. If you were to go to his house, he would show you a perfect museum containing the trophies of his cures, crutches, trusses, electric belts, etc., abandoned by those whom he has healed." Then taking a circular from his pocket, and handing it to Miss Starratt, he went on to say, "Read this, it contains the testimony of those who themselves have been cured. and of others who have witnessed cures. Furthermore, turn to your Bible, and read the promises, to the prayers of faith, of healing for the sick; and consider the words in the Gospel, where Jesus says, "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Miss Starratt asked, "Do you fully believe what you have just quoted to me?"

"Oh yes," was the response, "every word of it; surely every word."

"Such being the case," said Miss Starratt, "then let me propose a test. Suppose that you come here, bringing Mr. Dowdle with you, and I will prepare a mixture of poisons for you both to drink, and we will await the result."

The old gentleman, on hearing this proposition, became angry, and fairly hissed the words, "You are trifling. You are trifling with holy things. You are guilty of blasphemy."

"Oh, no," was Miss Starratt's reply. "I am in earnest. I am open to conviction; but only such a test would satisfy my mind."

Professor Taylor ventured to ask, "Who wrote the words which you quoted to us? You said that Jesus gave utterance to those which are found in the Gospel. But as Jesus did not write, nor dictate, a single word, I want to know who did report his sayings. Has it at no time been apparent to you that many of the things credited to Jesus might be forgeries, the productions of

unprincipled men, who wrote for an object of their own? That is what I believe to be the fact."

"Professor Taylor, you are an unbeliever," Mr. Michael answered, "and I will not have anything to say to you."

"But who is this new leader, this Mr. Dowdle?" asked Miss Foster. "He came here with only his own recommendations, as I understand; and I infer, from his own circular, that he is like an itinerant showman, remaining in no place for any long time; probably only while his dupes last."

"Not just so," Mr. Michael said, "He is from the old country, and some of our people have heard of him through friends there. But, he does not need any introduction to a community from anybody. His works speak for him, just as the works of Jesus testified for him in Jerusalem."

Miss Mark declared, "To me the thing is simply preposterous, that this man should make such claims for himself. Are we to believe, that he, and a few others, among the millions who are professing Christians, are the sole possessors of the power of faith, and alone can claim the meaning of the promises, which are supposed to have been given to all disciples? There certainly is something amiss, either these healers are the only true followers of Jesus, or they are so many impostors. I confess to a strong leaning to the latter opinion. Were I to meet this Mr. Dowdle, I would suggest to him as a very proper thing for him to do, that he visit the "Home for Incurables," and "Hospitals," and Asylums," and there give health to the sick, sight to the blind, and wholeness to the lame. To me, the whole matter is simply ridiculous; and no single incident goes farther to make it appear so, than the instance of the utter fruitlessness of all the prayers, that were made day and night the whole world over, and for a long period, for the recovery of President Garfield. Help was implored for the guidance of the surgeons, and it is doubtful whether doctors ever made greater blunders than were committed in that case. Only a short time ago, I listened to an able and well known preacher, whose theme was Prayer and

Physical Benefits, and in a very convincing manner, he taught that the Bible has been wrongly interpreted, where it has been represented as teaching that faith can have reward in direct material blessings. He argued that the promises are of spiritual gifts, and that it is for such alone that men are to pray. The "bread" of the Lord's prayer, he claimed, was something spiritual, and he proved his point by citing many passages of Scripture. He laid much stress on the words "take no thought," in connection with food and raiment; and on the assurance, "for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." His views commended themselves to me, as fraught with good common sense, and as being in keeping with the facts of every-day experience, something just the very reverse from what is true of the teachings, and the claims, of our strolling faith-cure apostle. I will continue to take my chances with the skill and the remedies of our ever progressive medical science."

Mr. Barnes remarked, "I avoid all professional tramps, and especially those that assume the pious role. I have noticed that this man of whom Mr. Michael has been telling us, has much to say of healing without price; but that is only a dodge to get a big price. It is a scheme that has been resorted to, a great deal, in reform and religious movements. I know an evangelist who adopts it, and who told me that it brings him much larger returns than those which he received when he stipulated how much he was to have for his pay. He says, "Brethren, I fix no price. I will leave the matter with you and the Lord. Let the people give me what they see proper to contribute, through my envelopes." But he considers it a mean community that does not average for him a hundred dollars a week, and in large towns he expects at least two hundred dollars. No, such men do not live on faith, except as it may be that of their followers."

Said Miss Foster, "I have been looking over the testimonials of this circular. It reads very much like a wrapper from a patent medicine package; and like newspaper accounts of cures effected by the bones of some saint, or the shadow of the holy mother, or the incan-

tations of the holy priest, in some little retired village in Europe, or, as it has a very few times occurred, even in our land. No doubt some of the witnesses tell what they think is true; but they were deluded by cunning men who took advantage of their ignorance, and superstition, while, as for others, they are zealous for a cause, and do not hesitate to exaggerate, or even to falsify, to promote their scheme. For instance, right here, I find the certificate of a man, as to the cure of his sister, of blindness and deafness and lameness. He tells of her recourse to many physicians in many cities, but without gaining any benefit. Now I am acquainted with the parties concerned. The case was not as is stated; the statement is glaringly false, as to ailments, physicians consulted, and the cure. The man is known to be a crank, one who adopts a theory and then will see nothing else; and who will not hesitate to prevaricate where it will suit his purpose. He always makes loud professions as to personal sanctity, and has a peculiar aptitude for embracing very strange doctrines. To those who know him, as they read his testimony, the thing will have no weight whatever. Then, too, it is a singular circumstance, if Mr. Dowdle is such a remarkable healer. that this same witness should be often limping about with a rheumatic difficulty, and that he should have one or two children confirmed invalids."

The Professor remarked, "I can see something in "Mind Cure," and in what is known as "Christian-Science," though I do not espouse either, but as for this "faith cure," I regard it as a remaining vestige of superstition which must soon vanish, from before the white search light of modern science."

Mr. Michael, who had listened to all that had been said, was indignant, and fairly shouted, "Your learning hath made you mad. You are all given over to unbelief. Woe, woe, unto you! I have discharged my duty toward you, and I shall say nothing more, except to bid you Good-Night" And as he spoke the last words, he rose, and without pausing to hear anything said in reply, he hurried from the place.

After a little further conversation, Miss Foster suggested

that it was time for Miss Starratt to be left with her family; and with a few pleasantries over the interruption by the visit of Mr. Michael, the visitors parted with their much respected friend, who in a short period would be removed from them thousands of miles.

While walking homeward, Dr. Taylor spoke of the singular circumstance of certain erratic ideas or doings, like, for illustration, the faith cure notion, came out among people, of a lower order of intelligence, from time to time, as measles appeared among children. But he also showed, by figures at hand, that the success of the advocates of such fanatical views had decreased, in proportion as science had made advancement.

Miss Mark referred to the peculiarty of their call, that they had been having two instances of persons actuated by their zeal unaccompanied by wisdom,—the one in Miss Starratt, determined on going to Africa; the other in Mr. Michael, bent on preaching "faith cure."

This remark led to a lively little debate as to motives lying back of the conduct of people, and as to the influence thereon of heredity, environment, customs, prejudices and superstitions.

The Professor made a plea for charity, and argued that while the false should be exposed, great care should be exercised to avoid intolerance.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

During the period of preparation for the Columbian Exposition, Professor Taylor had devoted a number of his "talks," at the Settlement, to topics connected with that gigantic undertaking. He gave a description of the plan for the grounds, showing the location of each building. He described the buildings, their dimensions, and their respective uses. He gave a very minute statement as to the styles of architecture that would be seen. He told of exhibits that were to be made, calling special

attention to those that would be worthy of careful study. The result was what he had hoped for, a prevalence of enthusiasm in and about the institution for the great fair.

From the day that the "White City" was declared to be open for visitors to the day when the gates were pronounced closed, the Settlement was always largely represented in the throngs of sight-seers; nor were there any persons there, in the general multitude, on the average, more intelligent than these Settlement visitors, in locating, and in understanding the different exhibits. They, as a rule, looked at things with a purpose other than to merely gratify curiosity. In many instances they were students, finding object lessons, in which were illustrated the principles with which they had become familiar in their class-work. They enjoyed the two sides of the Exposition, the instructive side and the pleasure yielding side.

The Professor frequently took parties with him, in whom he had considerable interest as prodigies, and whose tastes were usually kindred to his own; that he might point out those special features, in buildings or exhibits, with which he desired them to be thoroughly acquainted. But often he went alone, desirous of studying interesting things as he chose to do, free from all encumbrance.

While the fair was in progress, the Doctor in his "Talks," at various times, told of what he had been seeing, and directed his hearers to the things that they should see for such purposes as he named. He, on different occasions, spoke of particular paintings, and of particular groups of objects, that were of inestimable value for the students of history, or those of some other branch of learning.

As anyone might readily imagine would be the case, there were many instances when the Professor was accompanied by Miss Foster in his visits; on a number of days they were seen together in a little boat drifting on the lagoon, or seated in a steam, or an electric launch, watching the splashing fountains; or they were witnessed sauntering on the Wooded Island; or standing far up in

the great arcade of columns of the Administration Building, from which they could overlook the scenes below; or they were encountered riding on the "Ferris Wheel," or on the "Ice Railway," or on the "Intra-mural" road.

It was on the occasion of one of their visits to the fair, that the Professor told Miss Foster that he had been entrusted with a secret, which he was at liberty to divulge to her, "But," said he, "I want you to guess first as to the parties whom it concerns, for it is the mention of an engagement of persons whom we know very well."

"I am not good at guessing," was her reply, "and then, too, yon should not ask me to lose time in guessing, as you know how much curiosity I have, and, especially, with reference to the matter of an engagement."

"Oh, but you must guess once, at any rate," said the Doctor.

"Well," was the answer, "I will say Mr. Perry and Miss Mark."

"I expected you to mention that couple," the Professor laughingly said, and therefore, I had you guess. But you named only one of the interested persons—Miss Mark. Had you said Barnes instead of Perry, you would have been entitled to a hundred mark for guessing."

"What, Mr. Barnes and Miss Mark engaged!" Miss Foster exclaimed, "They! how singular! Why, I had not dreamed of such an alliance. Had you thought of it?"

The Professor responded, "No, not exactly; but I now wonder that I did not do so; for, as I look back, I can see things that ought to have prompted me to think some such way."

"Of course, as it is," Miss Foster suggested, "We shall have both at the Settlement; we have that much of our wish of months ago. But, I am greatly surprised. However, I think favorably of the match."

The Professor declared, "I am very much pleased with the event. The two are well adapted to each other. They are both brainy, and cultured, and studious, and energetic, and very progressive in their ideas. As for Perry, I begin to think that he is a confirmed bachelor. He enjoys the society of ladies, but he never seems to have any interest for some special one. He seems to care

alike for all. He may be waiting, and watching for the right one, for his particular favor, to appear to his view. I have known others to do so."

"Yes," whispered Miss Foster, as if fearful that she might be overheard, "I have known those of whom that was said, and you were one of them. I wish that I knew whether that was the case with you."

The Professor replied, "It looks as if I would be obliged to enter the plea of "guilty." I cannot say that I thought of the thing deliberately, as you have put it; but the facts in my life shaped themselves so nevertheless. I can conceive that some of my friends had abandoned the idea that I would seek a wife, but you came, and—well, you know what followed."

"When this conversation was being carried on, the speakers were in the "Anthropological Building," and were almost constantly encountering persons connected with either the University, or the Settlement. The idea of having such a topic as that of the last part of their talk, on their lips, under the existing circumstances, all at once impressed the Professor as being grotesque, so that he said, "Come, we will not have any love talk here, where we are in the presence of these mummies, and other relics of the dead, and of these matter-of-fact Professors, and students. I am weary of looking anyhow, and would enjoy a change of scene. Let us go to our Venice, and take a gondola; and while the gondolier in his reverie is at his home across the sea, and mechanically carries us to and fro, we can exchange sentiments."

As they neared the boat landing, the Professor saw a favorite gondolier, one who had served him in Venice a few years before, who was disengaged. Beckoning to him, the dark visage of the Italian took on a peculiar light, as he signaled in turn with a nod, his readiness to receive his "American friend," with his precious charge. As they sat in the gaily decorated gondola, and were swung out into the stream, Miss Foster inquired:

"Is this a typical gondolier—such an one as we read of in books of travel, and in poems? He seems like an ordinary river-man."

The Doctor answered, "My dear, he is a fine specimen of his class. More than that, he is well known, and is a special favorite with tourists abroad. He has paddled for many of our countrymen. I met him a few days ago, and he then mentioned that he had been meeting with a number of persons here, who had patronized him in his own sunny clime. Would you not like to hear him sing?"

"What," was Miss Foster's exclamation, "he sing! But, then, I should have known that a gondolier could sing. Do you suppose that he would render us parts of some Italian opera? Certainly, if we have a singer present, he should be invited to contribute for our enjoyment. How fitting all the circumstances! It is now twilight; we are gliding over silvery waters; we half recline in this gondola, that has possibly figured in romances in Italy; and before us stands a real, live gondolier. It is superb! But does he sing?"

"Why yes," was the reply," and he will esteem it a compliment if we ask him to pour forth his bass tones,—which you may think base. But we will gratify him, by making the request."

The Professor, by this time, had gesticulated to the man, and told him to sing. In an instant the air quivered as he rolled off his weird notes.

"And this is the far-famed gondolier music, is it?" asked Miss Foster, "it would probably sound more smoothly and richly, if the distance intervening between us and the singer were greater. It requires the poet to distinguish anything meretorius in such a performance, and only the license of poetry could afford such a description of it as to represent harmony and sweetness in the production. This is a treat, indeed: A treat of its kind. Do you think that he will tire, and permit his voice to sink to rest? I hope so."

"To you, with your musical sensitiveness, the man's singing may be rasping," the Professor remarked, "but, I confess, that with my unrefinedness, I find it enjoyable."

Having reached the great basin, the song ceased. The electric fountains were in operation. The scene was

gorgeous. All sorts of little boats were plying over the water; the loud and shrill whistles of the steam yachts, and the pipings of the electric launches, signaling for right of way, came in rapid succession; the passengers in the different crafts, were all in a lively mood, and voiced their feelings in laughter, in shouts, and in songs. From the basin the view of the great white columned buildings, was simply sublime, and awe inspiring. There were those who raised the question, as they thus gazed upon the grand scene, whether heaven would so impress its beholders.

"Isn't this enjoyable?" Miss Foster exclaimed. "It is to me as I used to picture Fairy-Land as being, in the days of my fairy-story reading.

"I find here the very essence of enjoyment," said the Doctor, "especially, since I have you right here with me. Somehow all the circumstances combine to awaken, and to deepen my sentimental feelings; I want to say to you, "I love you, I love you, it seems to me, as I never loved you before." You may not realize it, but I assure you, that you constantly grow upon me. Do you recirpocate at all?"

"My dear," came the answer, "you know that I do; you know that I love you. I often think of the times, when I thought of you, admired you, and, no doubt, unconsciously, really loved you. I learned to understand myself, when you disclosed to me your love. How my heart has gone out to you since then! But I must not tell you more; for, they say, that it tires a man, and causes him to think less of her, if a woman tells him much of her love for him. I do not want to do anything of that kind to you, as I love you too devotedly to do what would drive you away from me."

"There is no immediate danger of your doing that," said the Professor. "Surely you do not have as much to tell of your love for me, as I have been making known of my love for you. And, then, "they say" cannot be taken as authority. "They say" has done much harm for people. You know that one of my hobby ideas is, that love requires that it be wanted. It is extremely sensitive, and will not tarry where it is undesired. But,

how can it be encouraged, unless there is some evidence given showing that it is welcome? I say, be natural; let the heart speak out in its own peculiar way. Since I have known you, I have learned that my heart impells me to say, over and over again, "I love you."

"And I like to hear you say it," Miss Foster whispered, "for it causes a pleasing warmness in the region of my heart. How exquisite the experience of mutual love: What would life be without love, What? I am not astonished that love is made the central thing in religion. Yes, the greatest thing in the world is love. And I am orthodox enough to believe, that love will be the crowning glory in heaven. There faith will melt into sight, hope will lose itself in realization, while love will live on free from the hindrances of the present, and, hence, will be richer, and sweeter, in its freedom."

"That is a pleasing hope to entertain, as we journey through the present," the Doctor declared, "but let us make a point of enjoying all that we can of love now."

Thus in loving communion, the happy couple spent some two hours on the water; then they went to one of the numerous restaurants for dinner, after which they visited the Electric Building, with its brilliant exhibits, where they finished their sight seeing for that day. When they passed through the exit stile they were weary, but they were exceedingly joyful after their varied experiences.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The first annual anniversary of Mr. Perry's connection with the Settlement, was observed with a red-letter day. This was decided upon for different reasons. First of all, there was a general desire to do honor to the Assistant Superintendent, who had relinquished a position, in which he had the very best social advantages, and was the recipient of a very large salary, together with many valu-

able perquisites; in order that he might take the office at the Settlement, where he neighbored with the lowly, and received a meagre stipend, and even shared that, so far as it would go, with the aged, the sick, and others in need, whom he found in his strolls. And, then, it was thought, that such an exhibit of the work of the Settlement, as would be made on such an occasion, could not but be productive of good possibly encouraging the establishment of similar institutions in other places, in view of the presence, at the exercises, of many of the visitors to the Exposition. For it was a well known fact, that the people from far away were not content with seeing only what had been gathered in Jackson Park, but that to them the city of Chicago itself, and its many institutions, were interesting objects to be carefully studied.

On the day in question, everything about the Settlement had a holiday appearance. It was a day not for work, but for enjoyment. The large building was everywhere open, and in readiness for guests. Decorations greeted the eye at every turn, the flags of all nations contributing their beautiful effect. An abundance of flowers added color, and sweetened the atmosphere with their rich fragrance. And tastily executed mottoes gave welcome to strangers, or expressed the sentiments underlying the work of the Settlement. At the main entrance, in the halls, and in all of the rooms, were young men and young women, all neatly attired, and wearing the badge of the institution, who were ready to direct, or to impart desired information to the guests. The hum of cheerful voices came from every direction.

The attendance of visitors was large, The regular attendants at the Settlement had been asked to bring their friends, and special invitations had been sent out to such visitors to the city, as were known, or supposed to be interested in all work for the good of mankind. The people from outside of Chicago were found to be eager to see the Settlement, coming early to make their inspection, before the exercises of the afternoon. The register bore the names of visitors from many of the states of the Union, from Canada, and from many foreign countries. As one of the young ladies of the institution, in her joy

over the scene, expressed it, "Why, the world has come to see us." The world in its representatives was indeed present.

It was interesting to listen to the inquiries, and to the judgments of the sight-seers. Nothing seemed to escape their scrutinizing eyes; and the use of anything that was not understood, was always sought out. Said one old gentleman, "Well, this is equal to the Fair itself, all things considered." Several persons were overheard saying, "I would not have missed seeing this place for anything." One old lady who called herself a "Primitive Methodist," as she came from one of the rooms, said, "Bless the Lord, for what my eyes are seeing here today. Why I had heard so much of Chicago, as being the wickedest city, a regular Sodom, that I for a long time thought that I would not venture near to see the Fair. But, my, I am thankful that I came. I have been in the city two weeks, and I have had my eyes open, and I have not seen wickedness; but I have seen much good. I know that there is sin in the place; it could not be otherwise; we have lots of it in our little village; it is everywhere. Those who want to look upon it can find it. But I have been looking for righteousness, and I have found an abundance of it, praise the Master! I have discovered it in churches, but it has impressed me most in its practical forms in institutions like the Creche, for the wee children; the homes for the friendless; the Armour schools, the Hull House, and now this grand Settlement. I am happy! I am on the mountain top in my experience of satisfaction! Let anyone, after this, speak to me of wicked Chicago, and I will be ready to tell of the righteousness of the city which I have been permitted to look upon. A gentleman, with a philanthropic countenance, remarked to an attendant, "This institution is an answer to the question, 'How are we to adjust the differences that exist been employers and employees, or between classes?' People are here made intelligent, and in every respect are helped upward. Such people know to what they are entitled, and will resort to all fair and honorable means to secure their just and equitable rights. You are making good and

capable fellow citizens for Chicago, and for the nation."

The capacity of the main hall was not equal to the demand for the accommodation of all who desired to listen to the exercises. The room being uncomfortably crowded, and the weather being oppressively warm, the program was made as brief as possible. There was music intersperced by the glee club and the string-band belonging to the Settlement. Short addresses were made by Doctor Taylor, and by several of the visitors, one from Japan, and another from India, which were devoted chiefly to matters of a complimentary nature. By special request, Mr. Barnes told briefly of the work of the League, represented by him; as he said, not something a part of the Settlement, but something akin to it, the product of it. He told of the buildings that had been erected, of their uses, and of the beneficial results. He showed how easy it was to provide homes favorable to health and to good morals, for people in very straitened circumstances, by a judicious expenditure of money. He pictured the locality as it was before, and as it was after the transformation. He gave glimpses of the interior of the former habitations, where large families were huddled in one or two small, stifling rooms, without any privacy, without scarcely any water; and then ushered his interested hearers into the modern apartments of the League's buildings, with all of their advantages for cleanliness, comfort and happiness.

The principal feature was the statement by Mr. Perry. He began with a reference to Professor Taylor, and after eulogizing his scholarship, and his work in his different departments, he declared, "But, whatever the outcome of his investigations and thought, I believe that his grandest monument will prove to be the practical development from his labors in Sociology—this noble enterprise, which has been the magnet to draw us together this afternoon—the Settlement."

In the course of his remarks, he stated that the Settlement was not a church, and that it was not intended that it should be antagonistic to the church. He characterized it as a friendship. He told how he and a number of students had their home in the institution, form-

ing a Settlement, and how they mingled with, and were the same as the residents of the locality, in order that they might aid them to make the best use of life. He declared that they desired to be regarded as a living protest against the existing divisions of society, whereby persons of ability, and refinement, and power, are kept from coming in contact with what are entitled the "masses." He plead that social advantages might be everywhere provided for the people, according to the philosophic thought of such men as Thomas H. Green, and the theories of men like Charles Kingsley, and Frederick Maurice.

He said, "It has been charged that we are un-christian; that we ignore Christ; and that we are "merely humanitarians." On the other hand, we hold that we are expressing the spirit of Christ, as that is to be discerned, so far as we can know his teachings. It is conceded by us, that the views of Christ entertained by some of our number, may vary widely from the ideals of him that are cherished by our critics. It is also acknowledged by us, that our methods differ vastly from those of the churches for the uplift of humanity. But, herein, we do not admit either that we reflect upon Christ, or that we antagonize him. As to our teachings and measures, we are willing to have the test applied, "By their fruits ye shall know them." He remarked further, "Whatever the ideas that may be communicated in this building, or by its residents when outside in the homes of our friends, there is never an utterance that is disparaging to Jesus. And, in opposition to what is often heard from the lips of those who decry the masses, I wish here to say to the credit of our people, that to them, Christ is the grandest example rising up before humanity. In this connection I cannot do better, than to quote the eloquent words of Mr. Pomeroy, one of the acknowledged representatives of the working-people. He has said, "I am pleased to have my friends know that the labor people have cheered the name of Christ, that carpenter of Judea, the sweet pathos of whose life has softened the stone in the bosoms of men, whose teachings have made the world better beyond measure; Christ, whose fraternity was as

broad as eternity, and as immeasurable as is space: whose mission among men was to teach brotherly love; Christ, whose name is the synonym of fellowship, whose lessons were love, whose words were love, whose every act was fathered by his mighty love and pity for the poor, the weak, the persecuted and the helpless – love for every man, women, child and beast of the field. Christ, the halo of whose glory makes the sunshine dim, the magic of whose name calls the evil hand to halt; Christ, whose church was the world, whose pulpit was the breasts of men; Christ, whose religion was humanity. No wonder the sons and daughters or toil cheer his name. Nor can you separate Christ and his church. His church, I say; for his church is within the inner temples of the pulsating hearts of the people of the world, and in listening to his sermons they forget those of the 'salaried soothsayer.'"

"As to our work proper," Mr. Perry proceeded to say, "we have an average of over three thousand visitors a week, who come to avail themselves of our various facilities, according to their individual preferences. In our different classes we have over five hundred enrolled members. We have a number of associations, known as "Societies," "Clubs," "Tens," "Brotherhoods," etc., for objects literary, musical, social, self-improvement, philanthropic, etc. One of our most popular clubs is that composed of trade workers, and which meets every Friday evening, to discuss some live question in the interests of workingmen. Two favorite departments are the Kindergarten and the Creche for the little toddlers. We are now trying the experiment of a Café, in which we hope to furnish an excellent bill of fare, with the lowest possible prices. For some time we have had two boarding-houses, in two of the buildings under the care of Mr. Barnes, the one for young men, and the other for young women, whose homes are outside of the city; and we have furnished to each individual a room and two meals a day for three dollars a week."

"But these statements can give you only a faint idea of what we are doing in this place, as you, who have gone through our building, and who have noted our equip-

ment, cannot but realize. To understand the work and its results, you need to come and spend some time in meeting with us in this busy hive, and then in going with us to the homes of our neighbors. After such an inspection, I am sure that you would go away from us to bear the testimony, that we have here applied Christianity working for the elevation of society."

After the exercises, the lady of the "Primitive Methodist" church, who had been so enthusiastic in expressing her pleasure as she viewed the building, before the services, pushed her way to the platform, and greeting Professor Taylor and Mr. Perry exclaimed, "Bless the dear Lord; what do people mean who find fault with you in this grand work? If this is not doing what Christ would approve if he were here, then I do not know who is doing a work that would please him. I believe that there is joy in heaven over this Settlement. You may not make much of dogmas; for my part I am beginning to think that we have been making too much of them; but you practice. That is what I heartily believe in. Deeds, not words. Character, not mere doctrinal statements. Oh, the trouble with many people is, that they are not consulted, and that their plans are not carried out. It is what cropped out with some of Christ's disciples, who were ready to destroy certain people who were doing good,—but not according to their way. It made no difference to them that they were doing good, they could not endure having them do it in the way in which they did it,—it was not orthodox. But Christ rebuked the fault-finders, and said that he that was not against him was for him. Men may say what they please about your work here, but all the time I can see that it is not against, but for Jesus. It is my Master's cause. You are in the right, and I hope and pray that you will keep on doing as you have done."

The anniversary was a success, not only that it commemorated Mr. Perry's coming, and that the work of the Settlement was made known to messengers who would go with the story to all portions of the earth; but also for the reason, that, before the day had fully passed, several large sums of money were subscribed for the

further development of the plans for the Settlement, and so the increase of its usefulness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Doctor Taylor was greatly interested in the World's Fair. However, an exhibit, connected therewith, which excited his interest until it attained the white heat of enthusiasm, was not something that was found in the collection in Jackson Park, but was what was seen and enjoyed in the Annex of the Art Institute, on the Lake Front. It was the Parliament of Religions.

From the time that the idea of holding such a Parliament was first broached, it had his sympathy, and active support. He spoke of it and wrote concerning it, and predicted its stupendous value as a study in comparative religions. It was amazing to him, that anyone should be found ready to antagonize the scheme, and especially that so many preachers should be found who were nervous, and fearful, as to the outcome of the gathering for Christianity, just as if the Christ-religion would suffer in comparison with other religions, an idea which he could not harbor in his mind for an instant. Though he did say to some who were of this timid kind, "If the religion of Christ is in danger, when placed side by side with the other religions of the world, then we should know it; and we should help to bring them together that we may learn wherein it comes short, and so be enabled to make amendments and to improve the system."

The Professor frequently could be heard arguing, "The Parliament will demonstrate, what I have held and taught, that there is not that impassable gulf-difference between the great religions of the world, that people in Christendom have generally been influenced to think exists. The similarity of spirit, yes, the harmony in many respects of the religions, when surveyed free from the millenery of dogmas, and the trappings of war, will

be a pleasant surprise to myriads. The event will prove itself an epoch in religious thought. It must promote toleration; toleration, which has had such a hard time in the world."

On the day when the Parliament was a fact, when Columbus Hall was crowded with living representatives of the "faiths," many of them arrayed in their brilliant robes, which lent a fascinating effect to the assemblage; Professor Taylor and Miss Foster might have been seen occupying seats advantageous for seeing the faces of the great throng. As they viewed the scene their countenances beamed with satisfaction. Time and again the Doctor called the attention of his companion to some particular individual of distinguished rank, or who was renowned for schorlarship, and who was present to represent his religious views. He thus selected out Doctor Momerie, of England, Principal Grant of Canada, Dharmapala, Mozoomdar, and others from India, Pung Quang Yu of China, Bishop Shibata of Japan, the genial Bishop of Zante of the Greek church, Prince Massaquoi of Africa, and many more from other lands, and not a few from our own country.

Not a session of the Parliament was held, but that the Professor was in attendance for at least a portion of the time. He had declined to prepare a paper,—preferring to have the topic-proffered him, treated by a friend whose name he suggested. But he was ever busy and efficient as a member of the Advisory Committee. During the period covered by the Parliament, he formed the acquaintance of most of the delegates from far-off lands, becoming a favorite with many of them, through his kindnesses, and his recognized ability as a scholar, and especially his catholicity.

In those days the Parliament was the burden of the Doctor's thought and conversation, so much so that some said, that "he was having the Parliament on the brain," while those who distrusted and spoke disparagingly of the gathering, jokingly suggested that he was "Parliament.mad." He would tell of the proceedings, quote things that had been said; and would urge his friends to avail themselves of "the golden opportunity" to see

something that had never before been witnessed. He gave two "Talks" at the Settlement, in which he presented sketches of the more prominent members of the Parliament, and read passages from papers that had been before that body.

Sometimes he would quote a man's sayings, who was telling possibly of Buddhism, or of Mohammedanism, or of Confucianism, or of some other ancient faith, separated from the Christian system, and would raise the question, "Is that all error?" or "What do you say as to this man's knowledge of the truth?" or "Have we not herein what we know as the spirit of Jesus?" To certain individuals, who had listened with evident surprise and pleasure, to a number of the speakers, he remarked as to their special favorites, "Well, would you refuse to fellowship the sweet-dispositioned and spiritually minded Mozoomdar, or Hirai?" "What do you now think of the missionary idea as to Vivekananda, and Dharmapala, or the people who are instructed by them?" To some who came to the Parliament disposed to see no good in anything, and who were very captious, he took pleasure in saying, "The Pagans have shown a wide range of knowledge, and much genuine scholarship, and no little of the true Christian spirit to-day," or "Did you not think that arraignment of those past missionary methods in Japan was fair, and unanswerable?" or "Is it not very evident that the representatives of the Orient are captivating the people of the Occident both by their sentiments and eloquence?"

The fact was, that even unwelcome truths as to Christian missions were so presented, at different times, by so-called heathen speakers, that their hearers who differed from them forgot their own views, and participated in the applause that was given to them. To all fair-minded persons, the Parliament disclosed, that no one religion had a monopoly of the superlative things of the soul, but that there was what might be denominated, an Universal Religion, something embracing what all religions hold in common.

Among the passages from Parliament addresses, of

which the Professor made use, as voicing his opinions, were these:

President Bonney:—If this congress shall faithfully execute the duties with which it has been charged, it will become a joy of the whole earth, and stand in human history like a new Mount Zion, crowned with glory, and marking the actual beginning of a new epoch of brotherhood and peace.

For when the religious faiths of the world recognize each other as brothers, children of one Father whom all profess to love and serve, then, and not till then, will the nations of the earth yield to the spirit of concord and learn war no more.

In this congress the word "religion" means the love and worship of God, and the love and service of man. We believe the Scripture, "Of a truth God is no respector of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

The religious faiths of the world have most seriously misunderstood, and misjudged each other, from the use of words in meanings radically different from those which they were intended to bear, and from a disregard of the distinctions between appearance and facts; between signs and symbols and the things signified and represented. Such errors, it is hoped, that this congress will do much to correct and to render hereafter impossible.

Chairman Barrows,—Cherishing the light which God has given us, and eager to send this light every-whither, we do not believe that God, the Eternal Spirit, has left himself without witness in non-Christian nations. There is a divine light enlightening every man.

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world has never lost.

It is perfectly evident to all illuminated minds that we should cherish loving thoughts of all people, and humane views of all the great and lasting religions, and that whoever would advance the cause of his own faith, must first discover and gratefully acknowledge the truths contained in other faiths.

It seems to me that the spirits of just and good men

hover over this assembly. I believe that the spirit of Paul is here, the zealous missionary of Christ, whose courtesy, wisdom, and unbounded tact, were manifest when he preached Jesus and the resurrection, beneath the shadows of the Parthenon. I believe that the spirit of the wise and humane Buddha is here, and of Sokrates, the searcher after truth, and of Jeremy Taylor, and John Milton and Roger Williams, and Lessing, the great apostles of toleration. I believe that the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, who sought for a church founded on love for God and man, is not far from us, and the spirit of Tennyson and Whittier, and of Phillips Brooks, who looked forward to this Parliament as the realization of a noble idea.

Chant,—There is no limit over the world to what these Parliaments will mean in the impetus given to the deepening of religious life. It will be so much easier for you and me, in the years to come, to bow our heads with reverence when we catch the sound of the Moslem's prayer. It will be so much easier for you and me, in the days to come, to picture God our Father answering the prayers of the Japanese in the Jap's own language. It will be so much easier for you and me to understand that God has no creed whatever, that mankind is his child, and shall be one with him one day, and live with him forever.

It is not the words that are the things, but it is the soul behind the words; and the soul that is behind this great Parliament of Religions to-day, is this newer humility which makes me feel that I am not the custodian of all or every truth that has been given to the world. That God my Father has made religious truth like the facets of the diamond, one facet reflecting one color, and another another color, and it not for me to dare to say that the particular color that my eye rests upon, is the only one that the world ought to see. Thank God out from the mummies of Egypt, out from the mosques from Syria, there has come to you and me this morning that which shall send us back to our homes more religious, in the deepest sense of the word, than we were before, and therefore better able to take up this great work of religion, to the redeeming of the world

out of darkness into light, out of sorrow into happiness, out of sin and misery into the righteousness that abideth forever.

Shaku Shoyen.—I am a Buddhist,—Our Buddha taught that all people entering into Buddhism are entirely equal in the same way as all rivers flowing into the sea become one, being all alike. He practiced this plan of brotherhood in the wide kingdom of India just three thousand years ago Not only Buddha alone, but Jesus Christ, as well as Confucius taught universal love and fraternity. Not only they taught, but we also acknowledge the glory of universal brotherhood. Then let us, the true followers of Buddha, the true followers of Jesus Christ, the true followers of Confucius, and the followers of truth, unite ourselves for the sake of helping the helpless, and living glorious lives of brotherhood under the control of truth.

Momerie.—We who have attended the sessions of these congresses, have, I think, learned one great lesson, viz: That there is a unity of religion underlying the diversity of religions, and that the important work before us, is not so much to make men accept one or the other of the various religions of the world, as to induce them to accept religion in a broad and universal sense. This lesson which we have learned here, we shall, I hope, teach elsewhere, so that from the Hall of Columbus as a center, it shall spread and spread until it at last reaches the farthest limits of the habitable globe.

It is the clergymen who are responsible mainly for the bigotry of the laity. You have got it from us. We have been bigots partly from ignorance, partly from our supercilious priestly pride. We have transferred our bigotry to the laity. We have kindled their bigotry into a flame. But there have been glorious exceptions. I should like to quote you two or three verses from one of your own bishops:

> The Parish priest,
> Of austerity,
> Climbed up into a high church steeple,
> To be nearer God,
> So that he might hand
> His word down to the people.

And in sermon script
  He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
  And he dropped it down
On the people's heads
  Two times one day in seven.

In his age God said,
  "Come down and die;"
And he cried out from the steeple,
  "Where art thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied,
  "Down here among my people."

Now, who are God's people? What is religion? Perhaps we may be able to arrive at a definite answer to this question if we try to discover whether there are any subjects in regard to which the great religious leaders of the world do not differ. Let me read to you two or three extracts. The first words are taken from the old Hebrew prophets:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of he-goats. Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; your new moons and sabbaths I cannot away with. Cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

Zoroaster preached the doctrine that the one thing needful was to do right. All good thoughts, words, and works, lead to paradise. All evil thoughts, words, and works, to hell. Confucius was so anxious to fix men's attention on their duty, that he would enter into no metaphysical speculation regarding the problem of immortality. When questioned about it, he replied, "I do not as yet know what life is. How can I understand death?" The whole duty of man, he said, might be summed up in the word reciprocity. We must refrain from injuring others, as we would that they should refrain from injuring us. Gautama taught that every man has to work out his salvation for himself without the mediation of a priest. On one occasion, when he met a

sacrificial procession, he explained to his followers that it was idle to shed the blood of bulls and goats; that all they needed was change of heart. So, too, he insisted on the uselessness of fasts and penances and other forms of ritual. He summed up his teaching in the celebrated verse:

> To cease from sin,
> To get virtue,
> To cleanse the heart,
> That is the religion of the Buddhas.

To the same effect spoke Christ, "Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." Mohammed again taught the selfsame doctrine of justification by work: "It is not the flesh and blood ye sacrificed; it is your piety which is acceptable to God. Woe to them that make a show of piety and refuse to help the needy. It is not righteousness that ye turn your faces toward the East or toward the West, but righteousness is of those who perform the covenants which they have covenanted."

Nagarka.—We believe that the prophets of the world, spiritual teachers such as Vyas and Buddha, Moses and Mohammed, Jesus and Zoroaster all form a homogeneous whole. Each has to teach mankind his own message. Every prophet was sent from above with a distinct message, and it is the duty of us who live in these advanced times, to put these messages together, and thereby harmonize and unify the distinctive teachings of the prophets of the world. It would not do to accept the one and reject all the others, or to accept some and reject even a single one. The general truths taught by these different prophets are nearly the same in their essence; but, in the midst of all these universal truths that are taught, each has a distinctive truth to teach, and it should be our earnest purpose to find out and to understand this particular truth. To me Vyas teaches how to understand and apprehend the attributes of divinity. The Jewish prophets of the Old Testament, teach the idea of the sovereignty of God; they speak of God as a king, a monarch,

a sovereign who rules over the affairs of mankind as nearly and as closely as an ordinary human king. Mohammed, on the other hand, most emphatically teaches the idea of the unity of God. He rebelled against the trinitarian doctrine, imported into the religion of Christ through Greek and Roman influences. The monotheism of Mohammed is hard and unyielding, aggressive and almost savage. In spite of all such errors, Mohammed's ideal of the unity of God stands supreme and unchallenged in his teachings. Buddha, the great teacher of morals and ethics, teaches in most sublime strains the doctrine of Nirvana, or self-denial and self-effacement. This principle of extreme self-abnegation, means nothing more than the subjugation and conquest of our carnal self. For you know that man is a composite being. In him he has the angelic and the animal, and the spiritual training of our life means no more than the sujugation of the animal and the setting free of the angelic. So, also, Christ Jesus of Nazareth taught a sublime truth when he inculcated the noble idea of the Fatherhood of God. He taught many other truths, but the Fatherhood of God stands supreme above them all. The brotherhood of man is a mere corollary, or a conclusion, deduced from the idea of tho Fatherhood of God. Jesus taught this truth in the most emphatic language, and therefore that is the special message that he has brought to fallen humanity. In this way, by means of an honest and earnest study of the lives and teachings of different prophets of the world we can find out the central truth of each faith. Having done this, it should be our highest aim to harmonize all these, and to build up our spiritual nature on them.

The religious history of the present century has most clearly shown the need and necessity of the recognition of some universal truths in religion. For the last several years there has been a ceaseless yearning, a deep longing after such a universal religion.

Keane.—These days will always be to us a memory of sweetness. Sweet, indeed, it has been for God's long separated children to meet at last, for those whom the haps and mishaps of human life have put so far apart,

and whom the foolishness of the human heart has so often arrayed in hostility, here to clasp hands in friendship and in brotherhood, in the presence of the blessed and loving Father of us all; sweet to see and to feel that it is an awful wrong for religion, which is of the Lord of love, to inspire hatred, which is of the evil one; sweet to tie again the bonds of affection broken since the days of Babel, and to taste "how good and how sweet a thing it is for brethren to live in unity."

In the first place, while listening to utterances which we could not but approve and applaud, though coming from sources so diverse, we have had practical experimental evidence of the old saying, that there is truth in all religions. And the reason is manifest. It is because the human family started from unity, from one undivided treasury of primitive truth, and when the separations and wanderings came, they carried with them what they could of the treasure.

We have seen how true it is, that religion is a reality back of all religions. Religions are orderly or disorderly systems for the attainment of that great end, the union of man with God.

Bristol.—Infinite good and only good will come from this Parliament. To all who have come from afar we are profoundly and eternally indebted. Some of them represent civilization that was old when Romulus was founding Rome, whose philosophies and songs were ripe in wisdom and rich in rhythm before Homer sang his iliads to the Greeks; and they have enlarged our ideas of our common humanity. They have brought to us fragrant flowers from the gardens of eastern faiths, rich gems from the old mines of great philosophies, and we are richer to-night from their contributions of thought, and particularly from our contact with them in spirit.

Never was there such a bright and hopeful day for our common humanity, along the lines of tolerance and universal brotherhood. And we shall find that by the words that these visitors have brought to us, and by the influence they have exerted, they will be richly rewarded in the consciousness of having contributed to the mighty movement which holds in itself the promise of one faith,

one Lord, one Father, one brotherhood. A distinguished writer has said, "It is always morn somewhere in the world." The time hastens when a greater thing will be said, 'tis always morn everywhere in the world. The darkness has passed, the day is at hand, and with it will come the greater humanity, the universal brotherhood.

Hirsch.—The day of national religions is past. The God of the universe speaks to all mankind. He is not the God of Israel alone, not that of Moab, of Egypt, Greece or America. He is not domiciled in Palestine. The Jordan and the Ganges, the Tiber and the Euphrates, hold water wherewith the devout may be baptized unto his service and redemption.

The church universal must have the pentecostal gift of the many flaming tongues in it, as the rabbis say was the case at Sinai. God's revelation must be sounded in every language to every land. But, as this is essential as marking a new advance, the universal religion for all the children of Adam, will not palisade its courts by the pointed and forbidden stakes of a creed. Creeds in time to come, will be recognized to be indeed cruel barbed-wire fences, wounding those who would stray to broader pastures, and hurting others who would come in. Will it for this be a Godless church? Ah, no, it will have much more of God than the churches and synagogues, with their dogmatic definitions, now possess. Will this new faith have its Bible? It will. It retains the old Bibles of mankind, but gives them a new lustre, by remembering, that, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Religion is not a question of literature, but of life. God's revelation is continuous, not contained in tablets of stone, or sacred parchment. He speaks to-day yet, to those that would hear him. A book is inspired, when it inspires. Religion made the Bible, not the book religion. And what will be the name of this church? It will be known, not by its founders, but by its fruits. God replies to him who insists upon knowing his name, "I am he who I am." The church will be. If any name it will have, it will be "the church of God," because it will be the church of man.

When Jacob, so runs an old rabbinical legend, weary

and foot-sore, the first night of his sojourn away from home, would lay him down to sleep under the canopy of the starset skies, all the stones of the field exclaimed; "Take me for thy pillow." And, because all were ready to serve him, all were miraculously turned into one stone. This became Beth-el, the gate of heaven. So will all religions, because eager to become the pillow of man, dreaming of God, and beholding the ladder joining earth to heaven be transformed into one great rock, which the ages cannot move, a foundation stone for the all-embracing temple of humanity, united to do God's will with one accord.

Vivekananda.—Much has been said of the common ground of religious unity. I am not going just now to venture my own theory. But if anyone here hopes that this unity will come by the triumph of anyone of these religions, and the destruction of the others, to him I say, "Brother, your's is an impossible hope." Do I wish that the Christian would become Hindu? God forbid. Do I wish that the Hindu or Buddhist would become Christian? God forbid.

The seed is put into the ground, and earth, and air, and water, are placed around it. Does the seed become the earth, or the air, or the water? No. It becomes a plant. It developes after the law of its own growth; it assimilates the air, the earth, and the water; converts them into plant substance, and grows a plant. Similar is the case with religion. The Christian is not to become a Hindu, or a Buddhist, nor a Hindu, or a Buddhist to become a Christian. But each must assimilate the others and yet preserve its individuality, and grow according to its own law of growth.

If the Parliament of religions has shown anything to the world, it is this, it has proved to the world that holiness, purity, and charity, are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world, and that every system has produced men and women of the most exalted character.

In the face of this evidence, if anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his own religion, and the destruction of the others, I pity him from the bottom of my

heart, and point out to him, that upon the banner of every religion will soon be written, in spite of their resistence, "Help and Not Fight," "Assimilation and Not Destruction," "Harmony and Peace and Not Dissension."

CHAPTER XL.

It is the unexpected that happens. It is simply impossible for anyone to say in advance, with any degree of certainty, what will or what will not occur. History is laden with incidents that enforce this statement. And, yet, people go on predicting, and expecting, only to experience great surprises—both pleasing and painful. This thought was suggested by the complete transformation that was ultimately wrought in the Old Frame Church.

By removal to distant localities, and by the transfer of relationship to other churches—and especially by alliance with the teachers of side-show doctrines—like perfectionism, adventism, and faith-cure; and by death, the membership of the conservative portion of the church, gradually dwindled away, until not a single individual remained to speak a word in favor of the former things. In the meanwhile, the progressive element in the society rapidly gained in both numbers and influence, and when the proper time came, moved forward in accordance with a well defined and highly cherished scheme.

With due regard for all civil and ecclesiastical requirements, the members of the church and congregation were convened, and after a clear and full statement of all the matters involved, it was decided by a perfectly unanimous vote, that for the promotion of its usefulness, the character and the methods of the Old Frame Church required to be brought into harmony with the spirit of the times, and that, to that end, there was need of a radical change in its creed, and in its polity, and in the

lines of its activities. Resolutions were, therefore, adopted, terminating the denominational relations of the church, and providing for the securement of a new charter. It was agreed that the title of the organization should be the "Church of God and Humanity," and that its teachings should be those of the universal religion, or the fundamental truths underlying all religions, and that its work should be largely humanitarian, modeled after that of the Settlement, differing from it, however, according to the difference in the needs of the two localities. It was further voted, that the old edifice, both because of its many repugnant associations, and for the reason that it was ill adapted for the purpose of the new church, should be demolished, to give place to a larger and a more suitable structure.

The new departure called forth some very derogatory, and also not a few decidedly un-Christlike opinions from denominational periodicals, and preachers. But the significance of it was evidenced in the avidity, and the liberality with which the people of the community, irrespective of church affiliations, took hold to help ensure its success.

The edifice that was reared was a building of stone. It was large, ornate, and yet simple in its architecture. It was a poem in stone. It had the customary auditorium, a beautiful amphitheatre, and a large Sunday School hall, and numerous small rooms for a variety of purposes—similar to those of the Settlement building. The fact was, that Doctor Taylor had been frequently called in for consultation by the Building Committee, in view of his experience at the Settlement.

The day appointed for the opening exercises was favorable, being a delightful day in October. The audiences at the three services, morning, afternoon, and evening, were large and enthusiastic. As the people entered the large audience room, with a seating capacity for fifteen hundred, they were impressed with its proportions, and then with its cheerful light,—not the dim religious light of so many church edifices, and with its tasteful decorations. The organ gallery was in the rear of, and elevated above the platform of the speaker, and contained a large

and powerful instrument, built by an Eastern firm. The choir consisted of a quartette and a chorus of forty voices. On the wall on each side of the gallery there was a motto, in large colored and gilt letters; on the right panel was this sentiment, "The church is many as the waves but one as the sea," on the left panel were these words, "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity."

The echoes of the Parliament of Religions were yet in the atmosphere, and in the addresses that were given references were made repeatedly to the proceedings of that wonderful assemblage.

The Rev. Doctor Sunnyside, in the course of his remarks, said: "The Parliament was not as some seem to think, merely a culmination, but, quite the reverse from that, it was a beginning. It is not for me to venture a prediction as to its fruits among those who believe in universality, and humanity. You had anticipated the Parliament in your plans, but you are presenting in contrete form the lofty ideal which it set forth before the whole world. I confess that I regret that these exercises could not have fallen on some earlier date, that we might have had with us on this platform representatives of the different religions, from all of which you are willing to cull precious truths, as the truths of heaven.

My mind occasionally recurs to past scenes connected with this spot. I recall the days of dogmatic utterances, the times when to think independently, was to commit a sin, and apparently the unpardonable sin. But, to-day, you encourage thought. You have no insult for the movement of anyone's mind. You are not going to be concerned with the controversies of religion, but with the sublime harmonies of ethics. In the Old Frame Church, in theory and in practice, dogma was exalted above character, but in the Church of God and of Humanity, doctrine is to be subordinate to life. Doctrine will be magnified only as it is conducive to righteousness.

You must expect to encounter opposition, as you are pioneers of a movement that has the promise of success

from the very beginning, and hence all the more determined will be the opposition to which you will be exposed. But as the storm is to the sapling, so opposition may be to you,—something that will cause you to take a stronger hold, and that will give enduring qualities to your fibre.

I have said that you are in the vanguard of a great movement, and one that must triumph. Yes, the spirit of our age is favorable to what you have inaugurated, and you will have imitators in other localities. A great revolution has been gradually shaping itself in human thought, it may require some years yet for its final culmination, but it is sure,—it means nothing less than a new church based on the Universal Religion. If anyone has any doubt as to this, let him only put his ear to the ground and he will hear the tramp of this nearing host. Mankind must have a religion, and will have the best.

The Rev. Mr. Largeheart spoke of the tendencies of the day in the direction of liberality among people of different views in their relations with each other. He referred to the sectarianism that was rife in the Old Frame Church only a few years previous, and compared with it the spirit prevalent in the church by which it was supplanted. He spoke of the former church as the homely chrysalis, and of the new church as the lovely butterfly. He declared that the Parliament of Religions would produce a profound impression for lasting good, by its demonstration of the possibility for those of different, and even widely varied beliefs, to come together and be at peace. He went on to say, Love is taking bigotry in hand, and her treatment of it suggests that of the Gulf Stream when dealing with an iceberg. Yonder advances the berg, stiff, rigid, cold, scornful, terrific in bulk and momentum. Onward it moves, sweeping down everything that chances to be in its path. But presently it reaches the Gulf Stream, that welcomes it, embraces it, wafts it down into tropical regions, and evaporates it, and throws it up into God's firmament that it may be transmuted into a rainbow. So love changes bigotry until it cannot be recognized by its former appearance.

As to the different religions, he said, I believe that

they will continue to exist; they owe their origin and continuation to natural causes. But this fact is not to be deplored. As you say in your motto, the church may be many as the waves, and yet one as the sea. In India, where rice is the staple product, the plantations present a very uninviting landscape at certain seasons of the year. Over an expanse of miles often nothing is to be seen, save fields of mud. But between these fields there are little mud walls, which indicate the boundary of proprietorship. Imagine what a prospect those monotonous flats of soft liquid mud and those mud walls must afford. However, at another season of the year, when the breath of life has passed over the landscape, all is changed. There is one expanse of beautiful living green. The grain having grown up, and waving at each gentle pressure of the wind, forms an ocean rolling and tossing in emerald waves. Where in the latter season are the mud walls,—those division lines of religion? They are there still, but they are unseen; something more pleasing has risen up, and overhangs them all. I have an idea, that it will be something like this with our religious boundary lines, at some future day, when the spirit of love is granted more freedom, and breathes upon and invigorates more and more our common humanity; then a rich and a beautiful growth of the precious seed, possessed and sown in all religions, will appear and assert its catholicity, and wave over all. The old walls will exist, but will be hidden by vines or grains.

Professor Taylor being invited to speak of the new work to be assumed by the church, among other things, said: "I congratulate you on your innovation. You are committed to the task of ministering to humanity, like as Jesus Christ ministered to mankind in his day,—caring for all interests, physical, mental, social, and moral. You will be told that in your scheme you are going back. That you are taking up methods to reach, and to benefit man, that were long since tried and found wanting. But history will not sustain such statements. On the contrary it shows that the church has too seldom done more than hold out a creed to men, to which they were urged to cling for salvation. I assert that during

the century past there has been more activity exerted than ever in the various forms of philanthropy, which relate not only to the spiritual well-being of men, but also to their temporal welfare and comfort. In the eighteenth century, there was a strong humanitarian impulse at the root of the revolutionary uprisings, and of the struggle for human rights, and as a result an enthusiasm of humanity gradually arose, which has sought to lighten the burden of all classes, whose earthly lot is adapted to excite compassion.

You are about to give a practical answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" For too long a period, the priest or the churchman, has been ready to pass the poor, and suffering wayfarer, by going on the other side; but you are now to act the part of the good Samaritan whose example was commended to us by Jesus Christ.

As has been said here to-day, with reference to religions, so I will say, touching mankind, there will always be differences, all sorts and conditions of men. But it ought at no time to be true of those who are "on top," that they are utterly regardless of the interests, or the feelings, of those who are "under," and thus occasion pain, and often do damage to character. I realize that I am speaking to many who are employers, and, therefore, I shall be a little more pointed, and say to such, that in the relation of the employer there is a most excellent opportunity to do good and to receive good. Alas, that in so many cases, where such relations are sustained, are they summed up in this, "If you will serve me, I will give you so much for your wages. If you do not want the place, there are plenty of men who would be glad to get it." Fittingly, in keeping with such a state of things, in many instances, the man or the woman who is the employee, loses individuality, and becomes only a thing to which is attached a tag bearing a number. That is not as it should be. No human being is a machine, something that is void of feeling, and that runs with so much water, or so much steam. There is not an individual whom you employ, who is not endowed as you are, with conscience, sympathy, love, ambition, pride, and frequently delicacy of feeling. There is not one of

your employees, who does not, like yourself, desire recognition, praise, gentleness, forbearance, patience. Now to employ men and women, and to think that all duties are discharged in the relations that are sustained, measuring so much service by so much money, it is not the right thing, it is not manly. It ought not to occasion surprise, if under such treatment, employees begin to reason, "If my employer does not care for me, why should I care for him? If my interests are of no consequence to him, then his interests are nothing to me." Is it strange that we hear low mutterings, and that there are often strained feelings between the employer and the employed?

I want to say, also, that no man has a right to amass wealth simply for his own selfish gratification. In our relations, the rich man counts so far as the power which he wields is used unselfishly. As has been said, "he is the rich man in whom the people are rich." I rejoice that in your provision of this house, and in your large plans for work, you give evidence of a purpose to use your wealth for humanity.

Jesus Christ is represented as promising a reward to him who gives a cup of water to a brother man, but not a few who are giving to-day, give gifts that are like great gushing fountains.

When we see how many who have been entrusted with wealth are finding a satisfaction and their greatest joy—such joy as can never be known to the mere money-grubber—in planning and devising for its use, where it will do the most and highest good for their fellow-men, we may begin to hope for the ultimate closing of the gap which is now too wide between the rich and the poor.

When it becomes apparent, as it will, that those who are rich, are not rich for themselves alone, there will be less of hard and bitter feeling, and the poor will thank God that such persons were rich.

In conclusion, let me say, that you will find the pessimist here and there who is disposed to speak of the prevalence of error and of evil, and who says, that the world was never more hopelessly bad than it is to-day. I will concede that there are bad things in the air. But we

must not lose sight of the other fact that good things are also in the air. The world is not swinging in dense darkness. Its path is certainly star-lit. Indeed, if we may infer from the lessons of history, the world was never better than it is in our own times; while the race, as a whole, was never happier, or possessed more encouraging promises for greater happiness.

As was to be expected, with the spirit of the people engaged in the new and bold venture, and with their consecrated wealth and energy the place which had once been marred by the narrowness, and selfishness, and bigotry of men void of genuine character, like Mr. Sniveller, "Judge" Johnson, Mr. Bituminous, Mr. Watts, Mr. Camonson, and the like, soon became a center of activity, and a great fountain, sending forth waters for the benefit of people of all classes and circumstances in the locality, under the guidance of men of real worth in every respect, like Judge Kent, Mr. Bowden, Mr. Scott, and many more of their kind, whom they attracted to themselves by their virtues.

It was within the month when the dedication of the new church took place, that on a certain evening, the auditorium could have been seen brilliantly illuminated, and filled to overflowing with people representing the Church of God and Humanity, the University, and the Settlement, the occasion being the happy hour when Professor Taylor and Miss Foster, and Mr. Barnes and Miss Mark, were joined together in holy wedlock, by the Rev. Doctor Perry, assisted by the Rev. Doctor Sunnyside, their own pastor.

And here the curtain must fall. I trust that in the foregoing pages, I have been able to contribute something to help to solve some of the social and religious problems that lie at the feet of men awaiting solution in our times. In giving my narrative, I have presented many actual characters and occurrences, and have added descriptions which are by no means overdrawn, and so impossible." Does anyone say that there could not be such institutions as have been described? Then, after the representations that I have made, I can only ask, "Why Not?"